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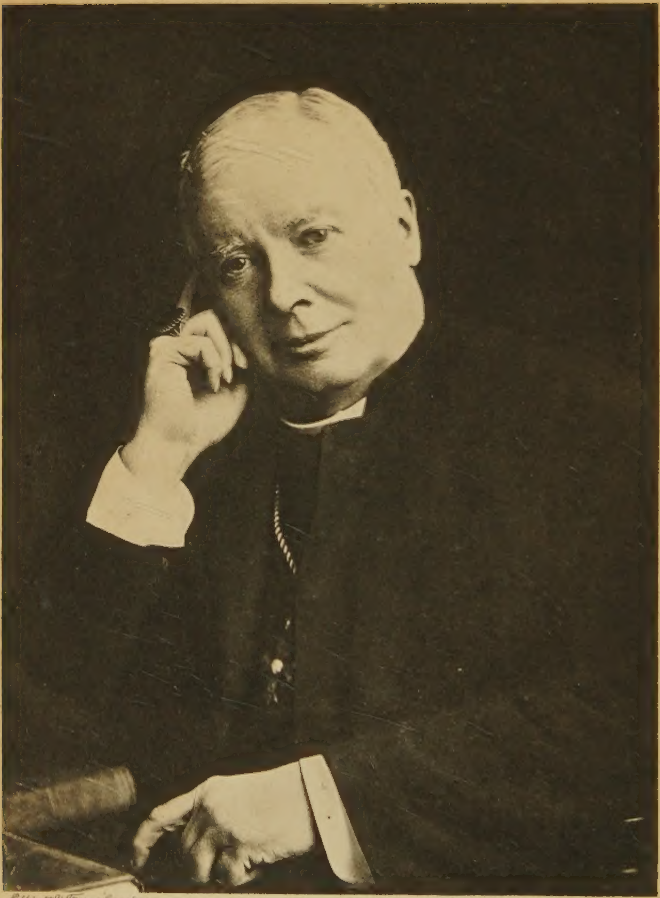

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+ D.O. Hunter Blair
abb. O.S.B.

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A MEDLEY OF MEMORIES

FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF A BENEDICTINE MONK

BY THE
RIGHT REV. SIR DAVID HUNTER BLAIR
BART., M.A.
SOMETIME ABBOT OF FORT AUGUSTUS

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1920

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TO

H. E. M.

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH

FOREWORD.

On pages 133 and 134 of this book I have indicated, I hope sufficiently clearly, the principle on which these reminiscences of an already long life have been compiled. I have nothing to add except the expression of a hope that what I have written may amuse and interest some, and offend no one. I have nothing but kindly recollections of the many people whose names appear in these pages; and I trust that my book may evoke no feelings but kindly ones in the minds of those who are good enough to read it.

I should like to add a word of thanks to Brother Richard Anson, of the Caldey Benedictine community, for the drawings with which he has so charmingly illustrated some of the monastic homes in many lands which I have from time to time visited.

✠ OSWALD, O.S.B.,
Abbot.

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CHAPTER I.

1853-1864.

WHAT is the first picture that comes before my mental vision, as I look back through sixty years, and try to pick up again the long-dropped strands of past memories? A room cosily furnished, and of cheerful southern aspect: before the fire a big armchair, in which sits an old man holding on his knee a tiny black-velvet-frocked boy, whose flaxen hair he gently smoothes as he croons in his ear the old Scottish ballad, "Daintie Davie, curly pow". The first picture—yes, but not my first home. The old man was my grandfather, Sir David Hunter Blair: the tiny boy myself, as yet but a visitor to the stately mansion which my grandfather had built, and where the sands of his honoured life were running out. My own home, where my earliest years (and many happy ones afterwards) were passed, was elsewhere at this time. Let me try to describe it.

In the far south-west of Scotland, on the very edge of the rugged and beetling Wigtownshire cliffs, against which the long Atlantic rollers unceasingly surge and break, stands, half a mile from the little village of Portpatrick, the old castle of Dunskey. During the first half of the seventeenth century the minister of Portpatrick was one John Blair, a graduate and a benefactor of Glasgow University. He was of honourable lineage, being a scion of the old house of Blair of that ilk, in Ayrshire; and his brother Gavin was a lawyer of repute, besides being a Lanarkshire laird and member of Parliament for that county. Whether through inheritance, marriage, or well-invested teinds, or by other means, the minister waxed rich, and before his death had acquired the greater part of the parish in which he ministered, including the old castle of Dunskey, already in ruins. The residence of the laird was transferred to a spot about a mile inland, snugly sheltered from the north and east by the gorse-crowned hill of Craigbuie (the "yellow cliff"), and commanding a wide view seaward. Here the Blairs of Dunskey henceforth dwelt, begat sons and daughters, and lived a homely, happy life among their own people, marrying for the most part among their neighbours and kinsfolk, and serving God and the king in church, army, and senate as their vocation was.

Nearly a century and a half after the minister had blossomed into a laird, the lands of Dunskey came into the possession of Jean, last surviving child of John Blair, the minister's grandson. The heiress married, in 1770, James Hunter (a cadet of the Hunters of Hunterston), who added his wife's name to his own, and made for himself an honourable name as Sir James Hunter Blair, banker, first baronet, M.P. for Edinburgh, and one of the most public-spirited of her Provosts. Sir James left five sons, John and David, who succeeded him as second and third baronets, and James, Forbes, and Thomas, who in turn (all three died childless) became lairds of Dunskey. Forbes about the year 1842 built a large addition to the house, consisting of dining, drawing, and billiard-rooms with bedrooms above. The old front was left intact and the new block built on at the back. Hence, though the most spacious and handsome, it was by no means the most cheerful part of the mansion; and the old gentleman's architectural taste was not approved of by his successors, to whom the preservation of a seventeenth-century porch and gable ill compensated for the loss of sunshine and brightness in their living-rooms. Whatever its structural defects, however, it was a dear old house, and astonishingly roomy; and no one looking at it from the front could have guessed how considerable a household and what hosts of happy visitors could, and did, find house-room within it at one time.

My great-uncle Forbes died in 1833, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, a Peninsula and Waterloo veteran, who had been wounded and taken prisoner at Talavera, and, after five years' captivity, again wounded at Waterloo. After the war he served for a time as military secretary at Bombay. The general, "Uncle Tom," had married a lady of delicate health and highly-cultivated artistic tastes, which her husband gratified by living much abroad. My great-aunt had indeed little love for Dunskey, whose wind-swept moors and austere northern beauty had but slight attraction for one nurtured, as she had been, in the sunny and sensuous south. Hence she lived very little in Scotland; and when my father succeeded to the property on the General's death in 1849, signs were not wanting that factors had been too long supreme and that the master's eye had been lacking to rectify what was amiss. My father and mother were married in Edinburgh on 1 June, 1850, and after spending a few days at Blairquhan, the family seat in Ayrshire, drove to Dunskey. Three days after their arrival they were awakened at midnight by cries and shouts from seaward. An emigrant steamer from Glasgow to Liverpool, the Orion, had struck a sunken rock opposite Dunskey Bay, and sank almost immediately, with great loss of life, though many were rescued and were brought up to the house for shelter.

At Dunskey the first eight years of my parents' married life was passed; and here I was born on 30 September, 1853, the third child of my parents, but the eldest of no fewer than nine sons, of whom seven grew up to manhood. A year or so after my birth the prospects of my father (who, I should say, had been in his youth a midshipman in King William IV's Navy, and then for thirteen years an officer in the 93rd Highlanders, resigning his commission on his marriage) were materially altered. His elder brother, Colonel James Hunter Blair of the Scots Fusilier Guards, was killed at Inkerman in 1854 (the only officer of his regiment who fell in that bloody fight), and my father thus became heir to the baronetcy and entailed estates. Between that date and my grandfather's

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death, which occurred four years later, we were a good deal at Blairquhan; and it is in connection with one of these visits (when I could have been barely four years old) that my memory recalls, though but faintly, the scene which I have sketched at the beginning of this chapter. It was then about thirty years since my grandfather, who had previously bought back the property in the Carrick district of Ayrshire formerly belonging to his maternal ancestors the Kennedys of Blairquhan, had completed the beautiful castellated mansion which was henceforth to be the principal seat of his family. He had been in the early years of the nineteenth century only one of several gentlemen of the Scottish Lowlands, including his friend Sir Walter Scott and Lord Corehouse, who were interesting themselves by planning out new residences, and laying out their parks and gardens. Sir David was a man of eminent taste in such matters; and while keeping what may be called the landscape-gardening department very much in his own hands, he was well advised in entrusting the plans of his new house to William Burn, who designed some of the finest country houses built in Scotland at this time. Blairquhan was a successful example of Tudor domestic architecture, and was not only a spacious and dignified house but a very comfortable one. Nothing could be more charming than its surroundings, standing as it did at the base of a beech-crowned eminence, commanding a wide and varied view of park, river, and distant hills, and approached by a wooded drive of more than two miles in length, which followed the windings of the Water of Girvan (dear stream of my youth!), ending at length in a noble avenue, flanked on either side by a row of stately, over-arching limes, and leading straight to the entrance-porch of the castle.

Here, then, in the home which he had himself created, and had done so much to beautify, my grandfather died in ripe old age, deeply regretted in the county where he had lived so long, and of which he had been Vice-Lieutenant for many years. According to the settlement of the family estates made a generation previously, my father on succeeding to Blairquhan had to divest himself of Dunskey and of a smaller estate in Ayrshire (Brownhill, near Mauchline), in favour of his eldest son. I consequently became on my grandfather's death the baby laird of Dunskey, of course under the guardianship of my father, whose home henceforward was to be Blairquhan. It was our home too during our childhood; but every summer we used to pay a long visit to Dunskey. There was no direct railway in those days between Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, and our usual method was to drive in our own carriage (a roomy family coach of the old-fashioned kind, with a rumble behind and accommodation on the roof for almost unlimited luggage) to Girvan, and thence post along the coast-road to Stranraer. What a delightful drive it was! the slow ascent of the long hill of Bennan, the blue waters of the Firth of Clyde on our right, with the great mysterious peak of Ailsa Craig rising sheer from the sea, and on our left the rolling moorland, with the ever-changing hues of its summer flowers and grasses. Then the mid-day halt at Ballantrae (the "village-on-the-shore") for a homely luncheon, our young appetites quickened by the keen sea air; and on again through wild picturesque Glen App and along the winding banks of Loch Ryan to the quaint and quiet fishing-town of Stranraer. Eight miles more, through a country somewhat bare and treeless—for no trees will live there unsheltered, in the teeth of the fierce Atlantic gales—till we catch sight of the wooded hills rising behind our own dear Dunskey, and draw up before the white myrtle-covered walls of home, just as the sun is sinking behind the distant serried range of the Mourne Mountains, across the Irish Sea.

So those first years sped on, our days divided between Blairquhan and Dunskey, and an occasional visit to Edinburgh, where we had many friends and relatives, until the summer of 1863, when there came a change. We children learned, with an interest half pleasurable, half regretful, that our home was to be for some time to come (it turned out to be two years) on the Continent. Spa in Belgium—a place much in favour with our countrymen in those days—was to be our first abode; and thither we migrated in force, with the whole family, governess, tutor, servants, and my father's favourite old hunter, in the summer of 1863. I remember the journey well; the start late in the evening (itself a wonderful novelty), the twelve-mile drive to the county town, where we found at the station the saloon carriage in which (delicious experience!) we were to travel all night to London. I remember the long drive next morning, after breakfast at the Euston Hotel, to St. Katherine's Wharf; the embarkation on the good old "Baron Osy" (first of many ships so called); the uncomfortable night we passed—for the passage was none of the best; the morning sail up the sunlit Scheldt; the day spent at Antwerp, visiting churches, pictures, and the famous Zoological Gardens; and finally the arrival at Spa, where we were installed in a fine big roomy house known as the Maison de Taille. Our sojourn at Spa was very pleasant; delightful rides with our father in the autumn and spring among the wooded Ardennes hills, on the sturdy little Spa ponies (we took two or three of them home with us to Scotland); and in winter famous skating, and much Christmas festivity, including a fancy-dress ball at our house, among the hospitable British residents. Soon after the New Year my next brother and I were taken by our father to our first school, preparatory in my case for Eton and in my brother's for Harrow.

If you climb the steep hill on whose slope stands the pretty thriving town of Malvern, and, leaving the great Priory church on your left, turn due south and follow for a time the high level road, with the long ridge of hills on your right and below you the wide expanse of the fertile vale of Evesham, you will presently come to a white gate, on which may still be read (or might be when I last passed that way) the words "May Place". By that white gate I entered in January, 1864, a new world and a new life—the little world of a little school whose mission was to prepare me, and thirty young bears like myself, with all our troubles before us, for a big school and the bigger world beyond.

May Place was at that time what was called the most "select" preparatory school in England. I do not mean that it provided an intellectual training of peculiar or unrivalled excellence; still less that from the point of view of school buildings, commissariat, sanitation, or anything else, it professed to attain a standard of unusual perfection. As a matter of fact the house was a ramshackle villa, with accretions of a temporary and shanty-like nature that had been added as they were required. The accommodation alike of class-rooms, dormitories, and playground would be jeered at, and justly, by a new century school-board. The educational curriculum was unambitious, not extending beyond the modest standard requisite for entrance into the great public schools; and the masters were underpaid, overworked, and consequently more or less inefficient. But the enterprising little gentleman who ran the concern had managed to establish what is known as a "connection" among the higher nobility, as Disraeli loved to phrase it. Almost every other pupil at this most select of seminaries was a potential or prospective duke or marquis, English, Scotch, or Irish. At the end of each term a list of these little lordlings with their styles and titles duly set forth, would be enclosed with the "little bill," and laid on the top of our respective trunks, so that our gratified parents might know that we had been keeping the best of company during the past three months; and that, even if we ourselves had the misfortune to be but distantly related to a duke, we had at least rubbed shoulders with a considerable fraction of the peerage, and had not improbably blacked the eye of a viscount or an earl.

The secret of the social success of this otherwise quite undistinguished academy was, I fancy, the fact that it had somehow "caught on" with one particular family which, with its numerous ramifications, was then at the head of the British aristocracy—I mean the great house of Sutherland Leveson Gower. The late Duke of Sutherland (then Marquis of Stafford) entered at the same time as myself—a quiet well-mannered boy with an intractable head of hair and a hearty dislike of lessons of every kind. "What I admire in the order to which you belong," said Mr. Phoebus to Lothair, "is that they live entirely in the open air and never read." Stafford's tastes would have satisfied the genial artist; he certainly read as little as he could, and he loved an open-air life, and used to come back to school very homesick, especially after a summer holiday spent at his beautiful home in Sutherland. His brother Francis, Lord Macleod (they called him Tarbat afterwards, and he became Earl of Cromartie at his mother's death), came to school, I think, at the same time as Stafford; he was unlike him, with dark hair and eyes, and a look of delicacy which was borne out by his too early death.

Looking back on my schoolboy friends of those days—now, alas! so remote—it is rather saddening to think how many have preceded me into shadow-land. One of Stafford's numerous cousins at our school was Offaly, grandson of the old Duke of Leinster, a studious but rather heavy youth who went to Eton with us afterwards and did well there. He became Duke of Leinster in 1887, and died six years later (the same year as Lord Cromartie), leaving three sons, who were orphaned by the death of their beautiful mother (born Lady Hermione Duncombe) less than two years afterwards. His brother, too, Lord Maurice Fitzgerald—a wild, merry Irish boy when I knew him—died many years ago, still in the prime of life.

Then there were Stafford's two Scotch cousins, George and Colin Campbell, sons of the eighth Duke of Argyll. They had come to school, I think, a little before us, and were quite ridiculously pretty boys, with their china-blue eyes, curly yellow hair, and pink and white complexions. George went into the Navy, and I lost sight of him; but poor Colin came on to my house at Eton. He had a short life and not a very merry one, and died at forty-two.

During my first summer at May Place, Stafford's parents were extending their sumptuous hospitalities in London to Garibaldi, then on a visit to England; and I remember how we greeted him and his brother, much to their confusion, with mocking shouts of "Garibaldi! Garibaldi!" when they came back after the holidays. They were both quite devoid of what is now called "swank," as indeed were also their schoolboy cousins. Some of my young schoolfellows were however, I am bound to say, shocking little snobs, and bragged about their fathers' possessions, their parks and castles, horses and hounds, as arrogantly as if they had been the sons of millionaire soap-boilers. I recollect one of these urchins, whose noble papa was a M.F.H. in Yorkshire, asking each of us in turn how many horses his father owned, and loudly expressing his scorn at the answers he elicited. Another fledgeling of the peerage boasted that he had received from his parents so many and such costly presents, that he had nothing left to wish for save a pair of silver-mounted pistols, which he intended (he was then aged eleven) to bring back to school after his next birthday.

Mandeville, the boy just referred to, was a queer, dark, hook-nosed, harum-scarum youngster, not much like his charming mother (afterwards the stately Duchess of Devonshire) who used occasionally to drop down on us like a celestial visitant—a perfect vision of grace and loveliness—and entertain us to an al fresco luncheon or tea-party. Mandeville was once, I remember, in trouble (for purchasing contraband confectionery) when her Grace appeared on the scene with the usual request for a holiday; but our pedagogue would have been more than human to resist the enchanting smile with which pardon was asked for the culprit, and the holiday was granted as usual.

I occupied one of the stuffy bedrooms in company with

Mandeville, a young Colville of Culross, and an Irish boy called Cuffe (one of the Desart family); and we took it in turns to tell stories when we were safely tucked up in bed. Mine, I think, consisted of random recollections of the Arabian Nights, and Cuffe dealt in sensational romances about snakes and pirates. What was Charlie Colville's forte I forget; but as for Mandeville, he was a perfect Munchausen. His stories recounted, as a rule, sporting feats of an unprecedented kind, and he himself was the hero of them all. The slightest doubts thrown on their credibility or truth provoked an instant challenge to single combat; so we prudently swallowed our scepticism, and his tales were certainly amusing if not veracious. Poor Mandeville! he too has gone a good many years ago; and so also has my greatest school friend, Reggie Duncombe (afterwards Helmsley), whose sister married Offaly, and who with his brother Jim ("Hell-fire Jim" was his later sobriquet, and he was a boy of quite different stamp) came to May Place and left it in the same term as myself.

The name of Charles Colville (afterwards second Viscount) is connected in my mind with a curious little episode of our school days. Part of our discipline was that no talking was allowed at meals except on Guy Fawkes Day and the head master's birthday; but by way of relief one of the masters was told off to read to us, as we ate, some work (usually) of fiction. One of the junior masters, an anaemic young man with long, lank hair, must I think, have had (like Mr. Wardle's fat page) a taste for making people's flesh creep. The book he selected for our entertainment was Reade's rather lurid romance *Never too Late to Mend.* He spared us none of the prison horrors of the book, and I still remember sitting open-mouthed, with my bread-and-butter poised between finger and thumb, as he rolled out the terrifying incidents in his deep resonant tones.

A day or two afterwards it chanced that Colville had offended against some edict of the elder boys, and was condemned to the usual penalty, viz. to be "rolled in the gorse" when we climbed the hill behind the school on the next half-holiday. Charlie was a red-haired, hot-tempered child, with Celtic blood in his veins (he was a gallant Guardsman subsequently, and proved his courage on African battle-fields); and as he lay prostrate among the prickly furze-bushes, he electrified us by suddenly bursting out with an exact reproduction of the imprecations uttered by Reade's hapless hero when he was consigned to the prison black-hole. The book was exchanged after this for another of milder complexion; but Mr. Willway's blood-curdling propensities continued to flourish; and I recollect that some time afterwards he positively froze us smaller boys with horror, by his realistic description of the great railway murder (that of Mr. Briggs by Müller) which was the sensation of the time.

The compulsory "prisoner's base" in the playground after breakfast on raw, foggy winter mornings, with our pedagogue smiling a rather grim and ghastly encouragement to us from the window of his well-warmed study; the chilly breakfasts, when we munched our bread-and-scrape in solemn silence (the novel-reading was confined to the mid-day meal), casting envious eyes the while at the succulent kidneys or savoury chops reserved for our preceptor; the preparations for Sunday church—top hat, throttling collar, and threepenny bit for the "collection"—I remember them all. "De te fabula narratur," I have often said to myself, as I conned the amusing pages of *Vice Versa*—amusing, that is to a grown-up reader, for I have noticed that the humour of the book does not as a rule appeal to schoolboys. They probably pay it the unconscious compliment of the Kirriemuir folk, commenting on *A Window in Thrums:* "Hoot-toots! what in the world was there to write a book about? It's just what happens in the place every day."

On Sunday mornings we had a welcome lie-a-bed for an extra hour, during which we were supposed to learn (snug between the blankets) the collect of the day, which had to be repeated before breakfast. An interlude in this devotional exercise was the appearance of the lady-matron—a spinster of mature age who always wore what was then called a "garibaldi" of vivid blue—armed with a large pot of bear's grease, which she rubbed into our ambrosial locks, each in his turn. The future Duke of Manchester had a special dislike of this besmearing process, and the moment it was over used to jump out of bed and dip his shock of black hair into his bath to wash off the grease. Some of the smaller boys actually had their hair curled on Sundays. I remember a little Irish lordling who had his hair regularly put in curl-papers on Saturday night, and curled next morning in time for church. This last incident reminds me, I do not know why, of the small boy (this was at a day-school) who was taken out to tea with some friends. "I suppose you are the smallest boy at your school," some one remarked to him. "Rather not," was the indignant answer: "why, some of our chaps come to school in prams!"

An unusual and welcome diversion was provided for us once a week, when a troop of frisky ponies was brought to the school door, and those of us who had "leave from home" mounted, scurried down the steep hill, and scampered about the plain below, I think without any escort. Rash jumping feats were sometimes essayed by the young equestrians; and it was a wonder that we never broke our necks, to say nothing of our ponies' knees; but we thoroughly enjoyed those Saturday outings. I enjoyed our cricket too, and I think must have played better then than I ever did afterwards. The "Eton *v.* Harrow" match—played between teams respectively destined for those schools—was the great event of our season; and I remember once catching (at point) a terrific smack from a (comparatively) big Harrovian called Ponsonby, somehow saving the match for Eton, and covering myself with glory. I never performed a similar feat again.

Altogether I had not a bad time during my eighteen months at May Place, and I think I was sorry to leave. My memory has not preserved the slightest trace of any moral or religious teaching received there. But I learned to make Latin verses and to construe Horace and Virgil; and six months before my normal two years were over was pronounced to be fit—anyhow intellectually—for a public school. Accordingly after the Easter holidays of 1865 (I spent them at Boulogne, whither my family had moved from Spa, and where they were settled in a pretty old château outside the town) I did not return to Malvern. I passed the entrance examination at Eton, and was placed in the Upper Fourth Form, having now attained the age of eleven and a half.

CHAPTER II.

1865-1870.

I ENTERED Mr. Wolley's house at Eton (he added Dod to his surname later, and was of course known as the "Woolly Dog") in the summer half of 1865. Naturally the change from thirty schoolfellows to eight hundred was a tremendous one, though I imagine I was too young—I was still under twelve—to appreciate the new freedom of public school life, which at first bewildered rather than attracted me. As May Place was preparatory for Eton and Harrow exclusively, many of my friends there had preceded or accompanied me to Eton; and of course I soon made others, nearly all older than myself, for I was much younger than most of the boys in my form. An Etonian as a rule makes few intimate friendships except in his own form and his own boarding house; and looking through an old photograph book I see the faded presentments of some of those with whom I was brought into more or less intimacy for one or other of the above reasons.

Here is perhaps my dearest friend of them all, Eustace Vesey, a smiling, cheery Irish boy who went from Eton into the famous Ninth Lancers, and died when little over thirty. Here too is another great friend, Clark Kennedy of Knockgray, a born naturalist if ever there was one, who made me scour the country with him in search of specimens, and at fifteen published a book on the *Birds of Berks and Bucks*, which gained for its young author the notice of Royalty, and an invitation to Windsor Castle.

Here again are two of the pleasantest, most popular, and best-looking Etonians of my time—Reginald Brett (now

Lord Esher), and Sidney Herbert, the handsome brother of Lord Pembroke, whom he succeeded as fourteenth Earl. Pembroke himself was at Eton with me for a year or two —the tallest boy in the school, as he was afterwards the tallest peer in Parliament, but neither so good-looking nor so popular as his brother. Brett was a universal favourite; and I remember the unprecedented cheering which on one occasion greeted the announcement of his name as first in some examination.

At least four out of the six Lyttelton brothers were my schoolfellows at Eton; Arthur, afterwards a bishop, whom I hardly remember; Bob, with his good-natured face and light hair curling tightly over his head; Edward, the future head master, whom I knew well and greatly liked; and little Alfred, best beloved and not least distinguished of the six. They were all of course great cricketers, and everybody liked them.

Other famous cricketers in my time were the Lubbocks, but I think they were all a good deal senior to me. Herbert, now Lord Gladstone ("Twopence"), I knew very well, and a jolly little fellow he was. Then there was Onslow, whom I remember best as wearing a beard (an appendage probably unique in a "present Etonian"), and poor Belgrave, father of the present Duke of Westminster, an extremely delicate boy who had been at Malvern just after me. Naas, afterwards Lord Mayo, whose distinguished father was assassinated in India towards the close of our Eton days, was a red-haired, fair-skinned boy, whom I am afraid I did not like; and two other boys I did not like (they were both, I fear, a bit inclined to bully) were Goderich, now Lord Ripon, who has reduced pheasant-killing to an exact science, and Lewisham, the present Lord Dartmouth, who was, however, I believe, generally popular.

Lord Dundonald, the dashing light cavalry leader of the future, was a contemporary of mine, and so was the future General Colvile—"Piggy" we called him, in our simple personal way. Budding statesmen were not so common. I only remember Aretas Akers, who was made a Viscount at sixty, but who did not, either at Eton or afterwards at Oxford, give evidence of talents of any special kind.

Hawtrey, who became the most accomplished stage liar of his time, I remember as a demure little chap younger than myself. I forget whether he took much part in our annual school plays, now, I believe, a thing of the past. The great actor in my time was poor Cyril Oliphant (a son of the novelist, then resident at Windsor), who was a close friend of mine and a most amusing and attractive boy in those days. He performed Puck as I have never seen that impossible part acted since; and his impersonation of a *soubrette* in a play of Molière's was a delicious bit of pure comedy. The Bottom, by the way, to Cyril's Puck was an excellent actor also, Tindal, a grandson of the Chief Justice; and a fat, languid, yellow-haired boy called Tufnell was the most substantial Titania surely, that ever frolicked in fairyland.

Waldegrave (the present peer) was a quiet boy who made himself well liked, and whose life-long interest in volunteering dates from his Eton days. There was a boom, by the way, at that time in amateur soldiering, in consequence of some dark schemes of invasion supposed to be cherished by Napoleon III; and a great many of us, including myself, donned the hideous grey tunic trimmed with Eton blue and the unsightly shako of the school Rifle Corps, and fired off short Enfield muzzle-loaders till our shoulders were black and blue.

Then there was Walter, a son of the *Times*, who played in the eleven, and possessed the egg of a great auk for which he was supposed to have refused fabulous sums; Rossmore, a most popular Irish boy, who was unhappily killed in a Windsor steeple-chase in Queen Victoria's presence, a few years later; Esme Gordon, who went on to Brasenose and died in his prime; "Edly" Stanhope, now Chesterfield, who also went up to Brasenose, and was as smart, good-looking, and well-groomed at fifteen as he was at fifty ; the handsome Lister Kayes, Johnnie (now Sir John) and his brother Cecil ; John Murray, who now reigns as John the Fourth in Albemarle Street not less vigorously and successfully than his predecessors ; and Glamis, now Lord Strathmore, a pleasant dark-eyed boy of my own age, with no shadow on him as yet of the weird family secret connected with his ancestral castle in the north.

An old Etonian, with whom alone of all my schoolfellows, I have maintained an unbroken friendship since our school-days, was pleased the other day to compliment me on my memory of those far off times: "Cudgel that excellent memory of yours," he said, "and write down everything you remember of our contemporaries; it will interest lots of people". I bethought myself how best I might act on this advice, and summon up the spirits of a past that was becoming remote. To revisit "Henry's holy shades" was obviously the proper course, and I took the first opportunity of doing so. Sundry young relatives have usually had a more or less distant claim on me in the "College of Our Blessed Lady beside Windsor," as it was styled by its pious and royal founder ; but of older friends there I had long had but few survivors. Some of the assistant masters of the sixties were still lingering—I will not say "lagging superfluous"—on the stage from which their grey hairs had long qualified them to retire; and I believe that the very same master was instructing the very same form in which I made my *début* years and years before with Horace and the Eton Latin Grammar under my arm, and had heard with my own ears an ingenious youth (afterwards an eminent K.C.) thus render the first line of Horace's first Ode: "Mæcenas atavis edite regibus"—"O Mæcenas! but your grandfather was eaten by kings".

My host, however, on the occasion of which I speak, was not one of those veteran pedagogues, but one of the younger generation of masters, whose hospitality and that of his charming wife I had enjoyed before on one of my rare visits to my old school. I had had no experience in my own school days of so gracious and kindly a "dame," as we called our tutors' wives. Mine had been an austere personage with a sad-coloured "front" and silver spectacles, who carved our mutton for us at dinner in stony silence, but whom otherwise we hardly saw. I remember well how, on my mother's first visit to me at school—I was no more than a child, and she (poor soul) had been comforting herself with the thought of my being looked after by a kind motherly dame—she encountered in my tutor's drawing-room a formidable old lady, who turned out to be his mother-in-law, and who impressed on her at great length that the sole condition on which she possibly could, would, and did allow her highly connected daughter to marry a schoolmaster was that she was to have "ab-so-lute-ly nothing whatever to do with the boys".

This visit of mine happened to coincide with the annual school concert, which I attended with great pleasure; and a very good concert it was, with things old and new performed for our delectation—Coleridge-Taylor sandwiched between Schubert and Mozart, and an ultra-modern suite of Elgar's alternating with an old English ballad or an eighteenth-century madrigal. We wound up, of course, with the traditional *Vale;* and as the old panelled walls and high-timbered roof of College Hall echoed to the inspiring shout of "Floreat Etona! floreat, florebit!" I transported myself back five-and-thirty years, and saw myself perched "high amid the tuneful choir" on one of those same benches (I think I was an original member of the then newly-formed Musical Society), and taking an active and melodious part in the school concert *consule Planco.*

There were some musicians of note among my school-fellows of those old days—the most prominent being Hubert Parry, who graduated as an Oxford Mus. Bac. while still at Eton, and had his degree cantata (ending with a wonderful contrapuntal arrangement of the Old Hundreth) performed in the old Mathematical School with much applause. Parry was a footballer of renown as well as a musician, and played in our field eleven. Another musical "swell" was Gosselin (afterwards the distinguished diplomatist, Sir Martin), who was the most accomplished schoolboy pianist I have ever heard. I recollect once at a concert the grand piano being moved round on the platform after Gosselin had begun his performance, and his continuing to play the while quite imperturbably, to the frantic delight of the audience. Sweet singers we had too at our concerts in the sixties—Charlie Williamson of Lawers, afterwards an Oratorian priest, and Bernard Coleridge (the future judge), with a top note like the famous one of Mary Jane's. He made his *début* in Purcell's "Come if you dare," and electrified us all with his shrill, clear soprano. The little solo-singers on the occasion of my later visit seemed, I thought, rather timid, and rather nervous of their musical director, whom I knew as an Oxford undergraduate in the seventies, and who rose, like my friend Sir Walter Parratt, from a provincial organistship to be the director of one of the Royal choirs.

Gosselin, of course, was only one of my contemporaries who have served their Sovereign in high capacities all over the world. One future Viceroy of India I remember, Lord Elgin, whose father died, just after resigning the same high office, about the time that his son came to Eton. He was a little, dark, insignificant youth, a great volunteer like his friend Waldegrave. Two other future Indian Governors were Lords Wenlock and Harris. The former, I think, left school just as I entered it, but Harris I remember well as a tall, good-looking fellow with a supercilious who-the-doose-are-you air about him. He captained the cricket eleven, was a good French scholar, and acted capitally Molière's fencing-master in the same play in which poor Cyril Oliphant brought down the house. A Viceroy-to-be of Ireland of my own age was Seaham, afterwards Castlereagh, and finally Londonderry—a thin boy with a preternaturally long neck. Several prospective prelates, besides Arthur Lyttelton, were contemporary with me: Knight-Bruce of Mashonaland, Carter of Zululand, and Welldon of Calcutta. The last was a King's Scholar in my time, extremely ugly and quite appallingly clever. A quiet, unassuming boy, a year or two my junior, was Sir Vincent Caillard, who did such brilliant financial work for the Empire in Egypt and elsewhere. Gough, too, afterwards third Viscount, and Minister at Coburg and Dresden, I remember well, a tall, sandy-haired youth whose diplomatic or other abilities were latent or dormant when I knew him.

There were other famous cricketers in my time, besides Harris, who have made their mark since in one way or other. The Lytteltons and Lubbocks I have already mentioned: then there were "Bun-jam" Thornton, the most tremendous slogger that ever hit a sixer at Lord's; and Frank Rhodes, of Soudanese and South African renown, whose immaculate white waistcoat I can see now, with a snaky gold chain and lockets festooned across it.

Rhodes, who was of course a brother of the great Cecil, was one of the school eleven of 1869—a notable year in the annals of Eton cricket, for in it we broke the long series of disastrous defeats which we had suffered at the hands of Harrow. For the first time in three-and-twenty years Eton beat her rival in one innings; and a famous team we had that year, captained, if I remember rightly, by George Longman, of the renowned publishing firm, afterwards captain of the Cambridge cricket club. Harris in this particular match achieved a duck; and Clifton, whose brother (afterwards eighth Earl of Darnley) was a more renowned cricketer than himself, made only three runs, but bowled very successfully. The most brilliant batsman of all, though not personally popular, was C. J. Ottaway (a colleger), whose perfect innings of a hundred and eight, only the sixth three-figure innings ever made since Eton first played against Harrow, was of course the chief factor in our triumph.

Ottaway (who played afterwards for Oxford, went to the bar and died young in Canada) had, I think, profited more than any one by the change of policy inculcated by Mitchell, Dupuis, and Austen Leigh, cricket pundits among our masters of that day. Determined to retrieve our long series of disasters, they had introduced a style of play adapted to the rough, difficult ground at Lord's on which the Harrovians were quite at home, but Etonians, accustomed to the smooth, billiard-board surface of Upper Club, were all abroad. "Steady and safe" was the new *mot d'ordre*, and the result was that our young players learned at length to meet the fatal Lord's shooters with straight-grounded bats, and so wickets were saved and defeat at last turned into victory. We beat Winchester too this same year, and also in one innings—a double triumph which had not been scored for Eton since the year 1846.

Next year, 1870, we were again victorious over Harrow at Lord's. The eleven of this season included the name of Arthur Lyttelton, future Bishop of Southampton, the third of the eight famous brothers who nearly all played for Eton in their time. Neville had played from 1862 to 1864, and George after him; then, next to Arthur, came Bob, the curly-haired, in 1871, and later on Edward and Alfred, whose praises are in all the clubs. Alfred and Edgar Lubbock, younger brothers of the first Lord Avebury, captained our eleven respectively in 1863 and 1866.

Of the aquatic heroes of my day, I recall the brothers Edwards-Moss, each in his time Captain of the Boats: John, afterwards the baronet, tall, dark, broad-shouldered and rosy-cheeked; and Tom, since dead, even a more famous oar, and also captain of "Pop," the school debating society. Another rowing boy was Stuart Donaldson, a fair-haired, pleasant youth, who later on, when an Eton master, became my shooting-tenant for some years at Dunskey, where I visited him several times. He was subsequently elected Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Then there were Dunluce (afterwards Lord Antrim), nicknamed "Done-tight," who sat next me in school; Mossop, Captain of the Boats in 1865, and my first fag-master; and handsome, hook-nosed Cis Ricardo, also a Captain of the Boats, who went into the Guards. His inseparable friends were Reginald Brett, son and successor of the first Lord Esher, and Compton, a singularly swarthy youth who became Marquis of Northampton. Lord Manners, too, known as "Hoppy," sometime master of the Quorn Hounds, belonged to the rowing set, and was besides an energetic volunteer. He had a kinsman of exactly the same age at school at this time, Henry Manners, the future Duke of Rutland, who was extremely popular at Eton. Alexander Kennedy, with his curiously prominent ears, was another boy in the eight, whom I knew at home in Ayrshire as well as at school. He was brother of Cassillis, afterwards Ailsa, a tall, shy, and serious youth, who convoyed me from Scotland to Eton at the beginning of my career, and was my schoolfellow for only three months.

Arthur Wellesley, who became Duke of Wellington in 1900, was at Eton with me; he too was, as I remember him, a silent and serious youth like Cassillis. The Duke of Montrose, then Lord Ronald Graham, I remember well—a quiet boy with little screwed-up eyes, a sealskin waistcoat, and a capacity for making friends. I should mention also the Duke of Fife (Macduff he was then), though I quite forget what he was like; he was the same age as Wellesley, but a good deal lower down in the school. Lord Rosebery was at Eton with me also, but only for a very short time; and so was his brother, Everard Primrose (afterwards a colonel in the Grenadiers), who died in Egypt at the age of thirty-seven. Rosebery must, I think, have been something of a hero to us even in those early days; for I recollect his once coming down to the Brocas with his brother after he had left school, and so many of us crowding on to the raft to look at him that we suddenly found ourselves ankle-deep in water.

Lord Randolph Churchill was certainly my contemporary also; but I cannot remember him, though I knew very well his uncle Lord Edward, who was the sixth Duke of Marlborough's son by his third wife, and was several years younger than his nephew. Edward was a born mechanic, and spent most of his spare time at Stevens's shop turning a lathe—a taste which I believe he carried into middle life. Burghley (afterwards Lord Exeter) was an extraordinarily tall boy of about Wellesley's standing; his brother, Lord William Cecil, who had a remarkable capacity for covering himself with ink, was several years younger. Finch-Hatton, too, who became Lord Winchilsea, I associate with inky crumpled collars and general untidiness; while Lambton, on the other hand, the future Earl of Durham, was tall, dark, well-groomed, and generally distinguished-looking.

I have already mentioned Charles Hawtrey, the distinguished comedian; but he had a brother (I think the future successful schoolmaster at Westgate) who also acted at school. I remember one of them giving me a ticket for theatricals at John Hawtrey's house, where the smallest boys boarded. The piece was *Bombastes Furioso;* and if I am not mistaken one of the Hawtreys took the title-role and the other played Distaffina.

It is curious that I cannot recall at this moment many schoolfellows of mine who did much in the world of letters. There was, to be sure, Herbert Paul, a most distinguished scholar, of whom his masters prophesied great things; and there were the two American brothers Sturgis—Julian and Howard—novelists, librettists, and I know not what. Howard was a plump boy, with a perpetual rose in his button-hole; Julian played in the football eleven, and was a good amateur actor. I recollect his excellent performance as Mr. Golightly in *Lend me Five Shillings*, in some theatricals at Evans's house. Algernon Bourke, too, brother of Mayo (whom I did not like), took, I think, to literature; at least I fancy he wrote a history of some London club, in the intervals between "running" fashionable restaurants at Willis's Rooms and elsewhere.

Of course the Eton of my day turned out, as it has ever done, some famous soldiers. No fewer than eighteen of the generals who held commands in the Boer War were *alumni* of my old school. Many of them of course were much before my time; but a fair proportion I number among my schoolfellows. Dundonald (then Cochrane) I have already referred to; Sir Herbert Chermside, sometime Governor of Queensland, was a clever "tug" some years my senior; and contemporary with him were Lord Chesham, organiser of the Imperial Yeomanry, and Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, whom we dubbed "Polly Cary," and who was even handsomer as a boy than afterwards as a man. There was, too, poor Roddy Owen, at Hardisty's house—then, as ever, most popular with all who came in contact with him; and many other soldiers of lesser renown.

Guilford, then Dudley North, and his brother Morton, who was a year or two younger, were both swells of the first water, and always exceedingly smartly turned out. I remember how Morton appeared in the school-yard one morning in stick-up collars (then a novel mode), and ultra-fashionable trousers belling out over the foot, and adorned with broad blue stripes down the sides; and how he was surrounded by a circle of sarcastic friends who affected to be struck dumb with admiration at his dandy get-up.

Memory of course brings back to me the names of many school contemporaries who were cut off, at or before their prime. There was "Weasel" Lumley, Lord Scarbrough's heir, a quaint, little, sharp-nosed boy, who did not live to see his nineteenth year; Ranfurly (the fourth earl), who perished in Abyssinia at five-and-twenty; Reidhaven, afterwards Seafield, who died at little over thirty, deeply lamented on his vast Highland estates; Clifton, who became earl of Darnley in 1896 and died four years later (he played in the eleven, and we called him "Plum-pudding on stilts"); Miles Stapleton, afterwards tenth Lord Beaumont, and colonel of the 20th Hussars, who was killed, I remember, in a shooting accident soon after his accession to the title; and Guilford, also killed accidentally in a Windsor steeplechase, ten years before Beaumont.

I must not omit the name of Dimsdale, although I remember little about him; for he holds the record, if I mistake not, as the first Etonian Lord Mayor of London—at any rate in recent times. Nor can I pass over little Spearman—Sir Joseph he became later, having inherited a baronetcy from his grandfather, who was concerned in some mysterious way with the reduction of the National Debt. Joseph was the smallest boy ever seen at Eton, and he never seemed to grow. He had an immense mouth, into which he could and did thrust his entire fist, for the delectation of his fellows of the Lower School.

There were embryo courtiers, of course, among my schoolfellows, including the little sprigs of nobility who served the Queen as pages of honour, and who used to get occasional *ex officio* holidays for State functions at Windsor, or drawing-rooms in London. One of their privileges used to be to get commissions in the Guards as "Queen's Cadets"; but I am not sure if this still goes on in these competitive and democratic days. Henry Legge, Lewisham's brother, called "Fuzzy," from his curly locks, and a great friend of mine at school, was for many years groom-in-waiting, equerry, or what-not to Royalty. Edgar Sebright, too (afterwards Sir Edgar), was one of those who "dwelt in kings' houses"; and Lord St. Audries, Hopetoun's brother-in-law, who was born within a few days of me, was for some years Vice-Chamberlain to King Edward VII.

Queen Victoria was living in such seclusion in the late 'sixties, that there was not the same intercourse between castle and college as there was in the subsequent years of her reign. Prince Leopold used pretty often to come down to Eton to attend lectures or other functions, and sometimes to look on at a football match. I remember how chilly and miserable he used to look standing with his tutor near the goal-posts, with the astrachan collar of his great-coat turned up.

Princess Helena was married to Prince Christian at St. George's Chapel during my second summer at Eton; and we had, of course, our usual privileged place in the station-yard to see the royal couple depart. I recollect the day painfully, for my gold watch—a legacy from an uncle who fell at Inkerman—was stolen from me in the crowd. I never saw it again; though, singularly enough, a big gold seal, which I wore in the fashion of the time dangling from the chain, was found stuck between the boards of the station platform, and I recovered it next day. When the Prince and Princess came back to Windsor, the big fellows dragged their carriage from the station up to the castle gates, and we laughed to see the elderly bridegroom (as he seemed to us) shut his eyes tight and clutch the side of the carriage as it bumped and swayed to and fro up the steep, stony street. The Princess only laughed and enjoyed the fun. She was immensely popular then and always with Etonians old and young, and many of us remember acts of gracious kindness which we received at her hands.

I recall a certain hot summer's day, when my naturalist friend Clark Kennedy and I, after a long ramble in the Great Park, were running home tired and breathless, with hardly a dog's chance of getting back to college in time for six o'clock absence, i.e. calling-over. Just after we had passed the turn from Frogmore, a pony-carriage, driven by a solitary lady, caught us up and stopped. "You are running back to Eton, are you not?" asked a kind voice. "Jump in; I will drive you as far as Windsor Bridge. Get out, George, and walk home." "George," the diminutive "tiger," who occupied the back seat, got out accordingly (looking, I still remember, a little sulky), and we jumped in as we were bidden, in high spirits at the prospect of saving our bacon and escaping the dreaded *pœna.* We were quite unaware of the identity of our benefactress, and only learned from the keeper of the bridge toll-bar (long since abolished) that kind Princess Christian was the *dea ex machina* who had come so opportunely to our rescue.

The biggest Royal function I remember in my time was in connection with the Sultan's visit to her Majesty at Windsor. There was a great review in the Park, in which I took part as a member of the school rifle corps. We had at one point to fire a volley by way of a Royal salute; and in the excitement of the moment some of us forgot to remove the ramrods from the muzzles of our Enfields, and fired them off as well as the powder. His Turkish Majesty was said to have been much impressed by this manœuvre. We lunched afterwards in the Castle riding-school; and while we ate, one or two of the Princesses (I remember Princess Beatrice with her light hair falling over her shoulders) came in and walked round the tables, talking to the boys whom they knew.

Looking back, as I write these lines, through the lengthening vista of years at my Etonian career, I am inclined to ask myself (I have a reason for doing so) this question: Did I—does any one—among the almost innumerable comrades at a great public school of his games and his studies, his hours of leisure and of work, succeed as a rule in laying the foundation of a real, solid, and lasting friendship? It is the fashion, I find, for certain Catholic parents of Catholic sons belonging to what are called the upper classes (an odious phrase, but what can one substitute for it?) to give as a reason for sending their boys to Eton and Harrow, instead of to their own excellently-equipped schools, their hope and belief that their sons may there strike up friendships—"so useful in after life"—with boys of their own class, to a far greater extent than they could possibly do at Stonyhurst or Beaumont, at Edgbaston or Ampleforth or Downside. My only reply to this contention is the concise remark of the admirable Mr. Burchell—" Fudge ! " I had, I suppose, as many friends and acquaintances at Eton as the average boy; and I have found it pleasant enough to come across them in after life, in club or country house, perhaps in a railway carriage or the smoking-room of an ocean liner, and exchange reminiscences, more or less banal, of our old school and our old schoolfellows—generally much to the boredom of non-Etonians present. But as for life-long friendships—*credat Judaeus.* I do not think schoolboys are made that way; and the change from boyhood to manhood is in any case so radical and so transforming, that if friendships with old schoolfellows are to be made at all, the process will certainly have to begin all over again in adult years. I am aware, of course, that this is not the only argument used by the people of whom I speak in support of their views ; but it is certainly the one most commonly adduced. What I have never been able to understand is why educated and right-thinking Catholics should, if not move heaven and earth, at least urge in and out of season, that the Catholic children of the working classes must at all costs and at any sacrifice be kept out of the council schools of England, the board schools of Scotland, and the national schools of Ireland, and be provided with Catholic schools of their own ; and should yet, for reasons not more convincing than the one I have been discussing, contemplate in increasing numbers the desirability of removing their own children practically entirely from Catholic influence during the most impressionable years of their lives.

But I must bring this long chapter to a close. So many books—I think at least half-a-dozen—have been written of late about Eton in the second half of the nineteenth century, that I have confined myself in the preceding pages to reminiscences rather of my schoolfellows than of my school. After all, in spite of Royal Commissions, governing bodies, and brand-new theories of education, life at a great public school—perhaps the most conservative institution on earth—does not vary very much, except superficially, from one generation to another. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* I entered Eton a child; I left its "holy shades" almost a man. Let me pause for a moment in my chronicle, and, looking back at the quickly-passing days of childhood and boyhood, ask myself what were the moral and religious influences brought to bear on me during the first seventeen or eighteen years of my life.

CHAPTER III.

1853-1870.

ALTHOUGH my paternal ancestors had been, as far as I know, consistent Presbyterians ever since the first Hunters of Abbotshill established themselves, in the middle of the sixteenth century, on the confiscated lands of Crossraguel Abbey, my mother's family, the Wauchopes of Niddrie, were by tradition and predilection members of the Scottish Episcopal Church. They had halted at that ecclesiastical half-way house when detached, half by force and half by fraud, according to the methods then in vogue in Scotland, from their adherence to the ancient faith to which they had clung for more than a century after the national change of religion. Niddrie had sent to the Council of Trent a scion of the house, in the person of Robert Wauchope, the blind Archbishop of Armagh. All through the stormy seventeenth century they had remained staunch Catholics, defying the edicts of Kirk and Council, and practising their proscribed religion as best they could in their old home in the outskirts of Edinburgh. The method of conversion from Popery peculiarly favoured in Scotland was to rob Catholic parents—especially people of any position—of their children, and to bring the latter up as Protestants. The proceding was in many cases as effectual as it was cruel; and though the laird of Niddrie as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century was still sheltering wandering missionaries of the old faith, his son conformed to Protestantism, and so just escaped the fresh outburst of persecution which fell on Scottish Catholics after the abortive Jacobite rising in 1715.

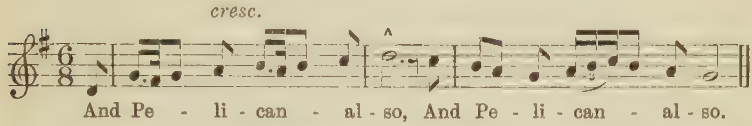
Thus for a century and a half before my mother's marriage in 1850 her people had been more or less continuously Episcopalian. It was perhaps in deference to this that all her many children, with the exception of myself, were baptised into their mother's church. I was born at Dunskey, in a county which did not at that time boast a single Episcopal church; and the parish minister of Portpatrick christened me in his own fashion—a fashion which, judging by what I saw of his public administration of the rite on subsequent occasions, was far from ensuring the validity of the sacrament. The only practical difference, however, which I came in time to realise between my brothers and sisters and myself in this matter was that they received mugs and handsome spoons and forks from their godfathers and godmothers, whereas I as a Presbyterian baby had no sponsors and consequently no mug, except a rather shabby eleemosynary one given me by a compassionate aunt.

It was, I suppose, another concession to the Episcopalian strain in our blood that when residing in Edinburgh we invariably attended the "English" Church, as it was generally called in those days. St. Paul's Church, where we had our sittings, was uncompromisingly "low" in those far off days: the minister droned out his (to us) incomprehensibly dull and lengthy harangues clad in Geneva gown, bands, and black kid gloves; and I think we children found the service a trifle drearier than the Presbyterian ones we attended in the country, where the extemporary character of the pulpit utterances was a rather interesting and occasionally diverting element in the proceedings, and helped to compensate for the really appalling length of these weekly "diets of worship".

How we tolerated these enormously-protracted church services (and it must be remembered that our church-going began at a very early age) seems almost inexplicable now, except on the theory that we simply accepted them as part of the inevitable programme of our lives. At Portpatrick we were actually subjected to two sermons at the morning service, the first being what was called a "lecture," on some passage of the Old Testament. Between the two, while a psalm was being sung, we left the great family gallery, a sort of royal opera-box which filled up an entire side of the church, and retired to a private room in the rear, where we were sustained with currant loaf and a glass of water. The pulpit was exactly opposite our gallery, so that the preaching seemed to be aimed directly at our family circle. A tradition tells how the minister once fixed his eyes sternly on my eldest sister, then a child sitting in her mother's lap, and shouted with fierce gesticulations, "As for you (pronounced *yow*), ye old hoary-heeded sinner!" whereupon the poor baby burst into loud lamentations, was hurried up to the "room," and comforted with a premature slice of currant loaf. Our minister cherished a quaint idea that it was helpful, after reading a verse of Scripture, to paraphrase it for our better understanding. Thus once, quoting the passage about its being as hard for a rich man to enter heaven as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, he solemnly added, "Or, as ye might say, for an elephant to go through the *spoot* of a kettle!"

Instrumental music in church was of course undreamt of in those times; and the tune for the psalms was "let go" by the precentor (once generally known as the "letter-gae"), who occupied a desk of his own under the pulpit, and looked decorously official in his gown and bands. "Noo, ma friends," said a minister once in a fine burst of imagination, "I'm your shepherd, and ye're a' ma sheep, and the precentor here's ma wee doggie". This was too much for the "letter-gae". "I'm thinking I'm no your wee doggie at all, sir," he protested, looking up at the pulpit. "Hoot! John, hoot! John," came in a loud aside from the minister, "I'm only speaking metapho-o-rically."—"I dinna ken what that means, sir, but I think you're speaking varra mischeevously."

We were all musical at home, and loved the fine old melodies—"Dundee," "Martyrdom," and the rest—to which the psalms and paraphrases were set, sometimes with quaint repetitions of the last line, as in the verse on the *nycticorax in domicilio:* "I like an owl on housetop am,"



The congregation knew the old tunes too, and joined in them heartily with good effect, the parish schoolmaster coming in, I remember, with a "counter" (an unvarying third below the melody) which we greatly admired. It must have been some unusually unfamiliar setting which perplexed the two old dames who sat in their pew looking over the same book. "What's the tune, my dear?" whispered one anxiously, "I didna catch the tune."—"I dinna ken," returned her friend unhesitatingly; "I'm singing 'Kilmarnock': *keep you wi' me.*"

What a blessing to the poor minister must have been these intervals of "praise," in times when he was supposed and expected to extemporise almost the whole of the two hours' service! To most of the clergy (for on how few is bestowed the gift of impromptu oratory) the anticipation of these lengthy prayers and discourses, all to be delivered without note or manuscript, must have been a hebdomadal nightmare. To read the sermon savoured of prelacy, formalism, and even ungodliness, and was sure to evoke unfavourable comment. "How did you like my sermon?" rashly asked a newly "placed" minister of his "man" (beadle, bell-ringer, book-opener, and candid critic), after too literally "reading himself in" at the morning service. "Weel, sir," was the dry rejoinder, "gif ye ask me, I did not like it at all. In the first place ye read it; in the second place ye didna read it weel; and in the third place it wasna worth the reading."

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Within limits a Scotch country congregation was an intelligent body of hearers, with no doubt at all as to its competence to pass judgment on what it heard from the pulpit. If the minister ventured beyond those limits (doubtless narrow enough), his flock grew quickly restive, and he was sure to become unpopular. An elder was asked his opinion of the new minister, who had, it seemed, committed the double offence of keeping aloof from his people during the week and preaching above their heads on Sundays. "Weel, we dinna think muckle o' him so far," was the cautious reply. "Ye see, it's just this way; on six days of the week he's inveesible, and on the seventh he's incomprehansible."

Although these long hours of church formed a conspicuous and on the whole, I fear, a wearisome feature of the country Sundays of our childhood, Sunday was by no means a day of Sabbatarian gloom to us, as it was in many Scottish country houses of the day. Pianos were, it is true, locked up for the week-end, story-books were put away, and games, both in and out of doors, prohibited. But the day had not for us the literal chilliness such as prevailed, for instance, under the roof of some of our near relatives. There no fires were lit in the living-rooms on Sunday, even in winter; nothing hot was allowed to be cooked except tea; and we returned from church to a frigid if sufficient meal of cold meat, cold potatoes, cold apple-tart, and cold water. At Blairquhan there were no sumptuary laws of this kind, and the day as a whole passed pleasantly. The walk to and from church, through a grove of immemorial yews bordering a clear brown trout-stream, was delicious: and after dinner there was usually another walk with our parents, sometimes to the nursery to look at the baby trees, sometimes to a waterfall on the river where we could see the salmon jumping after a spate. There was much interesting talk, during these afternoon rambles with our father, about birds and beasts and trees and similar topics, of which he knew so much. The walk would perhaps end with a visit to the fruit-garden; and then after tea our dear mother would read to us—*Sunday at Home*, full of interesting things, or Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature*, or Adams' *Sacred Allegories*, while our father permitted himself to glance over the *Field* or *Punch* or the latest evening paper from London. Yes, those were happy Sundays; and their happiness, like most of the happiness of our young lives was due to the serene and gracious influence which was always with us and around us, sheltering and protecting us in all our childish troubles. Our mother's religion was not of the assertive or aggressive kind. I do not remember much dogma in her quietly persuasive talks to her children on religious subjects. Love and kindness, charity and truthfulness, unselfishness and obedience for Christ's sake, were the chief articles of her simple creed. Her sympathy with us all was unbounded and unfailing, her patience untiring, her loving watchfulness never-ceasing. Goodness radiated from her always; and for any goodness that there was in us (I think on the whole we were good children) we have to thank her a thousand thousand times.

We spent, as I have already said, partly in Belgium and partly in France, the two years before I went to school; but the fact that we were during the whole of that time living in the midst of a population almost entirely Catholic, did not, as far as I remember, exercise the slightest influence on any of us. There were, of course, Church of England chapels in the resorts of English visitors where we had our temporary homes, and we attended them pretty regularly on Sundays. The chaplains were not good specimens of their class; one was a little freckled and spectacled nonentity, and the other a person with large teeth and whiskers, rolling eyes, and a jocosely familiar manner which we disliked intensely—my mother most of all. As to the Catholic churches, we never once to my recollection even entered one of them. My sole association with the religion of the people around us during those two years is in connection with the Fête-Dieu (Corpus Christi) at Boulogne, at the open-air part of which we were allowed to be spectators. I remember being immensely impressed and delighted by the length of the procession and the movement and splendour of the whole affair; but of what it signified or symbolised I had not the remotest notion, and no one troubled to inform me.

As to any religious impressions received during my eighteen months' sojourn at my first school, my mind is an absolute blank. The little pedagogue in charge of us at May Place was not himself a clergyman, and I do not think that religious instruction entered into his curriculum at all. On Sundays we attended morning prayers in a chilly church at Malvern Wells, where we shivered in a draughty transept, and where I still recall the surprise with which I observed one of my schoolfellows (the future Duke of Manchester) turn to the east during the recital of the Creed. On most Sunday afternoons (I think chiefly in order to occupy a few vacant hours) we were packed off to the Priory Church at Great Malvern. I remember enjoying the hymn-singing there; but the walk to and fro was penitential, along a bleak and unsheltered road as cold in winter as it was hot in summer.

I think I must have gone to Eton in the summer half of 1865 with my still childish mind in a state of almost complete religious vacuity. "Wax to receive," with all the receptiveness of fairly intelligent boyhood, I doubtless was, and perhaps "marble to retain" as well. But who was there to write, or what was there to be written, on the *tabula rasa* of my soul at the opening of my public school life? Certainly my tutor did not seem to conceive it to be his duty to undertake any such office. He at least was in holy orders, a clergyman of many years' standing, through whose hands scores of young boys passed year after year from childhood to adolescence—human creatures for whose moral, religious, and intellectual well-being he might be considered (certainly no one else was) absolutely and solely responsible. Intellectually I suppose he did his duty by us, correcting our juvenile essays in classical prose and verse, and teaching us to construe our authors without too obviously blundering. And certain rules and regulations of the school and of his house he enjoined and expected us to observe, under duly assigned pains and penalties. But of moral or religious training, of fatherly help, counsel, or sympathy, of any sort of apparent concern for the spiritual development or soul's welfare of his pupils during the most critical years of their lives, of all this there was literally not a trace. I am not exaggerating (I suppose my own case was in no way singular) when I say that I never received from my tutor a single word of help, encouragement, advice, or sympathy except in connection with the mere routine of school work. As one grew older, and showed signs of being a credit to the house, he was perfectly kind and affable, and would converse quite interestingly about such subects as natural history or the river-lore of the Thames, on both of which he was an authority. He is dead long since, and I bear no grudge against his memory. He was a man, I am sure, with many good qualities, and among other things an excellent husband and father. But as a house-master in a great public school he was, I venture to think, a hopeless and deplorable failure.

Years after my school days were over I chanced to attend a dinner in London, organised to bring together the Catholic members of our old school. There was a considerable gathering, including one or two Fathers of the Oratory, who at one time counted eight old Etonians in their community, and wanted only one more, as one of them said to me, to "cox" the boat. It fell to my lot to propose the traditional toast of *Floreat Etona;* and I remember propounding to the company (most of them converts to Catholicism like myself) the question as to whether there was anything in the atmosphere of our *Alma Mater* which disposed her sons to take the step which we had done. It was not, surely, the outcome of any direct religious training received at Eton (as to that I think we were unanimous); but was there something in the spirit of the great school which, it might be, prepared us to think for ourselves, and to act on our convictions with courage, sincerity, and decision when the critical moment came? Or, more than that, could there be something in the ἦθος of the place itself, in the very stones of the venerable buildings raised in an age of faith by royal and saintly munificence, a kind of emanation from consecrated walls, which acted in the direction of Catholicising, unknown to themselves, at least some of those whose most impressionable years were passed within them? A quaint conceit, perhaps; but I had often—not without good reason—fancied that this was true of Oxford: why not of Eton too, once as Catholic as Oxford? The suggestion drew, at any rate, one good story from a subsequent speaker, who told how an Eton captain of the boats was challenged to an aquatic contest by the head of a famous Catholic college near Windsor, and before entertaining the proposal desired to know what class of boys Beaumont turned out. "Well," was the quiet reply he received, "Beaumont is, I take it, to-day what Eton once was—a school for English Catholic gentlemen."

Was I then unconsciously inhaling, during my Etonian years, the *aura* of Catholicism which still hung faintly about her venerable halls and cloisters? Perhaps so; I am not concerned to deny it. I was, I know, influenced by the spacious beauty of the place, so different from the poky villa under the Malvern Hills where my schooldays had begun. And King Henry's great chapel, over-restored and crudely decorated as it was, with its mid-Victorian fittings and ornaments at once tawdry and garish—appealed to me, even as a little boy, as something beautiful and impressive. I was susceptible to music too, and we had music of the best in those days; for on Sundays and the numerous Saints'-days the choral services (which we all had to attend) were sung by the famous choir from St. George's, Windsor. But even in chapel, raised and designed by its kingly founder to be the very centre of the religious life of his college, what opportunities were lost!

Rugby had had its trumpet-tongued Arnold in its school pulpit a generation earlier; Montague Butler in *his* school chapel was making his addresses to Harrow boys a real influence for good, as Vaughan had done before him. At Eton the head master and nearly all his subordinates were in orders of the English Church: but neither he nor they, to the best of my recollection, ever preached in chapel. The fellows of the old foundation, most of them tottering septuagenarians, had the monopoly of the Sunday sermons, and only very rarely was an outsider invited to "occupy the pulpit". Thus, as a direct factor in impressing religion on our young minds, the school chapel was little more effectual than the tutorial system as I knew it.

What was left? There was one's confirmation, coming about half way through one's school career. The ceremony itself I remember as impressive and rather solemn: Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, our then diocesan, took care of that. But nothing or next to nothing, as far as I can recall, was done to prepare us for the rite in any adequate fashion; and for any influence for good which it had on our lives we might as well have gone without it altogether. There were "Sunday Questions"—the merest dry bones of divinity—which we "mugged up" in the school library, and were very little the better for intellectually or religiously. There was also the Greek Testament lesson on Monday mornings, which I personally found interesting, but which as a rule bored both boys and masters profoundly. There were compulsory evening prayers in our tutor's dining-room, which, as far as I remember, did not strike a single spark of piety out of any one of those who attended them. And a shortened form of daily morning service in chapel, which I think most of us liked, was instituted in my time, I believe in the head mastership of Hornby.

Was there anything else at all? If there was I cannot recall it. Yes, there was one thing more; but for that Eton was not responsible, nor could she claim the credit of it.

There was the spiritual equipment which a boy brought with him from the home of his childhood: the lessons of simple piety learnt almost in infancy at a mother's knee: the sacred memories—blurred and obscured, as the days passed on, by the hundred distractions of school life, but never wholly lost—of home influence and home teaching, of daily prayers never omitted, of gentle warnings, tender chidings, and the quiet constant watchfulness of wise and loving parents. I believe that these were, more than we ourselves knew, real factors in the shaping of our school lives, real helps in the honest struggle which, I am sure, many of us made to keep ourselves untainted by whatever was gross and evil in the little world around us.

Is there any one who can look back with dispassionate retrospect on his own experience of public school life, and deny that such a struggle was often hard enough, and that such helps were sorely needed? Mr. Ronald Knox has told us in his own confessions[1] that he believes it was quite possible for an Etonian of his day to go through his school career without having the moral evils of the place and time thrust upon his notice. But Mr. Knox was a colleger, under a master who wielded exceptional influence for good; and the moral standard in college has always, I fancy, been higher than in the average Oppidans' house. Anyhow I could hardly endorse his opinion from my own experience of a generation earlier. Obscene talk in my time was far too common, and the originator of it could almost always command an audience; although I believe that most of those who listened to or joined in such conversation would have shrunk from translating it into practice. It would be impossible, however, to deny that public opinion as a whole was not effectually set against evil of this kind, as it was against certain other breaches of the curiously artificial code of public school ethics. The fundamental thesis of Mr. Alec Waugh's much-discussed dissection or indictment of public school morals[1] is, I take it, twofold—first, that it is a fallacy to suppose that athletic distinction may not co-exist with even gross moral obliquity, and secondly, that the popular deference and adulation paid to eminent athletes—bloods, or what were called in my time "swells"—are not withheld or even sensibly diminished, in the case of those whose private lives are known to be far from immaculate. Mr. Waugh's plain utterances on this and kindred matters have been traversed, jeered at, misrepresented even to distortion, violently attacked and as violently defended. Anyhow they have been read and discussed pretty widely; and I may here record my own opinion for what it is worth—that this young observer, more than any previous writer on the subject, *rem acu tetigit*. I attach some importance, in this connection, to the frankly-expressed verdict on the *Loom of Youth* of an Etonian relative of my own—"Absolutely the only book which shows life at a public school as it really is".

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[1] *A Spiritual Æneid* (1918), p. 48.

Among the influences on my later schoolboy life was certainly that of books—books, I mean, read for recreation and pleasure. The romances of Walter Scott, of which a complete set was given me, I think, on my fifteenth birthday, and of which I read every single one (I wonder how many schoolboys could say the same), influenced me, indeed, from a religious standpoint, more than I knew. They made the ages of chivalry live again, and the ages of chivalry were the ages of faith. My earliest ideas of Catholicism had been derived from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Tales of the Covenanters*, Foxe's *Martyrs* (considerably expurgated), Dickens's *Child's History of England*, the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, and a copiously-illustrated life of Luther, which was my first school prize. Through the pages of these and kindred works, expounded and commented upon by our governess (a "daughter of the Manse," and bred in the straitest sect of Calvinism), Popes and Popery stalked rampant, silhouetted black and forbidding against a lurid background of Smithfield fires and inquisitorial torture-chambers. It was Scott who first opened my eyes to the possibility that Popery was not the bogey I had been taught to believe it. As I pored over his pages, I began to realise that his heroes and mine, those gallant knights and lusty yeomen and gracious ladies, belonged to an age dominated by the Catholic Church, that they lived and breathed and moved in a Catholic atmosphere, that their deeds and lives were informed by Catholic teaching, moulded by the Catholic spirit: in a word that it was very largely Catholicism which had made them what they were. I do not say that I realised this all at once; no, the process was gradual as it was unconscious. But looking back now, I am as clear as I can be of any fact that it was the influence of Scott's writings which first helped me to throw off the incubus of acquired and inherited prejudice which had weighed upon me from childhood.

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[1] *The Loom of Youth*, 6th edition, 1918.

Biography, like history, always had special attractions for me, and for the same reason, because of its actuality, because it told me what real men and women had said and done and thought. Not autobiography, by the way; that I never much cared for, perhaps because I never quite believed in it. I suppose there never was, and never will be, written a really great autobiography—great, I mean, at once as literature and as a complete presentment of its subject. Rousseau has given us his *Confessions* and Newman his *Apologia* (I ought to apologise for bracketing them together), and lesser men innumerable their Recollections; but their real autobiography, no. No one knows all about himself, but he knows more than any one else does, and he never writes all he knows, and never will. Boswell knew a great deal about Johnson, and all he knew he wrote down. The result is the best biography in the world—better, much better, than if Johnson had written it himself. It is a book I have always loved;

the seven volume large print edition in our Fort Augustus library was always a joy to me; and when wearied, perhaps, with uncongenial work, fagged or fatigued, my solace has often been to open a volume at random, and to refresh my soul with the kind, clumsy old philosopher's wise sayings, and the comments of poor fond, foolish "Bozzy".

What other books have influenced me? Some have made me shudder and quake, and have influenced me so far, at least for the time. One was *Jane Eyre*—the scene where the maniac wife steals into poor Jane's room at midnight and tears her wedding veil. I read that chapter as a boy, when almost alone in a big country house; and I had to creep to bed afterwards through a sounding hall, up great shadowy stairs and along echoing corridors. The terror of it comes back as I write! Then there was *Uncle Silas* (does anybody read Sheridan Le Fanu now-a-days?), surely the most scaring and uncanny of all the criminals of fiction. I never shuddered over Wilkie Collins; his ingenious melodrama failed to move me, and all his characters seemed to me to talk alike, and to be mere puppets contrived for the working out of his too mechanical plots.

There were books too that made me cry. I recall two that did, a long time ago. One was Florence Montgomery's *Misunderstood.* I think I cried more than once over poor Humphrey's death. The author stayed with us one Christmas time; there were a dozen of us boys and girls at home for our holidays, and I remember the mixed trepidation and delight with which we used to look at the quiet, observant lady, and think that she would put *us* into her next book. The other book I cried over, as most people did in those days, was the *Heir of Redclyffe*—not, let me say, over the heart-searchings of the rather priggish hero, but in sympathy with poor, brave Amy after his death. I think it was her courage as much as her sorrows which moved me to sympathy—the same sort of feeling with which I later read of, and enshrined as one of my heroines, Alexandrine de la Ferronays in the

Récit d'une Sœur. The "Sister's Story" opened my eyes to many things—among others to the miraculously sustaining and supporting power of Catholicism when heart and soul are wounded most deeply and suffer most cruelly. I had read of nothing, seen nothing, imagined nothing, like the Christian heroism, the tranquil, cheerful, *happy* fortitude of Alexandrine, when all she loved on earth was lost to her; and every line of that exquisite analysis proved to me (how could it be otherwise?) that it was religion, and the Catholic religion alone, which could exercise such a power and work such a result.

Another book which made a deep impression on me—but that I think was after I had left school—was Newman's *Loss and Gain.* I used to lie awake at night sometimes, trying to compose unanswerable answers to the arguments on the Catholic side. I do not suppose I ever succeeded to my satisfaction; if I had, I should not probably be where I now am. It is a commonplace of criticism to say that all Newman's writings display his dislike of logic. But *Loss and Gain*—I speak of the controversy of which it is the fictional vehicle—has always seemed to me the most mercilessly logical of books. I gave it once, years later, to a dear Magdalen friend of mine, Catholic-minded then, but since and now most Anglican of country vicars; and when he had conscientiously got through it asked him, "Well what do you think? is not the logic of it absolutely irrefutable?" "Oh yes," he answered, "it is logical enough, too logical. *You can't get to heaven by logic.*"

Every convert to Catholicism is asked sometimes—most of us many times—the futile question: What led you to Rome? I say "futile," for who could answer so complex a question in a single sentence? Faber once did; but his curt reply, "Sheer funk of being damned," was intended rather as a snub to an inquiry which he saw to be impertinent, than as a serious rejoinder to a serious question. Charles Reding, in *Loss and Gain*, answers it in a single word, "Grace".

True, most true; but grace works on human souls through a thousand channels, and on no two human souls alike.

These thoughts have carried me a little beyond my schooldays, though I think I had read all the books I have mentioned before I went up to Oxford. Were I asked, "Did the reading of any books help you on your way to the Catholic Church?" I would answer Yes: Walter Scott, *Loss and Gain*, and the *Récit d'une Sœur*. And I might add—if Montalembert had never written his *Monks of the West*, or (which comes to much the same thing) if I had never read it, I should in all human probability not be what and where I am to-day.

I will close this chapter by referring to two incidents which both belong to my two last years at school, and which aroused in me a quite new and personal interest in Catholicism, of which hitherto I had known nothing. The first of these was the conversion in 1868 of the young Marquis of Bute, an event which made a great stir at the time, both in England and Scotland, and of which we heard much from our friend and nearest neighbour at Blairquhan, Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, who was one of the guardians and trustees of the orphaned peer. I had never at this time seen Lord Bute, who was afterwards to be one of my closest friends; but I was curiously interested in the step he had taken at the outset of his life. I heard his conversion much talked of at Eton, of course disapprovingly; and I remember that for some reason I took up the cudgels for him. I recall how in the course of a long walk in Windsor Park I had an extremely heated discussion on the subject with a great school friend of mine, a future Guardsman, who was strenuous in condemnation. Strange! within the next decade my friend and I had both followed Lord Bute into the Catholic Church.

The other event had a more closely personal interest for me: it was the conversion, in the year following Lord Bute's, of my favourite uncle, Colonel David Hunter Blair of the

Scots Fusilier Guards. "Uncle Davie" had always been a hero to me, not only as a keen soldier and a consummate sportsman (he was an exceptionally fine shot and fisherman), but also as an artist, a musician—he played the violoncello with great charm—an accomplished linguist and a most agreeable companion. He broke down suddenly in health, went to the south of France and thence to Italy in search of a cure, and became a Catholic some months before his death, which took place in Rome. I grieved for his loss; but what impressed me most was his change of religion, and I remember how I longed to hear—which I did only some years later—details of the event and of all that led up to it. I do not think it ever crossed my mind that I was destined within six years to follow in his footsteps. But I thought much about what he had done; and, knowing him as I did, I felt perfectly assured that he would never have taken such a step without the fullest conviction that he was doing right. He was an Etonian like myself.

CHAPTER IV.

1870-1873.

I LEFT Eton in July 1870, just when Prussia was flying at the throat of France, and after the summer holidays was sent to a tutor in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to prepare for Oxford. Tankersley, of which my tutor, Mr. Fenn, was rector, was in the coal district between Sheffield and Barnsley, a country too pretty to be spoilt even by the numerous collieries. Not far off was Wentworth Woodhouse, the great domain of the Earls Fitzwilliam, a vast park and a house so enormous that an American guest was said to have once "blazed" his way from his bed-chamber to the breakfast-room, by cutting chunks out of the panelled walls. The cathedral-like crypt of the house, with its groined roof was said to contain two hundred huge casks of beer. A feature of Wentworth in my time was the series of "public dinners," as they were called, given twice a week during the hunting season. Any neighbours living within a certain distance, and holding a certain position (the great majority of the guests were small squires and country parsons) were entitled and expected to write and intimate their intention of coming to one or other of these entertainments. Fifty or sixty persons used to sit down at these dinners, which were on a princely scale, with gold plate, choice wines, and everything to match. Afterwards there was dancing, at which the numerous sons and daughters of the house (every male Fitzwilliam, by the way, was christened William) and their house party mingled freely with the self-invited, but not less welcome visitors.

The only other local magnate besides the Fitzwilliams was Lord Wharncliffe, whose charming place, Wortley Hall, near the romantic Wharncliffe Chase (haunt of the fabled Dragon of Wantley), was always freely open to us. There were American bisons in the park, reputed savage; and notices warned us to "beware of the bisons," one of which once charged the noble owner and chased him up into one of his own oaks. These two landed magnates had so swallowed up the surrounding country, that there were no small country places near us, and no society save that of the neighbouring parsons, to most of whom my tutor was much superior in birth, education, and manners. He was a good scholar, and had played cricket for the Cambridge eleven: I was much attached to him and to his amiable wife, who was a daughter of William Evans, the famous Eton "dame". Ecclesiastically Mr. Fenn dubbed himself a moderate High Churchman. Of ritualism there was not a trace in his church services; but he held and taught the (to me) quite novel doctrine that the Church of England was not an isolated body but a constituent part of the Catholic Church, although unfortunately out of communion with every other portion of it. This did not seem to me a very satisfactory state of things; but anyhow I persuaded myself quite clearly of one thing during my year at Tankersley, namely that I was essentially a Catholic and only incidentally a Protestant, and had therefore a right to all Catholic privileges in the way of doctrine and worship, wherever and whenever I could manage to get hold of them. There was certainly nothing Catholic, except their ancient walls and towers, about most of those West Riding churches. In nearly all of them the services were of the most frigidly Evangelical type, in conformity with the known wish of the Archbishop of York, Dr. Thomson, whose charming wife, half Scotch and half Greek, was, by the way, a distant relative of mine. I paid during this year a two days' visit to Bishopthorpe. I remember being charmed by the gardens and the stately avenue, and disgusted (for I was even then a bit of an architectural purist) by the Strawberry Hill Gothic of the restored gatehouse and principal front. What pleased me particularly was to learn that every bargee who passed the palace on the sluggish Ouse had the immemorial right to stop and demand a pint of ale at the archiepiscopal gate. I hope this good old custom has not, like so many others, lapsed during the past half-century.

My only fellow-pupil at Tankersley was a young brother of Waldegrave, whom I had known at Eton as an enthusiastic rifleman. Noel Waldegrave was a nice fellow, and we became the best of friends; but I hardly ever saw him after our Tankersley days. I stayed with him more than once at his pretty home among the Surrey hills, where his mother, Lady Chewton (her husband had fallen at the Alma, and Noel was a posthumous child), gave me the kindest of welcomes always.

In the autumn of 1871, as I was not yet eighteen, it was arranged that I should spend a few months abroad before matriculating at Oxford. France was out of bounds, seething as it still was after the *débacle* of 1870; so accompanied by the junior fellow of Magdalen (a worthy young man and a good scholar, but a dull enough companion for an enthusiastic boy of seventeen), we made for Germany and Austria, in the first place "doing" the Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau. After that we spent some time at Munich, visited the Austrian Tyrol, Vienna, and Prague, and finally came to anchor at Dresden, full to overflowing that year with English and Americans, who found Paris impossible as a place of residence. I enjoyed our weeks in the Saxon capital, where there was much pleasant hospitality, and a great deal of good music. The singing in the Hofkirche, the Catholic church attached to the palace, was very celebrated in those days, and I assisted at high mass there every Sunday, leaving my tutor to attend the Anglican chapel at the other end of the city. The Dresden opera-house had been recently burned down, and the new one was not yet complete; but in a ramshackle, temporary theatre of wood I had the memorable experience of hearing for the first time nearly all Wagner's operas. I am not likely ever to forget the impression they made upon me.

We had some splendid skating at Dresden as the winter drew on; but the cold became really intolerable, and I was glad to get away about mid-December. I remember, on my last Sunday there, the chaplain at the English church, to which I had for once accompanied my tutor, announcing before the service that the Prince of Wales (whom we knew to be dangerously ill) had died on the previous day; and his name was in consequence left out of the prayers and litany. Walking home I expressed my strong feeling that if the news were true we should have been told, not to cease praying for the Prince, but to pray for him with redoubled fervour—a view which did not at all commend itself to my companion. Next day I left Dresden, with the thermometer below zero, and travelled straight to London. As I drove from Victoria in the bitter cold of dawn, I noticed at the gate of Marlborough House a little crowd of workmen gathered round a notice posted on the gate. "What? is not the Prince dead, then?" I exclaimed, jumping out of my hansom. "Dead? no, God bless him," answered a burly policeman, "he's taken a turn for the better, and will be as right as rain before long." He had, in fact, rallied on 14 December (the anniversary of his father's and sister's deaths), when apparently at his worst. I drove on feeling quite light-hearted at the good news.

I spent the Christmas holidays at Blairquhan, and in January 1872, went into residence at Magdalen College, Oxford. The college did not then count a third of its present numbers: there was a considerable contingent of Etonians, including several from my own house, so I was quickly at home. Magdalen was a particularly sociable college (in itself, that is, for it had a reputation for "stand-offishness" in the University at large), and the undergraduates were a pleasant, though idle set—I mean of course the commoners, for we associated as little with the demys (scholars) as Eton Oppidans did with tugs. Our academic studies were rather a farce; and I found myself reading for responsions and pass mods the books I had done two years before in the lower fifth form at Eton. I was the Benjamin of the college, being barely eighteen, and as such was deputed to read in chapel the lesson from Genesis about Benjamin's mess. A large bowl of "frummety" (wheaten porridge with plums) was served in hall that evening. I had to ladle it out, imploring my friends to help to finish the bowl—failing which I had to dispose of it myself, or be "sconced" six bottles of sherry. This pious practice is now probably obsolete, as is also, I believe, the loyal custom, on oak-apple day, of handing round the loving cup at dinner. Three of us stood up together, two holding the big silver tankard (a present from Charles II after the Restoration), while the middle one pronounced the formula *Jus suum cuique*, and solemnly drank. Why are these old college rites allowed to become extinct?

The contrast (I am speaking of external differences only) between Oxford in the early 'seventies and Oxford as we know it to-day was of course considerable. All the streets were in those days cobbled with small rough stones, as I think Merton Street alone is still; they were lit by dim gas lamps, not by flaring arc-lights, and the illumination of the colleges was equally imperfect. North Oxford, with its suburban society and large population, chiefly female, was practically non-existent: consequently the streets of the city were far less congested than now. And many fine old houses, Caroline, Elizabethan, or even older, then beautified our streets—"incommodious structures"—I quote the exact words of an Oxford journal a decade ago—"which have long since been demolished and replaced by convenient business premises, with terra-cotta fronts and plate glass windows". The great pseudo-Jacobean Town Hall was still unbuilt, Magdalen Bridge not yet widened to make room for tram-lines, and Buol's restaurant, overtopping every building in the ancient Cornmarket, still undreamt of. Gilbert Scott and Butterfield had already done their worst in the way of college restoration, and people were still gasping at the spectacle of Keble and the new Museum in Parks Road.

As to the undergraduates, our external appearance—I make no other comparison—was certainly more respectable than that of our successors to-day. We did not scour the streets of Oxford bare-headed or wearing cloth caps like stable-boys : the Norfolk jacket of rough tweed, worn unbuttoned with the strap hanging loose behind—surely the most slovenly and unbecoming garment ever invented by the wit of man or the folly of tailors—was still in the womb of the future. With us a black coat was *de rigueur* in chapel, hall, and lecture-room ; and any breach of convention was discouraged by authority. "I should be glad, Mr ——," said a certain Dean to an undergraduate who—owing to natural hurry—appeared at morning chapel in pumps, "if you would not come to chapel in slippers but in boots. It would evince greater respect to the College, to Almighty God, and to myself." The three degrees of comparison are delightful. Black hats (not the topper of Verdant Green's day, but what are now called "bowlers") were the only wear out of academical dress, (except of course for games). But during a great part of the day we actually wore our college caps on our heads and our gowns on our backs, and found them perfectly comfortable and convenient. We did not smoke in the streets, and we doffed our caps or hats to such dons and dignitaries as we encountered in our peregrinations. On the whole I venture to think that the manners, if not the morals, of the undergraduate of forty years ago were superior to those of the young 'Varsity man of to-day. I may of course be wrong, but such is my impression.

What about the dons of those days? Well, I think their chief characteristic, as contrasted with the Oxford don of to-day, was perhaps their fixity of tenure, if I may call it so:

their "sovereign immobility," to use a phrase I once heard Cardinal Manning apply to Pius IX. Five years' fellowships and evanescent positions of that kind were unknown in the Oxford of fifty years ago. The motto of the don, whether head of a house, professor, or simple fellow, was that of the de Rohans: "*J'y suis, j'y reste*". And certainly some of them did a good deal of resting. "A life of learned leisure" they would no doubt have felicitously described themselves as leading. "I used to think as an undergraduate," I once heard the venerable Archdeacon Pott say at a Magdalen "gaudy" dinner, "that the armorial bearings of Magdalen were singularly appropriate to the fellows of this ancient foundation. The lilies of Magdalen!" (Pause, during which the dons present considered whether the graceful allusion could be to their immaculate purity of life.) "Yes, the lilies of Magdalen: they toiled not, neither did they spin." An Oxford guide of bygone days, on bringing his party of sightseers within range of the long eighteenth-century block called the New Buildings, used to remark, "That is where the fellows mostly live—the fellows of Magdalen."—"Really?" once interposed a visitor: "What are the fellows? what do they do?"—"Do!" said the old guide with a disgusted air; "*do?* why, they're fellows!"

I am not, of course, insinuating that there were not in the Oxford of that period many intellectual toilers—men not only hard-working but eminent—more eminent indeed (am I wrong in thinking?) than any whose names figure in the University Kalendar of to-day. Dr. Routh, our centenarian President, who had seen Dr. Johnson reading in the Bodleian with the powder flying out of his wig, and who himself habitually referred to the Revolution of 1688, as "the late troubles," had been dead twenty years. But Dr. Pusey—ὁ μέγας—who had been Professor of Hebrew since the days of George IV, still held his chair, and I used to observe him with reverence, white-haired and skull-capped, sunning himself on the terrace in the north-west corner of Tom Quad.

Then there was Provost Hawkins, who had been head of Oriel since 1828, and Dr. Marsham, who had been Warden of Merton even longer. There was Liddon, the ideal of refined and scholarly asceticism; King, the well-beloved; Bright, with a face like a gargoyle, and an astonishing aptitude for surveying early church history through Tractarian spectacles; Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, most genial of musicians, and wrapped up in his art;[1] Max Muller, a delightful talker on other subjects than Sanscrit roots: Ruskin, in the fourth year of his Slade professorship, and not yet driven from Oxford by the invading tram-car. The municipality had, I remember, then just completed the hideous thoroughfare known as King Edward Street, on the south side of the High. I found myself walking behind John Ruskin, talking to himself as his manner was, in his rusty gown, with hands behind his back, on the very day when the hoarding was removed from the new street; and I awaited the inevitable explosion. The Slade Professor paused, surveyed the squalid vista of mean yellow brick, muttered audibly, "Damnable, simply damnable!" and strode on his way. I must not forget the tall and stately Dean of Christ Church, acknowledged head, with his portly yet dignified spouse, and charming daughters, of the then limited society of Oxford:—

She is Broad, and I am High:
We are the University.

ran the irreverent rhyme. Dean Liddell appreciated a joke, and could make one himself. He used to lecture to idle passmen of the House on Homer, and once protested against some flagrant mistranslation of a word or phrase. "Well, sir," said the culprit, "I found it in your lexicon."—"Ah," replied the Dean quietly, "that, I think, must have been the part Mr. Scott wrote."

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[1] The tale goes that dining on one occasion at a cavalry mess, Sir Frederick entertained (?) his host with a long story of a certain exercise he had had occasion to examine in connection with the Mus. Bac. degree. "I give you my word, colonel," was the climax; "*the whole of the last movement* was written in the Hyper-mixtolydian mode."—"God bless my soul, Sir Frederick," gasped out the colonel; "you don't mean to say so!"

In 1872, Benjamin Jowett was at the height of his fame and influence, joined to the reputation for omniscience (much the same as had been enjoyed by Whewell at Cambridge) which inspired the well-known quatrain:—

My name it is Professor Jowett,
  I'm the head of Balliol College:
All there is to know I know it,
  And what I don't know isn't knowledge.

Jowett's cherubic and innocent smile was said by his enemies to mask sentiments quite deplorably anti-Christian; but he would not tolerate from his pupils any exhibition of amateur atheism. An undergraduate once called on him, and announced solemnly that after much thought and reading he had satisfied himself that there was no God. "Really?" said the Master dryly, "well, let us see, this is Monday: I will give you till Thursday morning to find one, otherwise you will have to leave the college." Jowett went north once a year to pay a duty visit to the college property on the Scottish Border—part of Devorguilla Balliol's original endowment. He walked in silence round the farm with the principal tenant, who was too shy of the great Oxford scholar who was his landlord to say a word; and the latter, who knew and cared as little about country life as did "Ideal" Ward, the squire of Northwood, found nothing to say to the farmer. At length, leaning over a gate, he pointed to a distant field, with the remark, "That's a fine field of potatoes". —"Yon's turnups," was the laconic answer, and the end of the conversation. The Master's caustic wit is illustrated in the (possibly) little-known anecdote of his comment on a friend's remark that a bishop wielded greater power than a judge, for he could say, "You be d——d," whereas the most a judge could say was, "You be hanged". "True," said Jowett after a pause; "but, you see, when a judge says, 'You be hanged,' you *are* hanged." My most interesting memory of Jowett is of seeing him taking a Platonic ramble arm-in-arm with George Eliot round Magdalen Walks.

Prince Leopold was in residence in my time as a Christ Church undergraduate; but he lived with his tutor and equerry in a house on the Banbury Road, conspicuous still for the statue of William of Wykeham on the façade. I knew him in connection with our common love of music, and used to play the piano with him on autumn afternoons—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and other interminable duets. He was a great friend of Parratt, our gifted organist at Magdalen, who, through this friendship, and his own merit, came afterwards to be Sir Walter, Master of the Queen's Musick, and choir-master to her Majesty at St. George's, Windsor. The Prince and Parratt were, I think, joint founders of the University Musical Club, of which I was an original member, and which was amalgamated a few years ago with the junior society called the Musical Union. We had a madrigal society at Magdalen, developed by Parratt from the glee club founded by his predecessor, Sir John Stainer. I belonged to both, and was also a regular attendant at the beautiful choral services—at that time the finest in Oxford—at our chapel. Daily morning chapel was supposed to be compulsory: it was a very perfunctory affair, and those of my friends who shared my ecclesiastical tastes used to accompany me almost daily to St. Barnabas, the austere basilica which had recently risen in one of the western slums of the city. The first sermon I heard there was preached by the vicar, Montague Noel, on the secession to Rome of his curate, Mr. (afterwards Monsignor) George Moore. Another curate took the same step a few months later, joining the Birmingham Oratory under Newman; while a third became an incumbent in the City of London, with the broadest theological views and some fanciful notions about popular services. Why we should have chosen to walk nearly two miles on winter evenings, to hear Mr. Noel intone the evening service slightly through his nose, when we could assist at precisely the same service, perfectly rendered, in our own college chapel, it is not easy to understand. But I fancy we all felt that by so doing we were in some way furthering the cause of (Anglo)-Catholicism in Oxford.

I was admitted, I think in my second term at Oxford, into the mysteries of Masonry, for which there was at that time a good deal of active propagandism in the University. We had an exclusively University lodge, the Apollo, with handsome premises near the Union, the citizens having an amalgamation of their own (as Angelo Cyrus Bantam would have put it), somewhere in a back street. Our Worshipful Master was a prominent High Church clergyman, many well-known dons belonged to the lodge, and masonic bigwigs from London used to come down from time to time to encourage and instruct us. There was a deal of pleasant and quite harmless conviviality about our meetings and subsequent "banquets," as they were somewhat hyperbolically called; and I not only thought the masonic ritual rather impressive, but was very favourably struck by the active benevolence of the brethren, and by the excellently-managed schools for boys and girls which they maintained at large cost. I rose to be Provincial Grand Organist of Oxfordshire, and used to conduct the music at Oxford and Banbury meetings. But I do not remember ever being asked to join in any dark conspiracies against Church or State. After I had become a Catholic, and had severed my connection with Freemasonry as a matter of course, I ventured on one occasion to write to a Catholic journal, to say that English Masonry, according to my experience of it, was a sort of charitable goose-club on a large scale, supported by a great number of highly respectable people, who could not see anything wrong whatever in either its principles or its ceremonial. My letter elicited a rather truculent (and anonymous) rejoinder—it now adorns my scrap-book—to the effect that I was evidently one of the hoodwinked, and that my letter showed unmistakable signs of diabolic possession.

My first Easter vacation was passed at Bournemouth where my parents had taken a house for the winter on account of a daughter's delicate health. There were other pleasant Scots folk in residence there, and one of our recreations was riding in large parties about the pretty country our cavalcade sometimes galloping along the splendid sands to Poole and beyond. Our friend Major Laurence Lockhart (writer of many pleasant novels now forgotten) had his coach at Bournemouth, and drove us to all the interesting places in the neighbourhood. Bournemouth was not then the big watering-place it has since become; but it was intensely "churchy," every shade of doctrine, high, low, and broad, being inculcated by its numerous clergy. I felt despondent sometimes at the thought that they could not all possibly be right; and the comforting theory that they were agreed in "fundamentals" or "essentials" seemed to me as untrue as it was ridiculous. "Is there any criterion at all of faith and practice in the Anglican Church?" I asked almost despairingly, but I never got any answer. It was like the old woman in the Portpatrick kirk singing "Kilmarnock," and saying to her friend, "Keep you wi' me, my dear". One could only pin one's faith and submit one's judgment to one particular pundit among the many, and if possible "keep wi' him".

CHAPTER V.

1873-1874.

It is not to be supposed that the religious perplexities of which I have been speaking were as yet sufficiently insistent to affect the pleasant zest with which I embarked on my University career. I think that for the moment I put aside as insoluble problems which had been arising in my mind as to the Anglican position—and this in obedience to the advice of my friend and tutor, H. R. Bramley, who assured me that if I took advantage of the many religious privileges which Oxford offered to me, all my doubts and difficulties would simply melt away. Thus reassured, I proceeded thoroughly to enjoy my new life, as indeed, favoured as I was with a keen desire to get the best I could out of Oxford, as well as with plenty of friends, high spirits, and a very adequate allowance, I had every opportunity of doing. I read with moderate industry, played rackets (an excellent game now apparently obsolescent), which I had taken to in Yorkshire, my tutor there having provided a court for his pupils' benefit, and took long walks and rides about the pretty country (I liked the Berkshire side of the Thames) with congenial companions. I loved (who does not?) my first summer term, in the course of which my mother and sisters paid me a visit at Oxford; and I gave luncheons, dinners, and even a dance in their honour, in my pretty but not too spacious rooms in the corner of the cloister quad. Some foolish things I did, of course: one was shooting pigeons (I even gave a cup for that decadent sport): another was running up unnecessary wine-bills, and a third was playing loo. We were not, however, a wildly dissipated set, and neither drank nor gambled very deeply. The junior common-room (there were only two in Oxford then) was a pleasant institution, and made for sociability and good fellowship without excess. Then I had friends among the dons: not only Bramley above-mentioned, but Toovey Hopkins, who liked me, I think, because I was not afraid of his gruff manners and surly tongue; Jack Henderson, the bursar, a universal favourite; and Charles Reade, the novelist, who used to ask me to tea (then only an occasional luxury) in the New Buildings. He was writing *Foul Play* at that time, I think, and had had the walls and ceilings of his lofty rooms painted deep blue, as he himself told me, to simulate the hue of tropic seas and skies. I fancy he was only an intermittent resident at Magdalen.

The four months' long vacation used to be agreeably broken for me by a few weeks' training in camp with our county militia, in which I got a commission in 1872. The militia regiments really were in those days county regiments, all the officers, except a few subalterns who were qualifying for the regular army, being drawn, as a rule, from the families of the county. We were encamped on the Ayr race-course, with our mess and ante-rooms in the grand stand; and, barring the innumerable earwigs (Scotticé "horn-gallochs"), could not have had pleasanter quarters. The regiment, which was fully a thousand strong, was commanded by Lord Galloway, who had served in the Blues, and had a fine cavalry seat on his black charger, but occasionally disconcerted us by singing out cavalry words of command. The senior major, Sir William Cunninghame, sometime M.P. for Ayr, had won a V.C. in the trenches before Sebastopol; and other of our senior officers had seen active service. There was much exchange of kindly hospitality with our many pleasant neighbours during the training, which always wound up with a ball given by the regiment. I thoroughly enjoyed these weeks under canvas, and made some good friends among my brother-officers, two of whom, by the way, Charles Dalrymple and Stair Stewart, later became my brothers-in-law. My eldest sister was married at Blairquhan, in July, 1873, to David Boyle, afterwards seventh Earl of Glasgow. It was quite a military wedding, with most of our officers present, and our excellent band playing on the lawn. Sir Charles Dalrymple, who married my second sister a year later, was a captain in the regiment, and a great friend of mine long before he became my brother-in-law. No one could have been less military by nature (he could have been seen on rainy mornings walking about the camp in uniform with an umbrella up); but he, like others, joined the regiment as a county institution, and the mingled kindness, good sense, and dry humour which distinguished him made him popular with everybody. When he married my sister he had been M.P. for Bute for some years, and I remember an old Rothesay Tory once saying to me: "Weel, sir, we have three things to be thankful for in the Isle of Bute, and they all begin wi' an M; we hae a guid mairquis, and a guid member, and a guid meenister". The Dalrymples lived at that time at a pretty house looking down on Rothesay Bay. Sir Charles's own fine old place near Edinburgh, New Hailes, was let for some years to a Scottish judge, Lord Shand, who did so much shrub-planting and floral beautification at the little railway station near the house, that it came to be nicknamed "Shand's Elysée".

The mention of the "guid mairquis" reminds me that I first met Lord and Lady Bute when staying with my sister for a ball given at Mountstuart on the occasion of Prince Leopold's visit there. The Prince was entertained in the old and unpretending family mansion which was burned down not long afterwards, and was replaced by the present vast Gothic pile, said to have cost a million. H.R.H. spent a Sunday at Mountstuart as Lord Bute's guest. In the morning he accompanied the county member to the parish church, where he no doubt heard an excellent sermon; for the then minister was a noted preacher. In the afternoon he attended the Scottish Episcopal service at Rothesay, and in the evening he was present at the Catholic vespers at Lord Bute's private chapel at Mountstuart. At Oxford, the Prince, who thus showed his religious broad-mindedness, was supposed to have high church leanings. He performed some ceremony in connection with the hospital for incurables, conducted with a certain amount of flamboyant ritual; and the story went that shortly before the function a peremptory telegram was received from Windsor Castle, intimating that if the ceremonial included the use of incense the Prince was to decline to take part in it. I forget how the matter was settled.

Later in this year we paid our first visit to the Highlands, for there was not in those days the same traffic between Highlands and Lowlands as now. We spent a pleasant week or two at Faskally, the old seat of the Butters, near Pitlochry, near the confluence of the Garry and the Tummel; and from there we attended the Atholl Gathering at Blair Atholl. The most conspicuous figure at the games and the ball was, of course, the then Duchess of Atholl, stateliest, if not loveliest (that distinction belonged perhaps to Lady Dudley or Lady Mordaunt), of the singularly handsome and brilliantly-married daughters of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe. I had seen in London people standing on chairs in the Park, to catch a glimpse of the lovely Duncombe sisters, Hermione, Cynthia, and Helen, and crowding round the doors of Burlington House to see them leaving the Royal Academy. The Moncreiffe sisters were not, as far as I remember, mobbed in the same way in Scotland; but they were quite as much admired, and they were as charming as they were beautiful. Is the gift of beauty so unusual and so distinguished bestowed in these days on whole families as it was then? Somehow I am inclined to doubt it.

The event of my second long vacation at Oxford was the attainment of my majority, which was celebrated at Dunskey with the traditional and time-honoured festivities. To myself, as the central figure in these functions, they were a source of embarrassment rather than of enjoyment; but everything passed off satisfactorily. There was much good eating and drinking, and a great deal of indifferent oratory, the speech that I remember best being that of the parish minister (but how shall I reproduce his inimitable drawl and accent?) "I had the esteemed honour, and the appreciated privilege, of sprinkling the holy waters of baptism on his head; and I call to witness this goodly company that he is now as amiable and virtuous a youth (pronounced 'yowth') as if that ceremony had been performed by the consecrated fingers of a mitred bishop". The celebrations ended with a big ball, at which the whole county turned out. Our neighbours were remote enough in those pre-motor days; but we thought nothing in Galloway of driving a dozen miles or more to a dance, behind a pair of staid old carriage-horses. There was a tale of a Wigtownshire lady driving a long distance with her three daughters, to a ball at the Lord-Lieutenant's. "Where is mamma?" asked one of the trio as they emerged from the cloak-room; "surely she was in the omnibus, was she not?" Mamma had in point of fact fallen fast asleep *en route*, had been driven round to the stables, and was slumbering comfortably in the coach-house. It was the same lady whose guests were out grouse-shooting on a hot August day, and when the hampers were opened at the appointed rendezvous found them to contain the previous week's washing, the luncheon-baskets having been despatched to the laundry. But except on the theory that her vagueness had infected her household, poor Lady S—— could hardly be considered personally responsible for this contretemps.

Our Lord-Lieutenant referred to above was at that time John, tenth Earl of Stair, a much-respected nobleman, whose presence at my coming-of-age festivities was an event of some little significance. Political feeling ran very high fifty years ago, during Mr. Gladstone's first administration; and Lord

Stair, as head of a great Whig house,[1] was curtly put down as a Radical (though no more of a Radical in reality than say, the Bedfords or Fitzwilliams); and we had very little social intercourse with him or his family. It was much the same with our nearest neighbours, Sir Andrew and Lady Louisa Agnew of Lochnaw. Sir Andrew had been my father's intimate friend, and had served with him in Canada in the 93rd Highlanders; but he was Liberal member for the County of Wigtown (since disfranchised), and Lochnaw was in consequence more or less out of bounds. Similarly in Ayrshire, the Mures of Caldwell, a family of consideration in the county, and our near relatives, were regarded as in a sense beyond the pale, being politically on the wrong side. The fusion of Radicals with Liberals by the admission of John Bright into the Ministry of 1868, as well as the wide support given in Scotland to the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, had accentuated the bitterness felt by the Tory gentlemen of the country; and I am sure that my father would willingly have walked to Edinburgh to see Mr. Gladstone hanged at the Market Cross. Our own constituencies, however, South Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, as well as my brother-in-law's in Bute, remained loyal, in the general *débacle*, to the Conservative cause. My uncle had represented the undivided county of Ayr fifteen years previously, and when dying of wounds received at Inkerman had expressed his hope that his friend and fellow-guardsman Sir James Fergusson would succeed him—which he did, writing his first address to the constituency from the Crimean battlefield. South Ayrshire was represented then, or a little later, by Sir Claud Alexander of Ballochmyle, whose exceptional gifts as a speaker won him, it was said, many votes. The noble lord who contested Wigtownshire in the same election, came to Dunskey in order to canvass our tenants, and I accompanied him round the estate in a waggonette. The day was warm, and the good farmers' wives were profuse in their offers of hospitality, which took as a rule the insidious form of a tumbler of whisky and milk. To refuse their kindness would have, of course, been ungracious and impolitic, the regrettable sequel being that early in the afternoon the noble candidate was speechless, and I had to drive him home with our tour incomplete. He was triumphantly returned a few weeks later; and the county remained consistently Tory for fifty years—until, in fact, its separate representation was taken from it by the Redistribution Act of 1918.

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[1] Lord Stair was descended only collaterally from the first Earl, unhappily notorious for his connection with the massacre of Glencoe. In view of the well-known prophetic curse uttered by one of the victims of the massacre, that the wives of its instigators should be for ever childless, it is a remarkable fact that the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Earls all died without issue, the elder branch becoming extinct with the death of the seventh Earl in 1840.

Lord Stair was our neighbour not only in Wigtownshire, but in Ayrshire, in which county his wife owned the estate of Bargany, near Girvan. Her mother, the heiress of the Hamiltons of Bargany, had married the Duc de Coigny, son of Marie Antoinette's devoted friend and courtier, and the Duc and Duchesse used to reside at their Ayrshire seat for a part of every year. I do not remember the old Duc, of whose quaint appearance in his adopted character of a Scottish country gentleman my father had many amusing reminiscences. Tradition still recalls his whimsical figure as it appeared on cover-shooting days, arrayed in a green embroidered hunting suit, with a horn slung over his shoulder, and a wondrous spotted dog called Ponto at his heels. There was a great scene on one occasion when (as often happened) Ponto got into his master's way and disturbed the game. A terrific noise was heard at the corner of the cover; and when the sportsmen came up they found the Duc in a high state of excitement over his dog's misdemeanours. Hurling at it successively shot-belt, powder-flask, hunting-horn, and other paraphernalia of the chase, he was indignantly exclaiming, "Ponto, you devil-dog! you devil-dog! I will knock you bottom-over-top!" I well remember the Duchesse, with her bunch of grey curls on each side of her face, driving from Bargany to call on my mother. She was an agreeable and accomplished old lady, with many interesting reminiscences of her youthful life in France, and of the Revolution of 1848 (or was it 1830 ?), when, as she used to say, she "hopped over the barricades" and escaped from Paris on foot. The Duc himself was a Catholic, and used to drive on Sundays to the Catholic chapel at Girvan, to which he gave or bequeathed, I think, a chalice; but his two daughters (he had no son), of whom the younger married the third Earl Manvers and inherited her father's property in France, were brought up in their mother's Presbyterian faith. Bargany was settled on Lord and Lady Stair's second son, who added the name of Hamilton to Dalrymple, and died of wounds received in the South African War.

Looking back on that happy house-party of September 1874, forty-five long years ago, names and faces—most of them those of our family and kinsfolk—come back to me as if it was yesterday. There was the laird of Niddrie, Andie Wauchope, the brave and beloved soldier who fell gallantly at Magersfontein at the head of his Highland Brigade, a quarter of a century later. There was his sister Lady Ventry, mother of beautiful daughters (afterwards Lady Linlithgow, Lady Conyngham, Lady St. Audries), herself more beautiful than them all. There was Emma, Lady Ribblesdale, also handsome and distinguished, as became the mother of the peer whom Edward VII pronounced to be the most distinguished-looking man in England. There was Balfour of Burleigh, most sensible of Scotsmen, a man whom everybody liked and everybody trusted, an old brother-officer of mine in our county regiment. And there was my closest friend at Magdalen, Willie Neville, now and for many years past a Wiltshire vicar, cheerful, amiable, and musical. I loved him in those far-off days, but our paths fell wholly apart when we left Oxford, though we still, I am sure, think kindly of one another. Yes, it was a happy time and a happy gathering: and

I counted myself fortunate to enter on manhood surrounded by so many kind and faithful friends.

My return to University life for the October term of 1874, after the unwonted excitement of the autumn, fell a little flat. I remember that I was laid up with a quinsey—a depressing sort of complaint—also that the floods came out to a deplorable extent, making walks and rides almost impossible, and justifying the sobriquet of "Spires and Ponds" given by some wag to Oxford in flood-time. A little hipped with things in general, I conceived the plan of persuading a friend, musical like myself, to get leave of absence for the Lent term of 1875, and to spend the early spring with me at Leipzig, where Reinecke then presided at the Gewandhaus, and where the homely Saxon town had become one of the chief musical centres of Europe. The music we found delightful, but the climate proved just the reverse, while our hotel was far from comfortable, and as Easter drew near we suddenly resolved to fly southward and spend the vacation in Rome. My friend and companion, Harold Willoughby, was attracted by the art and antiquities of Italy; I too to some extent; but my real aspiration was towards Rome as the centre of Christendom. The recent conversion of two or three intimate friends had deeply impressed me. More than I knew or suspected, I was being myself drawn in the same direction; and anyhow I wanted to see Catholicism for myself, and at headquarters. So to Rome we betook ourselves; but my impressions and my doings there must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

1876-1878.

I FORGET the incidents of the long journey of my friend Harold Willoughby and myself from Leipzig to Rome. It must have been a circuitous one; for I know we penetrated the Alps by the Mont Cenis tunnel, then recently opened—so recently, indeed, that it was still to some extent encumbered with scaffolding. I have still in my scrapbook an amusing notification in English posted in our railway carriage, in which "gentlemen voyagers are instantly invited absolutely to abstain" from putting their heads out of window while traversing the eight miles of tunnel.

Why are these translated notices often so funny in Continental countries? An Amsterdam restaurant offers you "upright English beer" (opregt = genuine). A Paris inn advertises "salines baths at every o'clock"; and another notifies that "the wines here leave you nothing to hope for". A Basle bath-keeper says: "In this lastly-erected establishment, which the Ouner recommends best to all voyagers, are to have ordinary and artful baths, russia and sulfury bagnios, pumpings, artful mineral waters, gauze lemonads, and fournished apartmens". A Dutch-English guidebook describes "a village renouned for the abandon of saumon that are fiched there": and I think it is the same handbook which discourses thus of national customs on holidays: "They each go to walk outside the town-gates: after that walk hasten to public play-gardens, where wine, thea, etc., is sold. Neither the mobility ['mobility' is good] remain idle at those entertainments. Every invites his damsel, and joyously they enter into gardens of a little less brilliancy. There at the crying sound of an instrument that rends the air, accompanied by the delightful hand-organ and the rustic triangle, their Devoirs are payed to Terpsichore."

I must quote one more, from the label of a Vermouth bottle sold by a Marseilles firm: "The Vermouth is a brightly bitter and perfumed wine, with additional and good vegetable. This is tonic, stimulant, febrifuge, and costive drinking: mixed with water it is refrigerating, and also a powerful preservative of fivers; those latter are very usual in warmth countries, and of course this liquoor has just been particularly Prepared for that season." A "preservative of fivers" would be particularly enticing, did not the context show that "from fevers" is meant.

But to return to our visit to Rome. I remember how, almost as soon as we arrived there, Harold Willoughby's interests and mine fell entirely apart. He immersed himself at once, in company more congenial to him than mine had lately become, in the ordinary daily round of the intelligent sightseer: my concern was with what Catholic Rome stood for, and what it might mean for me. Of one thing I was soon quite convinced—that I could not make my Easter communion either in the Anglican chapel outside the walls or the "American Protestant Episcopal" Church within them. My kind and saintly old friend, Father Edward Douglas, rector of the Redemptorist house on the Esquiline, was my unfailing guide and counsellor in the difficult and anxious days which preceded my conversion; and by him I was received into the One Fold (in the sacristy of his modern Gothic church, as dear and devotional as it was ugly) on Maundy Thursday, 25 March, 1875, being then in my twenty-second year. On Easter Sunday I made my first Communion at S. Andrea della Fratte, memorable for the sudden and marvellous conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne.

Soon after my reception I was presented to Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Howard, of whose kindness I have lively memories. He confirmed me, and a day or two later invited me to dine at his fine palazzo, the Villa Negroni. He was an accomplished linguist as well as a most genial host, and gave polyglot parties, conversing with his guests in half a dozen languages. With the stately *bonhomie* of a great prelate he still retained something of the military dash of an ex-officer of Life Guards. I recollect at one of these cosmopolitan entertainments (this was after he became a Cardinal), he described to his guests the fine carriage-horses he had just imported from England, and insisted on the whole party coming down to the stables to inspect them. It was a picture for a painter—his Eminence, in scarlet sash, stockings, and cap, striding into the stall and regaling his favourite with a big rosy apple: an Armenian bishop, a dignified protonotary apostolic, and a couple of domestic prelates standing in the straw, holding up their purple skirts, and muttering "E proprio originale, questo Cardinale inglese"! an amused and irreverent Oxonian (that was I!) laughing in the background, and the bright Roman sun shining from a turquoise sky on the picturesque figures, the medley of colours, and the grinning grooms (one English, one Roman), who stood in their shirt-sleeves looking on at the quaint scene.

Cardinal Howard lived in some state, and would have none of the somewhat shabby semi-retirement in which the Sacred College was supposed to have secluded itself since the occupation of Rome in 1870. His house stood in the new quarter of the city, where there were then few or no churches, and where cardinals, or even priests, were by no means common objects of the wayside. His English Eminence, however, went about quite unconcernedly, often on foot; and the Romans would gaze after his tall and stalwart figure with amazed admiration as he swung homewards through the narrow streets, after visiting, perhaps, the Station of the day, or the Quarant' Ore—a most conspicuous and commanding figure with his red-trimmed overcoat, silver-buckled shoes, and gold-and-scarlet-tasselled hat, and his liveried footman following him, bearing the cardinalitial prayer-books and other implements of devotion.

An early event of my Catholic life in Rome was the raising to the purple of a more famous Englishman, Henry Edward Manning, and his taking possession of his titular church on the Coelian Hill. I was present at that impressive function, and caught in the bitterly cold church a severe chill which developed into Roman fever. This was so soon after my conversion that the news of that event and of my illness reached my family in Scotland almost simultaneously. I remember hearing afterwards that the two things were so associated in their minds that they fully expected that when I got rid of my Roman fever I would "shed" my Roman Catholicism as well, and were deeply disappointed that I failed to do so. As soon as I was convalescent I travelled homewards by medical advice. I recollect reading the news of my submission to Rome in an English newspaper which I bought at Boulogne. A Magdalen undergraduate whom I met on the Channel steamer informed me that a "most infernal lie" about me was going round the papers, and produced for my edification (and expected indignant denial) the paragraph which I had just been reading. This good youth (afterwards a distinguished colonial governor) was so flabbergasted as to become practically speechless when he learned the truth of the news. But the venerable D.D. who then presided over my college at Oxford took it much more calmly. "I regret, of course," he said, with some solemnity, "that you have chosen to aggregate yourself to another branch of the Church; but you must never forget that you are *still a Catholic.*" "Still a Catholic, sir!" I echoed, surprised almost into disrespect; "my impression was that I had only just become one." The good old man dismissed me, and the subject, with a smile, and never returned to it. A local journal kindly remarked, a little later, that I was one of those sensitive and highly-strung young men whom the sensuous music and other attractions of Rome had seduced from the Church of their baptism. As a matter of fact, the boot (to use a vulgar phrase) was on the other leg; for the only thing I felt as a real hardship at this time was having to exchange the exquisite choral service of my college chapel for the really excruciating attempts to render the masses of Haydn and Mozart which were the musical *pabulum* provided at the old Catholic church in St. Clement's, beyond Magdalen Bridge.

The only other public reference to my secession that I can recall was made by an Oxford High Church vicar, who informed his congregation from the pulpit that certain members of the University, formerly worshippers in that church, had been so infatuated as to avow themselves the subjects and slaves of an Italian bishop! I have no recollection of ever avowing anything of the kind, but let that pass. Two of the poor man's curates had quite recently taken the same step ("abandoning," as somebody once put it, "the errors of the Church of England for those of the Church of Rome"); so a little strong language from the pulpit was perhaps excusable.

I did not return to Rome again in 1875; but I have two reminiscences of Cardinal Manning in that summer (I may record here my gratitude to him for many kindnesses, and my conviction, born of knowledge, that his ascetic severity of mien cloaked as tender a heart as ever beat). His Eminence's first appearance in England as a Cardinal was at the opening of a new church in Canterbury; and a great *turba fidelium* went down from London by special train for the occasion. A grand procession from the station to the new church, and I think afterwards to the cathedral, had been planned and organised; but Protestant Canterbury took alarm, and we found the station placarded with notices calling attention to the statutes "in that case made and provided," and threatening us with dire pains and penalties if we infringed them. The Cardinal harangued the faithful in the waiting-room;

the procession was abandoned, and the pilgrimages to St. Thomas's shrine had to be made in private.

A few weeks later I met the Cardinal at the Crystal Palace, at a great gathering of the League of the Cross, of which he was an enthusiastic patron. Lady Herbert of Lea (with whom I had driven down to Sydenham) was talking to his Eminence in the grounds, when the secretary came up and informed him that the gathering was far too large for him to address in the open air, as he had intended to do. "If I might venture to propose the Palace Theatre—" he continued with some trepidation, for the very word "theatre" was thought to be anathema to the great Churchman. But his Eminence was all smiles. "Certainly," he said, "I will speak anywhere in so good a cause" (the subject was his pet one of temperance). We were escorted behind the scenes, the leaguers and their friends completely filled the auditorium; and as I stood behind the Cardinal I heard him remark "This is the first time in my long life I have ever found myself on the stage of a theatre waiting for the curtain to rise". He got, needless to say, a great reception, and towards the end of his stirring address occurred a little incident now almost classic. "I only wish," he had just said, "that I could myself set you an example of total abstinence, but I am sorry to say I cannot—my doctor won't allow me." From the topmost gallery "a voice (an Irish voice) came like a falling star": "Change your doctor, your Eminence". "Thank you, my friend, for your good advice," was the genial answer. A dictum of the Cardinal's is said to have been, "I seldom ask advice, and I never take it"; but I rather think that on this occasion he did take the proffered counsel, did change his doctor, and lived a total abstainer ever after. But I will not vouch for this sequel to my story.

I went back to Rome early in 1876, and for several years subsequently had the happiness of passing the greater part of the spring in the Eternal City, where only a Catholic can ever feel truly at home. The state of the city was in some respects strange enough at this period. The paralysing effect of the Revolution of 1870 had by no means worn off, and Rome had not in any sense "found herself" as the brand-new capital of United Italy. The Quirinal Palace and all that it contained had been annexed by the Sardinian Royalties—the annexation being, it was said, so complete that it included even the Pope's table-linen and sheets, from which the tiara was unpicked to make way for the crown. But King Victor Emmanuel never resided there—never, indeed, slept a night within its walls until he entered them to die in 1878. The palace was occupied by the Prince and Princess Royal, Humbert and Margherita; but whatever popularity they possessed was not sufficient to induce the Italian nobility to exchange the bright and cheerful Tuscan capital for the antique charms of Rome. The ladies, except those actually attached to the Court, never came there at all, and the *deputati* and officials of the new Government lived in uncomfortable lodgings and got away whenever they could. The gulf between the proud old Roman aristocracy and the "Whites" was as wide and deep as that between the *noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain and the upstart peers and peeresses of the Napoleonic era. The Roman "patricians" kept, of course, entirely aloof from the diplomatic body accredited to the Quirinal; and the idea of a Cardinal attending a garden-party at the British Embassy would have been in those days unthinkable. Things have changed now; but the then representative of England and his Prussian Protestant wife would probably have been as disinclined to offer hospitality to a Prince of the Church as he would have been to accept it.

The gilded halls of the Quirinal were thus almost as deserted as those of Eblis; but in the stately palaces of old Rome a good deal of quiet hospitality was dispensed, both to personal friends and to the Catholic aristocracy from many lands, who came to offer their homage to the dispossessed and venerated Pontiff. Ladies of the princely houses of Doria and Borghese, of Rospigliosi and Massimo and Giustiniani-Bandini and others, veiled in priceless laces and wearing their famous diamonds, received clerical as well as lay guests; and the scarlet and purple of cardinals and bishops relieved the sombre attire which at that time was always worn by the ladies of Papal Rome. The members of these faithful old families for whom I used to be really sorry were the young men of my own age. "What can we do?" a scion of one of the greatest (and "blackest") of the great princely houses once asked me almost despairingly. "Politics, diplomacy, the army—all are closed to us; one must either expatriate oneself (I enter the Austrian cavalry next year) or be content with a commission in the Holy Father's Noble Guard. Is that a career for a man's life?" One listened sympathetically—it was all one could do. Once again, things have changed, and time brings a solution to most problems. But there is still a Roman question, in spite of the dicta of Liberal newspapers and politicians; and I hardly expect to see it solved in my time.

My usual quarters in those days were at the Hôtel d'Inghilterra—a pleasant hostelry enough, though it had nothing of the Ritz-Carlton about it. That and the Hôtels Minerva and di Roma were the houses chiefly frequented by English Catholics, bishops and priests as well as laity. The Inghilterra gave you a decent dinner on the many Roman *magro* days, and the proprietors were excellent Catholics, the brothers Silenzi, who maintained a splendid charity for the poor boys of the city. It was handily situated, too, between the airy English quarter and the congested centre of old Rome, in whose tortuous, narrow, and ill-lighted streets I used to lose my way at least three times a week. There were then, of course, no tramways in Rome; they were introduced in the reign of Leo XIII, who is said to have made in this connection the only joke I ever heard credited to him. Pope Leo sold all the horses which were eating their heads off in the pontifical stables; and certain prelates, possibly cardinals, complained that papal carriages were no longer sent to bring them from their residences to the Vatican. "The Cisalpine Government," his Holiness is said to have rejoined, "has done some deplorable things in our city of Rome, but one good thing it has done—I am told that it has established an excellent service of trams, so that your Eminences can now come all the way to the Vatican, and back, for twopence." In 1875 we went afoot, or chartered the little victorias which drove you anywhere for a franc. Their pace through the narrow streets, few of which had any sidewalks, seemed perilous to pedestrians, but a driver assured me that accidents were unknown to cabs whose horses, like his, had been duly blessed on St. Antony's Day. This quaint rite, at which the Cardinal-Vicar or his deputy officiated, always attracted a crowd of visitors. An English clergyman who was living in Rome for the winter told Father Mulooly, the genial and learned Prior of the Irish Dominicans, that he had been much interested in witnessing the ceremony, but thought it "sadly superstitious". "Tell me, sir," said the Prior, "what did ye have for dinner yesterday?" "Why, a roast turkey," was the answer. "And did ye not ask a blessing on it before partaking of it with your good family?" "To be sure I did." "Well now," triumphantly asked the Prior, "just tell me this; why on earth is it more superstitious to ask God's blessing on a living horse than on a dead turkey?" The Roman cabmen of that day were as a rule good, faithful Catholics. I remember watching with delight a driver draw his carriage to one side, halt, stand up, and make a big sign of the cross, as a surpliced priest passed with his serving-boy, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a sick-bed. "Avanti!" called out the impatent British tourist inside the vehicle, quite taken aback at his driver's doings. "Avanti!" echoed the plump lady by his side, accentuating her words by a poke in the driver's back with her parasol. The good man did not even look round; he merely agitated his elbow as who should say, "Patience, patience, my good folk," and stood at attention until the little procession had disappeared round the corner, when he drove off chuckling, with his fares still grumbling annoyedly at his inexplicable behaviour.

The chivy of monks and nuns, and the wholesale "expropriation" of their property, which were among the firstfruits of the occupation of Rome in 1870, had left the national colleges undisturbed; and it was always a pleasure to meet these alert young seminarists in their distinctively-coloured habits, as well as the cosmopolitan students of Propaganda, threading their way through the narrow streets of a spring afternoon. The Scots College, in its fine buildings (erected from Benedictine funds [1]) near the Barberini Palace, was at this time at the lowest ebb of its chequered fortunes, numbering, I think, only three students, and obliged to borrow one from the neighbouring North American College to make up a *camerata* of four for their daily exercise. The Rector, good old Abbate Grant, was far past active work, but he still took every afternoon the same walk, at exactly the same time, as he had done for forty years, so that the tale went that people set their clocks and watches by him as he passed their houses. The vice-Rector, Father Campbell, had the reputation of being the best cicerone in Rome, especially to the Catacombs, and I am sure it was deserved. He once kindly spent an afternoon with me searching the great cemetery of San Lorenzo for the grave of my uncle, a colonel of the Scots Guards, who had, some years previously, travelled from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia on the same boat as Mgr. Henry Edward Manning, and was afterwards received by him into the Church in Rome. He died there, as I have already mentioned, and I think the elegant Latinity of his epitaph (I remember his military rank was rendered

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[1] The College was built with money paid by the Bavarian Government to the Holy See in 1862, as compensation for the suppressed Scottish Abbey of St. James at Ratisbon. The last survivor of the Ratisbon community joined the monastery established at Fort Augustus in 1878, bringing with him some of the books, manuscripts, and other treasures of the Scoto-Bavarian House.

satellitum regiorum tribunus) was due to the future Cardinal and ex-scholar of Balliol. The German College was at this time very flourishing: the students, conspicuous in their scarlet cassocks (whence they were playfully nicknamed the "boiled prawns") took part in all the functions at the chief Jesuit church, and they sang plain-chant in their own chapel with Teutonic *verve* and vigour, if not quite according to the canons of Solesmes. An Anglican parson and his wife, "quite devoted to Gregorians," whom I once escorted to vespers there, were delighted with the chanting of the Psalms—"so very hearty," as they expressed it. But the Litany of Loreto, sung at the Benediction which followed, was too much for their feelings, and they disturbed the little congregation, much to my annoyance, by leaving the chapel in the middle of it.

The transformation of old Rome into a modern capital had hardly begun at the time of which I am writing. Dim lamps still burned before shrines of the Madonna at street corners—often the only illuminant there was: hucksters' stalls, with their owners disputing and vociferating under gaily-coloured umbrellas, still encumbered the smaller piazzas: beggars, picturesque or repulsive, still thronged the church doors, some of them continuing to wear the badges granted to privileged mendicants under Papal rule;[1] and artists' models still lounged on the terraces of the Trinità de' Monti, or on the sunlit Spanish steps, at the foot of which flower-sellers exposed during the morning hours great baskets of their fragrant wares. The models, and the flower-sellers too, were as a rule practising Catholics; and if you chanced to be hearing an early mass at the little church of San Giuseppe dei Falegnami (St. Joseph of the Carpenters) hard by, you would find it, any morning of the week, half-full of these good, simple people, in their many-coloured attire, attending to their devotions with edifying piety.

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[1] One of these registered beggars, who had been licensed by Pius IX to sit by the great statue of St. Peter in St. Peter's Church, survived almost into the present century, and is said to have given his daughter a dowry of 200,000 francs on her marriage.

Through the good offices of Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, at whose recommendation I was nominated a private chamberlain to the Holy Father, I had the great privilege of frequent access to the Vatican, and of seeing more than would otherwise have been possible of the venerable Pontiff, whose long and troubled reign was very near its close. Pius IX was then in his eighty-fourth year, and nearly worn out by grave bodily infirmities; but his mind was as alert, his interests as keen, and his kind, brown eyes as clear and shrewd as ever. Never himself going outside his palace and gardens, he really enjoyed, I think, the visits of the myriad pilgrims, of all classes and from every country, who came to do him homage; and his public audiences were both more numerous and less formal than those given by his successor. I was first presented to him, with my friend J. O. Fairlie (Ch. Ch. Oxford), soon after my conversion, at one of these public audiences. The Maestro di Camera (then Mgr. Macchi) came round first and asked our names and other particulars, and the Holy Father then entered with his suite and made the circuit of the Hall, with a kind word and a blessing for each. Kneeling next to us were two Oxford undergraduates (unknown to us), who had carefully explained to the Monsignor that *they* were *not* Catholics. When Fairlie and I were presented as Oxford University converts, the Pope said a few gracious words of congratulation, and gave me a little book he was carrying, bound in mother-of-pearl. (It was a manuscript list of the Children of Mary of New York, which a devout lady-pilgrim from that city had presented to his Holiness a few minutes previously!) When the little procession reached our neighbours, "Questi giovani," said Mgr. Macchi, "sono anchè studenti d'Oxford, ma Protestanti." "Non Protestanti, Santissimo Padre," interposed one of the youths, "ma Anglicani!" "Si, si," said his Holiness, in the tone one would use to a fractious child, "stessa cosa, stessa cosa" (all the same thing), and went on, evidently under the impression that we were all one party, to exhort them to pray for light and to follow the example of their "good *condiscipuli*". The two young men were not a little disconcerted at being bracketed with us in this way. We saw and heard no more of them.

When in attendance on the Pope at these daily audiences (the chamberlains were usually on duty for a week at a time), one sometimes witnessed unexpected incidents. Among those admitted on one occasion was a young Englishman, tutor to the son of an Ambassador to the Quirinal. Why he came at all I could never make out, but anyhow, being there, he found that his dignity or his conscience precluded him from kneeling, as was prescribed, in the Pope's presence. Regardless of the whispered remonstrances of the officials, there he stood, looking (I am bound to say) extremely red and uncomfortable. The Holy Father, on coming in due course to his ill-mannered visitor, merely looked at him for a moment, quietly remarked, "Yes, yes, a new statue, I suppose, for our sculpture-gallery!" and passed on with a smile. The offending youth was quickly bundled out by the Swiss Guard, but the matter did not end there. It was no part of the policy of the Government to have the Pope insulted under his own roof; and the Ambassador was promptly informed that his son's tutor must be out of Rome, and across the frontier, in twenty-four hours, or there would be trouble.

Another incident which had its humorous side was that of an elderly lady who seized the Pope's hand to detain him, while she explained how she had been cured of inveterate rheumatism by wearing one of the Papal stockings, which she had surreptitiously obtained from some underling of the household. The Pope frowned on hearing of this violation of a well-known rule; but when the good lady insisted that her cure was a real miracle, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Praise be to God, my daughter, but my stocking had certainly nothing to do with it. How could it have? I have worn two stockings all my life, and I have had rheumatism in both legs for twenty years. So it certainly was not the stocking!"

The nervous anxiety of the Italians at this time to avoid giving any offence to the great Catholic Powers was amusingly evinced by a little episode in connection with the French National Church, San Luigi (where I have had the privilege more than once of listening to the matchless pulpit eloquence of Cardinal Mermillod). There were some little porphyry pillars on the piazza in front of this church, which the Roman County Council (or whatever corresponded to it) decided—after a couple of hundred years or so—were an obstruction to traffic, and must be demolished. Demolished they accordingly were, on which the authorities of the church promptly appealed for redress to the French Ambassador to the Quirinal (not the Vatican). The result was a Note to the Italian Foreign Office, pointing out that these pillars were the property of France, and must be replaced in double quick time, or France would know the reason why. Next night I saw a gang of workmen engaged on the job by torchlight, and the porphyry pillars were already *in situ* when on the following morning the doors of San Luigi dei Francesi were opened for the aurora mass.

Among the visits of august personages to the Vatican, which I was from time to time privileged to witness, none impressed me more than that of the Empress Eugénie, whom the Holy Father received in private audience in the spring of (I think) 1876. It was the custom of the Pope to receive visitors of Royal rank standing at the door of his private apartments. On this occasion his Holiness was, according to usage, standing in the doorway when the Empress, with her ladies in waiting, appeared at the opposite door of the anti-camera in which the chamberlains and other members of the Pontifical Court were on duty. To our surprise, Her Majesty, who was attired in unrelieved black and deeply veiled, instead of advancing to where the Holy Father stood awaiting her, appeared to be overcome with emotion, and knelt down where she was. The occasion was a deeply impressive one, when one recalled how in a few short years the Empress had lost her crown, her country, and her husband, and was exiled in a foreign land, while the aged Pontiff, deposed (as far as man could depose him), impoverished, and virtually a prisoner, was subsisting on the charity of the faithful. The momentary embarrassment caused by the action of the Imperial visitor was put an end to by the Pope at once walking across the antechamber to where she was kneeling, raising her with a kind and paternal gesture, and leading her into his apartments. His Holiness, we may be sure, knew how to administer consolation to the much-moved lady; for when she emerged after an audience lasting about half an hour, her veil was thrown back, a smile was on her still beautiful face, and she was carrying one of the long twisted and decorated palms which are sent every Lent to His Holiness by the nuns of S. Agnese.

One of the last public functions in which I saw Pius IX take part, was his memorable reception of a great English pilgrimage which came to felicitate him on, I think, the thirtieth year of his Pontificate. The Duke of Norfolk, with whom were Lords Ripon, Gainsborough, and Denbigh, and other prominent English Catholics, read an address, to which the Holy Father replied extempore. He always remained seated on these occasions, owing to his extreme bodily weakness; but I remember how, after saying a few words, he rose to his feet, and lifting up both his hands cried out in that strangely sweet and resonant voice which no one who heard it ever forgot, "Inghilterra! Inghilterra! io prego sempre per Inghilterra". The effect on his auditors was extraordinary. I saw the Duke's eyes fill with tears, and others present were not less moved.

"England! England! I pray always for England." Almost my latest recollection of Pius IX, and the one on which I love best to dwell, is of his standing thus with uplifted arms, a white-haired, white-robed figure against the brocaded crimson of his canopied chair. Looking at him then, his face somewhat pale and worn (for he had suffered much), yet with few lines of age on his countenance, and wearing that peculiarly sweet and tender smile which seemed always to be hovering on his lips, one liked to think that the close of his long and stormy life was on the whole tranquil and serene. For thirty years he had, like his great predecessor Hildebrand, loved justice and hated iniquity, but unlike him he was ending his days not in exile but in his own beloved city, environed by "honour and love and troops of friends". He had played his strenuous part, borne his heavy burden, fought his lifelong fight, with inflexible courage, with that "sovereign immobility of character" which I once heard Cardinal Manning describe as the most remarkable feature of his life and his Pontificate. It was good to feel that after all those years of strife and struggle and contest, in which he had borne so prominent, albeit so unwilling, a part, he was able at the last calmly to look forward, in unclouded faith, deep-rooted hope, and perfect charity with God and man,

> To where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

Un altro santo nel cielo! the Pope is said to have exclaimed when he heard of the death of the holy Redemptorist to whom I owe the blessing of my reception into the Church of Christ. *Un altro santo nel cielo!* were the words which came unbidden to one's mind, when in the dark days of February, 1878, the news came that Pio Nono had been called to his reward. I asked his prayers then, as I had asked them from himself during his life. I ask for them still, and with God's help I shall do so to the end.

CHAPTER VII.

1877-1878.

In order to keep my reminiscences of old Rome together, I will here anticipate a little the course of this rambling chronicle, and transport myself and my readers to the steam boat pier of Fort Augustus, at the south-western extremity of Loch Ness; the time being a cold and stormy evening in the first week of February, 1878. Stepping ashore from the good ship *Fingal*, I greeted my friend Dom Jerome Vaughan, founder and first Prior of Fort Augustus Abbey, with the words: "The Pope is dead, and we are going to war with Russia." Posts were slow and telegraphs almost non-existent in the central Highlands in those days; so my news (I had travelled straight from London) was news indeed to my kind host, to whose rising monastery in the North I was paying my first visit. The second item, indeed, turned out to be inaccurate. I had left London at the very crisis of the war fever brought on by the supposed determination of Russia, in the flush of her victory over Turkey, to drive the Moslem bag and baggage out of Europe. Our fleet had been ordered and counter-ordered to and from the Dardanelles: Russia was said to be marching straight on the Turkish capital; and the Great some-one-or-other was making the welkin—or at least the roofs of the music halls—ring with the famous refrain (whence the sobriquet of "Jingoes")—

> We don't want to fight, but by jingo! if we do,
> We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too.
> We've fought the Bear before, and if we're Britons true,
> The Russians (*fortissimo*) shall not have Con-stan-ti-no-ple.

ABBATIA S. BENEDICTI DE FORT AUGUSTUS
Br Richard Anson

FORT AUGUSTUS ABBEY

I had entrained at Euston with this inspiring chorus ringing in my ears, and the evening papers calling out for mobilisation, battle, murder, and sudden death to the treacherous Czar and his subjects. But, after all, the demands of the Muscovite conquerors turned out unexpectedly moderate. A friendly armistice, with a Congress and a treaty to follow, promised a very satisfactory solution of pending problems; and the excitement of London (it was, as usual, only London that had boiled over) died down as quickly as it had risen.

My other piece of news was, of course, authentic. The long and eventful Pontificate of Pius IX had closed on February 7, less than a month after the death of King Victor Emmanuel, who had never passed a night within the walls of Rome since its seizure from the Church, until he went there to die. I had been in Rome just after the New Year, and well remember how the correspondents of the great newspapers had gathered there to describe, as they thought, the last days of the aged Pope, and were called upon instead to chronicle the passing of the King. There were Shakespeare Wood of the *Times*, a much better guide to Roman antiquities than to the doings or policy of the Vatican; Gallenga, the "special" of the "Thunderer" on great occasions; Dr. J. B. Steele,[1] of the *Daily News*, as inquisitive a person as Mozley, who had represented the *Times* in Rome during the Vatican Council, and was known as "the man with the ear" owing to his inveterate habit of listening to gossip; and Tom Adolphus Trollope, brother of the novelist Anthony, and himself a romancer of the first water. One came across these gentry at the old-fashioned restaurants and cafés, especially those frequented by minor officials of the

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[1] Dr. Steele, who survived well into the twentieth century, had for some years before 1878 been a well-known figure in Fleet Street, where he doubled the rôles of journalist and doctor, and belonged to many of the old Bohemian clubs. He was connected with the Rossetti family, and was a good linguist and classical scholar, He spent his last years almost entirely at Florence,

Papal Court. It was Vatican, not Quirinal gossip they were chiefly out for; and they got some queer yarns to transmit to their respective papers.

I saw from the window of a friend's studio in the Corso Victor Emmanuel's funeral procession to the Pantheon; and my recollection of it is that of a military and semi-pagan pageant, with very little sign of Christianity about it. The figure of the dead king lay on the top of a gigantic catafalque, with the face, of a wax-like pallor very different from the ensanguined complexion of the living man, fully exposed to view. I was confidently assured (though I cannot vouch for the fact) that it had been found impossible to embalm the royal remains, and that the figure on the lofty bier was really a waxen dummy.

The Italians were undoubtedly proud, and not without reason, of their Re Galant'uomo, who was, if nothing else, a soldier of the first rank, and perhaps, next to Napoleon, the greatest military monarch of the nineteenth century. But neither his personality nor his character was of a kind to inspire affection; and, as far as I could see and hear, people were rather stunned and bewildered by his premature death (he was only fifty-seven) than moved by any deep feeling of sorrow. When, on the other hand, I returned to Rome from Scotland after Pius IX had gone to his rest, I could not but be struck by the genuine grief evident in every section of Roman society. They had been proud of the achievements of Victor Emmanuel; but their feeling for Pio Nono (I speak of the Roman people as a whole) had been a genuine love of children for their father, and their grief at his loss was very sincere and very touching. I was only in time to assist at the last of the three solemn Requiems celebrated for a dead pope; and already the thoughts of all Christendom were turned to the impending Conclave. The *Times* devoted five times as much space in its columns to surmises and prognostications of the coming election as it had given to the demise of the Crown of Italy. Roman society, English and foreign, from the highest to the lowest, gave itself up to the same fascinating speculation ; the English Club even organised a sweepstakes on the result, and I heard a British Colonel who had drawn the name of Cardinal Pecci (or "Pecky" as he called him) declining, in the smoking room of the Inghilterra, to take a considerable sum offered for the favourite. All the signs, indeed, pointed to the election of the learned and holy Cardinal of Perugia, who proved, as it turned out, a double exception to the popular belief that neither the Camerlengo of the Roman Church, nor the apparently most likely candidate, ever stood more than the ghost of a chance of election.

"For learning, tact, energy, dignity, amiability, moral worth and sincere piety, the Sacred College could not find a more deserving Pope than Gioacchino Pecci." So wrote the *Times*' correspondent on the eve of the Conclave ; and if behind this handsome tribute lay the hope or wish that Pecci, if elected, would reverse his predecessor's policy, and prove a "liberal" Pope in the *Times*' sense of the word, the prophetic panegyric was not the less striking.

Sixty-one Cardinals (a number unprecedentedly large) were shut up in Conclave on February 18. For the first time a private kitchen was provided for every suite of rooms ; but in spite of this the German Cardinal Prince von Hohenlohe insisted on his right to have his meals brought in from outside by his *Dapifer* and suite. Cardinal MacCloskey, the first and only Prince of the Church hailing from the New World, arrived from New York a day too late, and could not vote ; but no less than twenty-five foreign cardinals assisted at the Conclave. At the first session the Archbishop of Perugia received twenty-three votes, at the second twenty-six, at the third thirty-eight. *Causa finita est.*

Between one and two on the afternoon of February 20, as my friend H. D. Grissell and myself issued from the old-fashioned Trattoria Genio, where we had been lunching, we espied a little Papalino barber, whom we knew well, standing at the door of his shop, waving his apron above his head, and shouting at the top of his voice, "*Lumen in coelo! Lumen in coelo!* Pecci, Pecci, Pecci, *Lumen in coelo*."[1] It was our first intimation of the election, after a Conclave lasting only forty-eight hours, of Leo XIII. "He has certainly no chance of exceeding the years of St. Peter," was almost the first comment made by a great English journal on the election. We, and the Pope, lived to see *that* prophecy falsified.

St. Peter's Square, to which we hastily made our way, was thronged with a vast concourse of people, swaying to and fro, and surging in perilous fashion up and down the great shallow steps of the basilica, according as the rumour prevailed that the new Pontiff would give his first solemn blessing inside or outside the church. Meanwhile, in presence of the Papal household, Joachim Pecci was being disrobed of the cardinalitial purple, and vested in one of the three cream-white cassocks which the nuns of the Sacred Infancy had prepared of varying sizes to suit the stature of the newly-elected.[2] Tradition prescribed that his Holiness should present the scarlet skull-cap, when taken from his head, to the secretary of the Conclave, whose office was supposed to lead directly to the cardinalate. Pope Leo, however, as if to show that such precedents weighed little with him, quietly put the red cap into his pocket.[3] Then the little procession moved into the interior, not the exterior, balcony of the great church; and in tones loud and clear, quavering with the emotion of the moment, Leo XIII sang out his first Papal benediction over the kneeling multitudes, and through and beyond them to the City and the World.

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[1] In the prophecies attributed to St. Malachy, twelfth-century Bishop of Armagh, each containing a motto applicable to future Popes, that assigned to Leo XIII is *Lumen in coelo*. It is at least noteworthy that the arms of the noble family of Pecci are a radiant comet blazing from a blue sky.

[2] As far as I remember, Cardinals di Luca and Edward Howard would certainly have required the largest of the three cassocks, while the smallest would probably have been too big for Cardinal de Falloux, who (like Howard) had been a cavalry officer in his youth, but whom I recollect as a tiny shrunken prelate, with a big head and an ill-fitting black wig.

[3] The secretary in question, Mgr. Lasagni, was, as a matter of fact, raised to the cardinalate shortly afterwards.

The significance of this initial blessing being imparted within, not without, the Vatican basilica was well understood in Rome; for it meant that the new Pontiff intended, like his predecessor, to confine himself to the precincts of the Apostolic Palace, which was recognised by the Italian Law of Guarantees as his absolute property. The foreign—especially the English—newspapers correspondents "let themselves go" on this and other matters of Vatican policy in very ludicrous fashion, Mr. Trollope, of the *Standard*, especially distinguishing himself. It was, I think, he who announced that Pope Leo was most anxious to retain Cardinal Manning in Rome as his Secretary of State, but that his Eminence, having been brought up as a clergyman of the English Church, could not reconcile himself to the unclerical manner of life in vogue among the Roman Cardinals! Another journal gloomily announced that his Holiness's one desire was to abdicate, but that he dared not do so, knowing that were he to descend the steps of the Papal throne he would be confronted by a Jesuit with a cup of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other! This reminiscence of Fair Rosamond was, it is charitable to suppose, intended to be metaphorical.

I saw Pope Leo next a few days later, when he gave his first audience to the newly-confirmed Privy Chamberlains of the Sword and Cloak, of whom I had the honour to be one. And I well remember the thrill one felt when the door of the audience-chamber opened and there entered a figure so different in aspect from kind old Pio Nono, who used to totter in leaning on his ebony stick, in one hand his big snuff-box, his face wreathed in smiles, and stopping every moment to give a genial greeting or utter a playful little jest to some one whom he recognised in the waiting crowd. Pope Leo walked through the long chamber swiftly yet majestically (I remember no one else save Cardinal Herbert Vaughan capable of progress at once so rapid and so dignified), to his chair at the farther end, turning his brown eyes from side to side with the piercing gaze familiar to all who ever saw him, and saying no word to anyone. Leo XIII had a kindly nature and a tender heart, but he never wore it on the surface, and one could hardly imagine a greater contrast in external demeanour than that between him and his well-loved predecessor.

The Holy Father, apart from his solicitude for all the churches, found a great deal in those early days to do in the way of setting his house in order; for since the Revolution of 1870 things had become slack in the vast household of the Vatican, and the instincts of the new Pontiff were all in the direction of order, discipline, and economy. He directed, as has been already said, the sale of all the horses in the Vatican stables—to the great tribulation of the Marchese Serlupi, the Papal Master of the Horse—and instituted strict supervision and rigid economy in every department of the palace. A befitting dignity and even magnificence he was not averse to keeping up, but he set his face against useless display, especially of a military kind. "What is the use to me of all these soldiers?" he was reported to have said to General Kanzler, former commander-in-chief of the Papal forces, who had arranged for his Holiness's benefit a grand review of the Palatine and other guards in one of the vast courtyards. "I have nothing for them to do, for there is no one with whom I want to fight. All I really want is a tall, active, and thoroughly efficient hall-porter to stand at the gate." The little army was not, however, disbanded.

The first allocution of Leo XIII to the Sacred College, which was awaited with eager interest, took place about five weeks after his election. I was present in the anticamera when the Cardinals walked in procession to the throne room on this occasion; and a memorable procession it was, for the *porporati* at that time included many prelates bearing famous names and of much personal distinction. I recall Cardinal Buonaparte, a man still young (though he had worn the sacred purple for ten years), his pale, cameo-like features strongly resembling those of his great kinsman; the Benedictine Pitra, librarian of the Roman Church, and a prodigy of learning; Ledochowski, the saintly and most charming Archbishop of Posen, who had suffered for conscience' sake in a German prison; Franzelin, the great Jesuit theologian; Borromeo and Chigi, scions both of noble and ancient houses; MacCloskey of New York, with his pale, flaxen hair looking almost green under his scarlet zucchetto; Schwartzenberg, the stately and dignified Prince Archbishop of Prague; von Hohenlohe, as pious and humble as he was high-born, and gifted, it was reported, with spiritual powers all but miraculous; and Cullen, the aged Primate of Ireland, then nearly eighty. All but four (who included the venerable Cardinal Amat of Ostia, Dean of the Sacred College) had been created during the long reign of Pius IX. In the eyes of many the most interesting figures were those of the English Cardinals, Manning and Howard, who walked side by side—as great a contrast in personal appearance as they were in character, upbringing, and temperament.

The Papal address contained two passages of outstanding interest, the first being that in which his Holiness emphatically declared that, deprived of his rights as Sovereign Pontiff, he was altogether unable to enjoy the full and free use of the power inherent in his office.[1] These words finally dispelled the notion that Leo XIII had any intention of submitting without protest to his intolerable position as the virtual prisoner of the Italian Government. Later on, in the same memorable allocution, the Pope made the announcement, to which I listened of course with very special interest, that one of his very first public acts would be to restore to the

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[1] His words were, *pleno suae potestatis usu perfrui omnino non potest* which certain minimising correspondents rendered "is not altogether able to enjoy". The real meaning is, of course, as I have given it.

Scottish Church the hierarchical government of which she had been deprived for more than three hundred years. Less than a year previously I had been present with a deputation of Scottish Catholics who came to Rome to congratulate Pius IX on the golden jubilee of his episcopate. Bishop Strain, the future Primate, referred in his address to the hopes entertained in Scotland of the restoration of normal Church government; and the venerable Pontiff in his reply expressed his own hope that the intercession of St. Margaret and the prayers of the faithful might bring about the desired result. The necessary negotiations were in fact at once set about, so that Leo XIII in issuing his Bull *Ex Supremo Apostolatus Apice* on March 4, 1878, effecting the desired restoration, was carrying out the express wishes of his predecessor. The Papal act was received in Presbyterian Scotland with a tolerant indifference which contrasted strangely with the outbursts of popular fanaticism twenty-eight years previously, when the hierarchy had been restored to England. A pillar of the Free Kirk did, it is true, announce in the General Assembly that he had telegraphed to the Pope, "If your projected hierarchy is proclaimed in Scotland, proceedings will be taken against you in the Court of Session". The statement, however, was unfeelingly received "with loud laughter," and nothing more was heard of the threatened litigation.

The issue of these Apostolic letters was followed by a quaint correspondence in *The Times* on "Papal Chronology". Mr. Whitaker (of Almanack renown) wrote to point out that Pope Leo, according to the Roman correspondent of the journal, had stated that "St. Ninian was instructed in the faith by Venerable Bede," the fact being that St. Ninian died two hundred and forty-three years before Bede was born. *The Times* gave some prominence to the letter (it was of course a great thing to catch an infallible Pope making a real historical "howler!") and also to a subsequent one written by G. A. Sala, who suggested that the Pope may have had in mind not *the* Venerable Bede, but a much earlier

Bede who was a monk at Lindisfarne. It only transpired later that the howler was *The Times*' correspondent's not the Pope's, the statement having been that "St. Ninian, as Venerable Bede testifies, was instructed in the faith at Rome".

I left Rome in April, 1878, and did not again set foot in the Holy City for twenty-six years. By that time the pontificate and personality of Leo XIII were already little more than a memory. Of the great work of conciliation, of restoration, of high ecclesiastical statesmanship, which characterised his long reign, I had only heard from afar. My personal memories of him are confined to those few opening weeks of his pontificate of which I have spoken in these pages. I remember the privilege I sometimes enjoyed of attending his private mass, which he said in the tiny oratory adjoining his simple sleeping-chamber, and served only by his faithful valet Pio Centra. Slowly he celebrated the august mysteries, and with the deepest reverence and devotion; and long (I well remember) he lingered over the *memento* for the living and the dead; for had he not the whole world to pray for at those solemn moments?

My very last glimpse of the Pontiff was in the Vatican gardens, on a bright morning in early April. Penned within myrtle hedges, near the Zitella fountain, browsed a little flock of goats sent to the Pope by his dear fellow-townsmen of Carpineto. Their rustic shepherd, Cacciotti, had escorted them to Rome; and the Holy Father often visited the flock, caressed the gentle animals (which supplied him daily with milk), and conversed with the shepherd from his native place. So I saw him—for the last time—on that bright spring morning. Presently he turned away, Cacciotti kneeling for his blessing, and stood for a few moments motionless before the statue of the Madonna near by, his tall, white figure in its scarlet mantle silhouetted against the turquoise sky, and his lips moving in prayer. The scene came back to me years afterwards, as I read his swan-song—the "Extrema Leonis vota," "Leo's last prayer," which he addressed to God and

His Virgin Mother when the end of his long journeyings was at hand, and when his life-long love of Mary found final expression in the touching lines:—

O coelum attingam! supremo munere detur
Divino aeternum lumine et ore frui;
Teque, o Virgo, frui: matrem te parvulus infans
Dilexi, flagrans in sene crevit amor.
Excipe me coelo: coeli de civibus unus
Auspice te, dicam, praemia tanta tuli.[1]

. . . .

My return to Oxford as a Catholic for the summer term of 1875 involved, as far as I remember, no breach of continuity with the pleasant academic life of the past. The kind old President continued to treat me with no less kindness than before; the Dean of Divinity gave me a formal exemption from the chapel services, with the expression of a hope that I should be a regular attendant at "my own place of worship"; and I remember no difference in my relations with my undergraduate friends, to the more intimate of whom the step that I had taken was not unexpected, while the others took the sensible view that it was none of their business. As to myself, doubts, difficulties, worries, controversies on religious subjects, were all at an end absolutely and for ever, as though they had never existed. It was a curious sensation at first, and one realised only gradually how much room these things had taken up in one's previous life. In their place there was now only delight and relief in the possession of certain truth, coupled with a longing to put one's friends on the same track. I like to think of one Magdalen friend, a noisy and careless Harrovian whom I had never associated with religious aspirations of any kind. But he confided to me that his mother was a Catholic, that he had been baptised a Catholic, though brought up in the faith of his Protestant father, and that he was bent (with me to keep him company) on public profession of his faith. I remember my happiness—and his too—on the first Sunday that we went together to the dingy old chapel in St. Clement's, where we found nothing whatever attractive in the way of music or ritual, yet all, and more than all that we could desire.

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[1] Leo XIII's fluent and scholarly Latinity is not easy to translate satisfactorily, as those know who have had the task of preparing English versions of his admirable Encyclicals. I venture to append my own rendering of the lines in the text:—

LEO'S LAST PRAYER.

O may I win to heaven, and there enjoy
Th' eternal vision of God's Light and Face!
And Mary, whom I loved when yet a boy,
And loved still more as age crept on apace,
Welcome me now to heaven, while I confess
'Tis to thy help I owe this happiness.

It was in this same year that the unpretending sanctuary just referred to gave place to a new and larger church, centrally situated in Woodstock Road. The foundation-stone was laid in May by the Benedictine Bishop of Birmingham, the venerable Dr. Ullathorne. I remember how in his address he insisted on the fact that if St. Augustine of Canterbury were to revisit England and Oxford to-day, he would pass by the beautiful medieval chapels built in the ages of faith, would cross over Magdalen Bridge, and kneel to pray in the "humble holy chapel of St. Clement's, where alone he would find his God". "It's all very well," said to me afterwards the Anglican friend who had accompanied me to the ceremony; "and the old gentleman with the big silver spectacles certainly spoke like one having authority. But it strikes me that if St. Augustine *did* turn up at Oxford, the first thing he would say would be, 'Who the dickens is the Bishop of Birmingham'?" I reminded my friend that the same authority—the highest on earth—which had sent the first Archbishop of Canterbury in the sixth century sent also the first Bishop of Birmingham in the nineteenth. He made no rejoinder then; but within a decade he was a Catholic, a priest, and a member of one of the most austere of the religious orders of the Church.

St. Aloysius's Church was opened in the following November, when Cardinal Manning paid one of his rare visits to Oxford, and preached with his usual cultured eloquence on the University motto, "Dominus Illuminatio Mea".

I completed my full four years' residence at Oxford, surviving nearly all my Magdalen friends, and spending my last year very quietly in residence at a delightful white-washed cottage in a willow-shaded garden overhanging the Cherwell. When I came back on a visit, after taking my degree in 1876, "The Willows" had vanished, and its pretty garden was absorbed in the grounds of the new Magdalen School, the latest addition to the pseudo-Gothic buildings of modern Oxford.

CHAPTER VIII.

1875-1878.

I HAVE always been glad that an appreciable, though not a very prolonged, period of time elapsed between the conclusion of my Oxford career and my entry into the Benedictine novitiate, on the December day of 1878 which was the turning-point of my life. The interval, comparatively short as it was, afforded time and opportunity for what was to me a novel and a very interesting experience—and not only an experience but a privilege, as I have ever deemed it; namely, that of seeing from the inside, and at close quarters, something of the lives of the old Catholic families of England. To one coming, as I did, from an entirely different *milieu*, the circle of my own friends and relatives in Scotland, it was like entering a new world to find oneself a kindly-welcomed guest in these ancient Catholic households. Some of them, of course, could trace the history of their unbroken and unwavering allegiance to the ancient faith back to a period far anterior to the national change of religion in England; and their family archives could tell thrilling tales of all they had suffered for their fidelity during the bad old days of the penal laws. But interesting and edifying as was their domestic history, it was not that which impressed a casual observer like myself so much as the mingled simplicity, piety, and cheerfulness of their everyday lives. These old Catholic families, especially of the north of England, have been described as, possibly, a trifle too much immersed in their own admirable traditions, and as moulded by the force of circumstances into, perhaps, too uniform a pattern. It may have been so; small wonder if the long and relentless pressure of persecution had to some extent narrowed their view and restricted their outlook on life. But in the new era of tolerance and religious freedom these limitations and disabilities were in course of rapid disappearance; and meanwhile there radiated from these Catholic homes of England, as I remember them, an atmosphere and an influence of a curiously attractive kind. The Catholic young men of forty years ago had, it may be, not quite yet learned to realise that there was no longer any obstacle to their playing the same part in public life as their Protestant fellow-countrymen. A certain indolence was perhaps their besetting fault; but they had many compensating good qualities, which I, who lived much among them during these two or three years, should be the very last to deny.

The Duke of Norfolk, the acknowledged and beloved leader for a full half century of the Catholic laity of England, was, at the time I am writing about, a young man under thirty; but his quiet life at Arundel with his mother and sisters—the latter all at that time unmarried like himself—seemed so much to his taste that he had already begun to be regarded as a confirmed bachelor. "There is always a considerable amount of church-going here," Lord Bute, then on a visit to Arundel with his wife, wrote to a friend in the summer of 1875; "but plenty of gaiety too; for they are, as you know, a very devout as well as a very merry and very nice family." The happy family circle was, however, broken up in 1877 by the Duke's marriage to Lady Flora Hastings, daughter of Lord Donington, who became like her, though some years later, a convert to Catholicism. The marriage at the Oratory was a stately function, though it did not occasion the same popular excitement as Lord Bute's wedding had done five years previously. Norfolk House and Arundel both became after this centres of much pleasant hospitality. I was one of a large house-party which the Duke and Duchess entertained at Arundel for their home-coming ball. It took place in the old Baron's Hall, which was later pulled down to make way for the enormous structural changes undertaken by the Duke some years afterwards. The castle of 1877 was, with the exception of the ancient portions, mostly in the bastard Gothic style of George IV, for which the tenth Duke was mainly responsible; but it was perhaps in some ways a more comfortable house than the colossal structure which has replaced it. I remember the tall Duchess opening the ball with the short and stout Mayor, who was literally perspiring with nervousness; while the little Duke danced with the Mayoress, a tall, solemn, and stately lady covered with scintillating bugles, from whom even her cheery host failed to extract a smile. I remember another incident of that visit. I had been talking one evening about our cross-country "jumping" at Eton—a sport indulged in at such times as no regular games were on hand. The Duke, with his usual energy, at once organised a "jumping-party" from among his more able-bodied guests. We started next day for a run across the flat country between Arundel and Littlehampton, armed with leaping-poles *secundum artem*. Our host from accident or inexpertness had the misfortune to tumble into a ditch almost up to his neck, and walked back with us covered with mud through the town of Arundel, acknowledging the respectful salutations of the inhabitants with his usual unembarrassed cheerfulness.

Prominent among the leaders of Catholic society during this period were Lord and Lady Petre, who entertained very agreeably both at their country seat in Essex and in Portland Place. They were blessed with three sons, who all succeeded in turn to the family honours, and with an incredible number of daughters, all "divinely tall," and if not "divinely fair," possessing more than average good looks; and figuring conspicuously, as was natural, in the London ball-rooms of that era. Several of them became nuns, the most beautiful of all—I think the sixth—joining the Sisters of Charity; and most of the others married well and some brilliantly. I paid several visits to them at Thorndon Hall, near Brentwood, a fine house which was burned down soon afterwards, all except the two wings containing the library and chapel. There was a vast empty room designed for a ball-room, in which we practised the exhilarating exercise of roller-skating, then the rage. I went over from Thorndon to see Lord Petre's other place, Ingatestone, a fascinating Elizabethan manor-house, with a priest's hiding-place and many other curious features. It was let in suites to various tenants, one of whom, Miss Braddon, had laid there the scene of her most famous novel, *Lady Audley's Secret*. I was much interested in seeing the tower-clock with the one crazy hand, as well as the lime-walk, and the old well down which the golden-haired heroine dropped the unfortunate George Talboys.[1]

Lord Petre's eldest son was a priest and a Monsignor, and interested himself in educational matters. He wrote a pamphlet severely criticising the roughness and what he called the "quaint asceticism" of the Catholic schools of the day, and himself conducted a kind of boarding-school *de luxe*, first in Surrey and afterwards in the Isle of Wight, continuing to carry it on after he succeeded to the peerage. This select establishment, among the features of which were said to be carpeted bedrooms, unlimited hot water, an exceptional cuisine, and dressing for dinner, did quite well for a number of years; and the idea of placing their sons under the personal supervision of a member of the House of Lords no doubt appealed powerfully to a certain class of parent. Certainly Lord Petre's pupils were always smartly turned out; and it is on record that one of them, revisiting his former school, astonished his friends there with his immaculate get-up. "I don't know how it is," he remarked, as they sauntered by the side of the open-air swimming-bath; "but all you fellows somehow remind me of ragged schoolboys." The provocation was great, and the swimming-bath handy; and in a trice the luckless pupil of the peerage found himself lifted by the slack of his trousers and gently deposited in three feet of water—top hat, Eton collar, white waistcoat, gloves, tasselled cane and all. An odd coincidence in connection with this episode was that the swimming-bath which figured in it had been presented by Lord Petre himself to the school in question, whence it derived its playful nickname of the "Sea of Petre".[1]

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[1] The prototype of Sir Michael Audley was said (but this I will not vouch for) to be an old gentleman who occupied the suite of rooms adjoining Miss Braddon's, and who, in revenge for some supposed slight to the novelist, was condemned to figure in her story as the unhappy husband of the yellow-haired madwoman.

Stately hospitality of the old-fashioned kind was dispensed both in Lancashire and in London by Lord and Lady Gerard of Bryn, who held a prominent place among the great Catholic landowners of the north of England. Lord Gerard was one of the batch of high Tory magnates raised to the peerage by Lord Beaconsfield in 1876; and he was criticised in some quarters for allowing his ancient baronetcy (one of the very first created by James I) to be merged in a brand-new barony. A ball given by Lady Gerard comes back to me as the very last function of the kind which I ever attended. The cheerful and merry maiden with whom I danced my last dance at this entertainment became a nun of the *Sacré Cœur*, and entered her novitiate some months later, by a quite fortuitous coincidence, on the same day as I did mine. The gallant and popular young Prince Imperial, who was less than a twelvemonth later to find a tragic and premature grave in Zululand, was one of Lady Gerard's guests that evening; and so was my friend Monsignor Capel, whom Disraeli caricatured in *Lothair* as the "fascinating prelate who talked fluently on every subject except high mass".[1] He had received into the Catholic Church both Lord Bute and Lady Flora Hastings, and was at this time at the height of his reputation as a preacher and a controversialist. The Monsignor, like Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, was fond of society, which doubtless accounted for his rather unexpected presence in a London ball-room. One recalls in this connection the tale of the country parson whom the bishop just mentioned took to task for going out hunting. "It is true, my lord," said the cleric, "I sometimes ride out to a meet, but it is my only recreation. I never go to balls or parties."—"Ah! Mr. X——," said Soapy Sam, "you are referring, I perceive, to my presence at Lady ——'s dance the other evening; but I assure you that on such occasions I am never in the same room as the dancers."—"Well, my lord," was the reply: "*I* am never in the same field as the hounds."

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[1] Does this sobriquet require explaining as a pun on the words "See of Peter," very familiar, of course, to the ears of Catholics?

My last partner at my last ball, above referred to, was a member of another well-known and much-respected Lancashire family, the Weld Blundells of Ince Blundell near Liverpool, where was housed, among other treasures, one of the finest private collections of antique marbles in Europe. I have many pleasant recollections of visits to this large and cheerful household, with which I came later to have very intimate relations; for one daughter of the house married Lord Lovat, founder of my monastic home in the Scottish Highlands: another became the wife of George Lane Fox, my dear friend for forty years; and two of the sons joined like myself the Benedictine Community of Fort Augustus. I remember the pleasure and surprise with which I learned to what extent the ancient faith had survived and persisted in this populous corner of England. A great many people, I have found, have a hazy idea that all or nearly all Roman Catholics in this country are necessarily either Irishmen or converts. But here, in a wide district of rural England, one came on an indigenous population, rooted in the soil, farmers, peasants, and labouring men, English to the backbone, of whom the vast majority were faithful simple Catholics as their forefathers had always been. It was the same, of course, as I afterwards found, not only in Lancashire, but in many parts of Yorkshire and elsewhere—aye, and in my own Scotland as well; on the far Western seaboard, in the fertile and industrious counties bordering the Moray Firth, and farther south in rural Dumfriesshire. These were discoveries to me, and very welcome ones. I had heard much prate of an imaginary or theoretical continuity, before I exchanged the City of Confusion for the Church of God. "Here," I said to myself, when I saw these things, "is practical continuity," and my heart rejoiced accordingly.

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[1] Disraeli and Capel, by the way, were both present at the Duke of Norfolk's wedding at the Oratory. The former sat beside Princess Louise, attired in his well-known long drab overcoat; he never moved during the service, but sat with his characteristically sphinx-like look, gazing fixedly at the altar. He said afterwards that he thought the Gregorian music singularly impressive. As it chanced, he and Capel walked down the church side by side at the end of the ceremony. I saw the statesman hold open the swing door with a grave bow, to let the prelate pass out before him. I do not think they were personally acquainted with one another.

The Lord Denbigh of those days (the eighth earl) was not, as a convert, to be technically reckoned as an "old Catholic," although he had been received into the Church before I was born. The story of his conversion and that of his first wife, daughter of the famous antiquary David Pennant, was a very interesting one. I remember admiring a magnificent set of the works of Pennant (from whom his daughter inherited the fine estate of Downing in Flintshire) at Newnham Paddox, the beautiful place in Warwickshire, which had been in Lord Denbigh's family since the reign of Henry I. Before the lean years came on English landowners, the eighth earl made great additions to the house, including a fine private chapel. The pictures included an unique portrait of John Wicklif, sometime rector of the neighbouring parish of Lutterworth, and some splendid Vandycks, which were afterwards sold, the owner first taking care to have good copies made of them. I have often thought, if one must (like Charles Surface) sell one's ancestors, how much this method of procedure must mitigate the sense of loss. What are practically facsimiles of your pictures are executed for you by the marvellously expert copyists of to-day. The new portraits are transferred to the old Florentine frames: the inscription beneath the canvas is changed—a mere trifle—from "by" Vandyck to "after" Vandyck; and there you are! You still have, to all intents and purposes, your admirable family portraits to gaze at and admire; no one is a penny the worse, while you, on the contrary, are by several thousand pounds the better.

Lord Denbigh was an exceptionally handsome and distinguished-looking man, and was held in high esteem at the Papal Court. I remember a certain English deputation to Pius IX, which was headed by four prominent members of the English Catholic nobility. Lord Denbigh's colleagues on the occasion were the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, and the Earl of Gainsborough, all admirably representative Catholic nobles, but all of curiously homely exterior, and in that respect a curious contrast to the fourth member of the party.

Conspicuous in the English Catholic world of forty years ago was the remarkable group of great ladies, who were less prominent as leaders of society than as organisers and supporters of the countless works of charity and beneficence in which the Catholic Church knows so well how to employ the zeal and energy of her daughters as well as her sons. Foremost among these was the good Duchess of Buccleuch, whose conversion many years before had brought her domestic trials which she probably reckoned as nothing in comparison with religious certainty and peace, but which were very real notwithstanding. Her husband, the eighth Duke, who in rank, wealth, and influence, held for more than sixty years the premier place among the nobility of Britain, did not join to his public merits the virtue of religious tolerance. The news of the step taken by his wife, which was communicated to him by Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh, the chronicler of Scottish wit and humour, was reported to have had something the same effect on him as the announcement of the engagement of her sister to Mr. Traddles produced on Miss Sarah Crewler.[1] But the petty persecution to which the Duchess was subjected during practically the whole of her life as a Catholic never seemed to affect in the slightest degree the charm, serenity, and grace with which she fulfilled every duty of her exalted station. A *grande dame* in the highest sense of the word, she was also a great Christian woman, and her name is still held in benediction by many to whom her unfailing kindness brought help and solace.

Of another lady of this group Elizabeth, Lady Londonderry (widow successively of the sixth Viscount Powerscourt and of the fourth Marquis of Londonderry), who became a Catholic in 1855, the same year as the Duchess of Buccleuch, I can only say *vidi tantum*. My sole recollection of her is of a sweet-faced grey-curled old lady, praying with extraordinary devotion in the Jesuits' church in Farm Street. Of Cecil, Lady Lothian, on the other hand, who had followed Manning, Hope-Scott, and many others into the Church in 1851, I have many valued personal memories. Lady Lothian had been left a widow with seven children ten years before her conversion, and their usual place of residence was Newbattle Abbey near Edinburgh, a stately mansion built on the site, and out of the very stones, of the famous Cistercian monastery gifted by King David I to the White Monks six, centuries before. So uneasy was this pious Catholic lady, during her son's minority, at living in a house haunted by such memories and such traditions, that on the occasion of one of her visits to Rome she unfolded her scruples to the

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[1] "She clenched both her hands, shut her eyes, turned lead-colour, became perfectly stiff, and took nothing for two days but toast-and-water, administered with a teaspoon."—*David Copperfield*, chap. xli.

Pope himself. "Sta tranquilla, figlia mia," was the reply of the kind old Pontiff; but the lady's apprehensions could only be laid to rest by the receipt of a document under Pio Nono's own sign manual, authorising her and her children to occupy their Scottish home in peace. The Papal permit was long treasured at Newbattle, and was preserved in the very same case which contained one of the most venerable archives of the house—the original deed confirming the grant of Newbattle by King David to the Cistercian monks.

Lady Lothian was followed into the Catholic Church by her two youngest sons, Lord Ralph and Lord Walter Kerr, her two eldest, successively eighth and ninth marquises, remaining Protestants. I was in Rome during her last illness and death there in 1877, and well remember the extraordinary reputation for sanctity which she enjoyed, far beyond the circle of her own friends and acquaintances. Her death was really due to her self-sacrifice; for she caught a chill which she could not throw off by insisting, though in delicate health, on escorting to all the holy places of Rome—many of them underground—the young convert, Lady Flora Hastings, who was her guest in the Eternal City. The news of her illness spread consternation through Rome: the neighbourhood of the Albergo di Roma, where she was lying, was besieged by sympathising inquirers; and in scores of churches votive candles were lit and prayers offered for her recovery and, when that was seen to be impossible, for her happy death. Her youngest son Lord Ralph, who was on his way home from India, had the consolation of reaching Rome just in time to close his mother's eyes.

A convert of more recent date, and a lady much better known in general society than most members of the group which I am recalling, was Lady Herbert of Lea, whose house at the corner of Belgrave Square was for a great many years a centre of religious and charitable work of every kind. Herbert House had been painted a vivid crimson at a time when such brilliantly-hued mansions were less common in

London than they afterwards became; and it used to be dubbed, in playful allusion to the perfervid zeal of its occupant, the "House of the Scarlet Woman". Lady Herbert wrote there most of the numerous works, nearly all of a religious character, which flowed continually from her fertile pen. Up to advanced old age she retained much of the charm of manner which had fascinated Bishop Wilberforce, when he met Sidney Herbert and his "very nice new wife" at Belvoir in the 'forties. "She is a very pleasing, lively-spirited person," wrote his lordship to Miss Noel on 4 March, 1847, "with a great deal of pathos, very pretty and pleasing, and, I think, good."

Lady Herbert, who, by the way, disliked the addition "of Lea" to her title, and never herself used it, outlived for exactly fifty years her distinguished husband, the famous War Minister of Crimean days, whose statue (one of the few in London worth looking at twice) used to adorn the little courtyard in front of the old War Office. His widow's devotion to his memory was evinced by the fact that when the statue was carted, very early one morning, from Pall Mall to the new War Office in Whitehall, Lady Herbert followed its slow progress in her brougham with the blinds drawn down. I think it was after her death that Lord Herbert's statue made its second migration, from Whitehall to Waterloo Place, where it now stands as a pendant to that of Florence Nightingale, one on either side of the Duke of York's monument. Lady Herbert seemed to be generally regarded—I do not say with how much or how little justice—as the type of the English Catholic female aristocracy, just as the late Archdeacon Sinclair was looked on in Fleet Street (I could never quite understand why) as a typical representative of the Anglican dignified clergy. As such she is presented in more than one well-known contemporary novel, figuring as Lady St. Jerome in *Lothair*, as Lady Chiselhurst in Mallock's *The Old Order Changes*, and also in some other *livre à clef* of which I have forgotten the name.

I have already made mention of Lady Herbert's two eldest sons, the 13th and 14th Earls of Pembroke, as my schoolfellows at Eton. The youngest brother, Michael, who became British Ambassador at Washington in 1902, was, I think, at Eton a little after me. The third son, Reginald, was lost at sea, the year I left school, in H.M.S *Captain*, the ill-fated man-of-war designed on entirely new principles by Captain Cowper Coles, who went down with her and nearly the whole crew when the unfortunate vessel turned turtle in the English Channel on 6 September, 1870. I have more than once heard Lady Herbert tell the story (which she herself certainly believed) of how her sailor son appeared to her, on the evening of the disaster, in her drawing-room at Herbert House, pale and speechless, with the water running off his uniform on to the floor. None of her children, all of whom inherited in greater or less degree the extraordinary distinction and good looks of their parents, followed their mother into the Catholic Church except her eldest daughter, Lady Mary von Hügel.

In some respects the most remarkable, though perhaps the least known of all to the outside world of the group I am recalling, was Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who was married in the year 1833, which Newman dated as the beginning of the Oxford Movement, and was borne into the Catholic Church on the crest of the wave which carried thither the great leader and his immediate followers. A daughter of the first Earl Granville, and granddaughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, Lady Georgiana was brought up in the very innermost circle of aristocratic Whiggery, and had charm and talent amply sufficient to qualify her for leadership in the world of politics and fashion. But from the date of her conversion in 1846 her whole life and energies were devoted to the cause of religion and charity, and her considerable gifts as a writer were expended on the production of a series of religious works the literary charm of which was at once recognised by readers and critics. Born several years before Waterloo, Lady Georgiana survived until nearly the end of the century. I remember her moving about London on her errands of charity or devotion, an inconspicuous figure in attire plain even to shabbiness, yet wearing a certain air of distinction which was unmistakable. A story loved by her many friends was that of her once, on her way to church on a wet and muddy Sunday, stopping to parley with an Irish crossing-sweeper in Berkeley Square whom she knew well. Pat acknowledged on cross-examination that he had not been to mass, asserting, moreover, that on a day so favourable to his avocation he could not leave his post at the most profitable hour of the morning. "Well," said Lady Georgiana, "*I* have been to mass already: hand over your broom. I will sweep your crossing while you are in church, and give you the proceeds when you come back." No one who had the privilege of knowing the venerable lady would feel any surprise at her making such a proposal, or carrying it out with perfect simplicity and good will.

I must not close this chapter without some reference to a venerable kinswoman of my own, whose amiability, goodness, and piety well qualified her for a place in the circle which I have been considering, though infirmity precluded her (she was quite blind for many years before her death) from active participation in works of charity or beneficence. This was the lady who bore for a whole generation the title of Countess of Newburgh, although dispossessed by a curious chain of events of lawful claim to that designation. This ancient Scottish earldom, conferred by Charles II in 1660 on his loyal adherent Sir James Levingston, was adjudged by the House of Lords in 1858 to Cecilia Princess Giustiniani, as senior heir-general to Lady Anne Clifford, elder daughter of Charlotte, third Countess of Newburgh, who died in 1755. The result of this decision was to sweep away the supposed claims of the *soi-disants* sixth, seventh, and eighth earls, who had successively enjoyed the family honours for nearly a century on the assumption that the issue of Lady Anne's daughter—the wife of Prince Giustiniani—being foreigners, were incapable of succeeding. The Lady Newburgh (born Lady Margaret Kennedy) so well-known to English Catholics during her long residence in London, where she died in 1889, was the widow of one of these bogus earls—I use the word in no disparaging sense, for I believe their assumption of the title had been a perfectly *bona fide* one. During her widowhood, which extended to the long period of sixty-six years, her courtesy title was always conceded to her, I believe with the express acquiescence of Queen Victoria.

I used to meet Lady Newburgh at Montagu House, of which the kind châtelaine was one of her dearest friends; and as her father's ancestral castle on the very edge of the sea was not more than a dozen miles from my own home in the same county, we had pleasant talks about old days in Scotland. It was a particular pleasure to her to recall that we were both descended from a family, the Kennedys of Culzean, which had remained staunch to the Catholic faith, and protected its scattered and persecuted adherents, for a period of at least a century after the national change of religion in Scotland. Lady Newburgh loved to talk of those days, and of her pious and erudite collateral ancestor, the great champion of the faith in Scotland, Quintin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, through whose influence, and that of his powerful house, the good Benedictine monks of Crossraguel were able to celebrate the Catholic rites—*januis clausis*, with closed doors—well into the seventeenth century.[1] I remember well the pleasure with which she listened to a story told me by the then priest at Maybole, near her old home and not far from the ruined abbey. He was attending on her death-bed a member of his flock, an old woman—a Kennedy herself—of near a hundred years; and the old lady related how when she was "a wee bit girlie," her Presbyterian grandfather, "a man weel stricken in years," had said to her, "Ah! it's a sair pity the monks o' Crossraguel were ever turned oot: they were unco

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[1] For a parallel case in the nineteenth century, see *post*, page 187, *note*.

[very] gude to the puir". A link surely, and a touching one, with very far-off times. I remember the sightless eyes of the kind old lady filling with tears as I recounted this little anecdote. It was many years since she had revisited her native county; but her heart, she told me, still warmed to the accents of the dear and unforgotten Land o' Burns.

CHAPTER IX.

1875-1878.

THE blind Countess of Newburgh, of whom some account has been given in the preceding chapter, was a daughter of the twelfth Earl of Cassillis—a name famous in Scots history—who got himself improved into a marquis (taking the title of Ailsa) by George III in 1806. One of his predecessors had been Regent of Scotland under James III (it was he who got the earldom); and another, the third earl, was poisoned in France in the good old days, for objecting to the Crown Matrimonial being given to the French Dauphin on his marriage to Mary Queen of Scots. The representative of this adventurous house, when I was a boy, was the second marquis, Lady Newburgh's brother, whom we children looked upon, with his fierce eyes (or so they seemed to us), black whiskers meeting beneath his chin, and rather truculent manner, as a kind of Fee Fo Fum baron of our fairy-tale books. In those days, long prior to the era of local self-government and parish councils, great nobles, who lived a great deal more *sur leures terres* than most of them do to-day, and were real autocrats, benevolent or otherwise, developed at times strange idiosyncrasies. Some people may still remember the noble earl (he shall be nameless) who set up a toll-bar at his own lodge gate, and thus extracted sixpence from everybody who entered his demesne on business or pleasure. Lord Ailsa did not mulct his visitors in this fashion; but he had some eccentricities of his own—one of them being a violent antipathy to wheel-marks on his gravelled drives. My mother used to tell us how, when she drove to call on Lady Ailsa, an army of men armed with rakes used to spring out from among the bushes the moment she had passed the gates, in order to obliterate the track of her carriage-wheels. Another of his fads was a penchant for knitting, even in other people's houses. I recollect seeing him sitting in the drawing-room at Blairquhan after dinner, with a big woollen waistcoat or something of the kind in course of construction, on which he was solemnly operating with big wooden knitting-pins. We were rather afraid of his lordship, whom however, we seldom saw. Lady Ailsa and her children were very kind and friendly, and I remember great games of hide-and-seek with the young people at Culzean on summer afternoons. A lovely place was and is that sea-girt, wood-embosomed castle on the Firth of Clyde, poised on the very edge of high cliffs, so close to the sea that one can literally drop a stone from the terrace into the blue waves beneath. The view from the windows is matchless, closed far to the westward by the summits of the Mourne Mountains in Ireland; while in the foreground rises, a thousand feet sheer from the sea, the huge island-rock of Ailsa Craig, the breeding-place of innumerable solan-geese.[1] Lord Ailsa's sons were both my schoolfellows at Eton; and the elder, who succeeded to the title the year I left school, and whose two chief interests have always been ship-building and bulb-growing, has made the grounds and gardens of Culzean a fairy-land of beauty in the spring months. But I have seldom seen the place since those early days: once only, I think, in the last quarter of a century.

Eglinton Castle, in North Ayrshire, was the focus of the racing and hunting society of the county. I remember as a little boy my father's poignant regret at the death, at the age of fifty, of the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, who was twice Viceroy of Ireland, and one of the most cultured and accomplished men of his generation. It was he who held in 1839, in his park at Eglinton, the famous tournament, organised on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, but utterly spoilt by unceasing and pitiless rain. He established the Eglinton Hunt towards the end of his life, and I recall a picturesque meet or two being held at Blairquhan in my boyhood. But we were on the very edge of the country; and if the fox broke away, as he was apt to do, towards the south-east—a tract as wild and mountainous as the Highlands—it was good-bye to sport, if not to a couple or two of hounds as well, much to the wrath of old Cox the huntsman. Lord Eglinton's successor had practically not a single thought beyond hounds and horses during the thirty years of his reign. He and his sporting friends developed the Western meeting at Ayr—in old days a purely local and county affair—into a more or less important racing fixture, though racing north of the Tweed—I imagine owing to the risk of transporting to and fro high-strung thorough-breds—never seems to succeed in being more than second-rate. Socially, however, the Western meeting was successful and amusing enough; it lasted three days; most of the county people took houses in Ayr for the week; there was much convivial hospitality, and we raced by day and danced every night with indefatigable energy. The balls took place in the county building, where was also the county gaol; and one startled one's *ingénue* partner by informing her (probably quite untruly) that the prisoners were languishing in their cells under the very ball-room, and listening in despairing envy to the sounds of revelry above their heads. There were, of course, some great sporting lights in the West of Scotland in the days of my youth, including the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, the last Marquis of Hastings (whose death at twenty-four, a broken man, I well remember during my Eton days), the fourth Duchess of Montrose, afterwards Lady Stirling-Craufurd (known on the turf as "Mrs. Manton"), and my old great-uncle, the fourth Earl of Glasgow, of whose enormous bets, one in particular with Lord Eglinton over the latter's famous horse, Flying Dutchman, there were strange legends in our family. The descendants of most of these noble patrons of the turf of fifty years ago have had, I fancy, no particular cause to congratulate themselves on the sporting eminence of their predecessors.

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[1] What, by the way, could have induced the daughter of Ellen Terry to adopt so fantastic and incongruous a stage name as "Miss Ailsa Craig?" To Scottish ears, at least, it sounds grotesque enough: one would as soon expect to see flaunting on a play-bill, "Reappearance of Mr. Eddystone Lighthouse," or "Exclusive Engagement of Miss Flamborough Head!"

The wealthiest landowner in Ayrshire in those days was not either of the magnates of whom I have been speaking, but that eccentric nobleman the fifth Duke of Portland, who, though he enjoyed no Scottish title, drew at least forty thousand a year from house property and minerals in the county. He had a seat there which he never occupied, preferring, as was well known, to burrow in the ducal dug-outs which he had constructed at Welbeck Abbey, and of which one used to hear amazing stories, most of them, no doubt, quite fictitious. My only personal reminiscence of this mole-like magnate was a rather amusing correspondence which I had with him on the subject of a projected Catholic church at an Ayrshire industrial town, which was practically his property. The ecclesiastical authorities having tried in vain to extract from the Duke a promise to give, lease, or sell a site for the church in question, I undertook the negotiation, and wrote to him on the subject. A formal application having remained unanswered, I addressed a private letter to the Duke, pointing out (1) that a large number of Irish Catholics were employed on his works, and were living in his town with their wives and families; (2) that no power on earth would ever induce these people either to become Protestants, or to attend the Presbyterian services; (3) that if they were prevented from having a church or chapel of their own, and deprived of the religious ministrations of their own clergy, they would very probably go to the devil; (4) that I presumed that this was not a result which the Duke, however wanting in sympathy with the Catholic religion, could contemplate with satisfaction or complacency. I added that I was prepared to guarantee the rent, feu-duty, or (within reason) the purchase-money of any site which the

Duke might be disposed to give for the purpose named. This letter, the composition of which gave me considerable pleasure, drew a reply from some underling at Welbeck—I suppose a private secretary—to the effect that his Grace left all matters connected with his Ayrshire property to the local agent. I at once, accordingly, addressed myself to that functionary, and in due course received a letter informing me that his Grace the Duke of Portland kept all questions of building sites on his estates in his own hands! It was a clear case of Mr. Spenlow and Mr. Jorkins; and my efforts were unfortunately no more effectual than were David Copperfield's negotations with the partners of that elusive firm. I am pleased to add that on the Duke's death, a year or two later, matters were at once satisfactorily arranged with his successor—not, by the way, nearly so rich a man as the old Duke[1]—and the town in question is now adorned by one of the prettiest Catholic churches in the diocese of Galloway.

Our militia training of 1876, the year in which I took my degree at Oxford, expanded into something more ambitious than usual, as we were sent to Surrey and Aldershot, to participate in some summer manœuvres which were taking place there on what was then considered a rather large scale. We sailed from Greenock to Portsmouth on one of the old Indian troop-ships, the *Crocodile*, having three Scottish regiments on board, and calling *en route* in Ireland to embark three more, the Armagh, the Wexford, and the North Cork. The passage was rough and stormy, especially round Land's End; the old *Crocodile*, which was grossly overloaded, pitched and rolled to an incredible extent; we junior officers condemned to "Pandemonium," as the lowest tier of cabins in those troopers was nicknamed, had a horribly uncomfortable time; and, worst of all, religious differences between the Royal Armagh (smart-looking fellows they were, with light blue facings) and their comrades from the south became acute, and there was serious fighting between decks in consequence. The result of all this was that we landed at Portsmouth in a very dishevelled condition, and were not sorry to find ourselves presently encamped on Holmwood Common near Dorking—a pleasant place enough, with the trifling drawback that there was no water supply, and it was the hottest summer on record. I recollect being "in orders" on our first Sunday at Holmwood to take the Catholic soldiers to mass at Dorking (the officers of the Irish Catholic regiments were Protestants almost to a man). No intimation on the subject had been made to the parish priest, a particularly timid old padre with a stammer; and I well remember how when I had marched my detachment, fully 3,000 strong, to his little chapel (not the present handsome structure), I found it filled, of course, with the ordinary Sunday congregation, and the poor old gentleman standing at the door, the picture of consternation at the spectacle of our invading army. I forget exactly what happened next; but I think the devout Irish soldiers knelt down in the dusty lane and prepared to "hear mass," the majority of them not being even within sight of the chapel. On subsequent Sundays things were better managed, and good Father Ballard gave us a "drum-head" celebration in camp at an early hour of the morning.

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[1] Much of the Scottish property, and I think all the immensely valuable London estate, had passed at the fifth Duke's death to his sister, Lady Howard de Walden, and ultimately to her grandson.

I recall some pleasant episodes during those hot summer days—a field-day in Lady Blandford's beautiful park not far off (of which I forget the name), and cooling drinks dispensed to us by the kind hostess. Then there were agreeable hours on more than one occasion spent at Denbies, high above Dorking, and commanding a prospect, given clear enough weather (which we were never fortunate enough to secure), at once of Kingston and Windsor Castle, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Mr. Cubitt, who became Lord Ashcombe sixteen years later, had bought Denbies from Lord Londesborough, and among other costly additions had erected the most enormous and magnificent range of conservatories that I ever beheld before or since. He told me that his father, the millionaire builder, who built the greater part of Belgravia and the east front of Buckingham Palace, left the longest will on record, covering thirty skins of parchment and 386 folios. I have remembered that surprising statement ever since! Another expedition was to Norbury Park, the beautiful old seat of the Graham-Tolers, near Box Hill. I was interested in this place as the home for many years of my Oxford and Roman friend, Hartwell Grissell; but it had passed from his family into the possession of Sir David Salomons, the Jewish M.P. for Greenwich, whose son, perhaps, still owns it.

When our time at Holmwood was up our Scottish Brigade was transferred to Aldershot, marching thither by night, the heat by day being still abnormal. I have a vivid recollection of the midnight tramp, with the men singing Scotch songs, and a welcome halt on the Hog's Back for a 2 a.m. supper. We were kept pretty hard at it at Aldershot; the Long Valley was an inferno in that weather, and we used to return from our day's work "black all over," like the conscientious amateur who played Othello. Our training ended officially with a great review by the old Duke of Cambridge, and unofficially with a serious fracas, the night before we left Aldershot, between the Irish and Scottish Brigades, belts and, I think, bayonets being freely used, and the men being for a time quite out of hand. Order was not restored until the small hours; and I remember General Codrington, a Crimean veteran, riding up from head-quarters on his white horse, and giving us a great dressing-down in the moonlight. However, at the court of inquiry next day the Irishmen were proved to have been the aggressors; so we marched off to Portsmouth with flying colours, leaving the Irish Brigade (or part of it) to do punishment drill without arms for a week or two.

By way of recuperation, after these various alarums and excursions, I arranged for a trip to Switzerland with my greatest friend in our regiment, Herbert Maxwell, who had not then begun to publish the series of delightful writings which have since made his name known, but whose varied and versatile accomplishments made him then and always the pleasantest of companions. There is no greater test of friendship, one has heard, than *tête-a-tête* travel. Ours, I think, stood the test very well, though I dare say we quarrelled a bit about trifles, as fellow-travellers are apt to do. We found ourselves in due course of time at Strasburg, and on the morning after our arrival sallied forth to do a little sketching (my friend was an artist, I the merest amateur) in that quaint old city. Seated on a green mound just outside the walls, we began to sketch the famous cathedral spire, on whose lace-like tracery were still visible the marks of the Prussian cannon-balls. Suddenly a sentry sprang, as it were, out of the ground at our feet, and in no very gentle tones bade us desist and begone. We strolled on accordingly till we thought ourselves well out of sight, climbed another mound, and calmly set to work at our sketches again. In a moment the sentry, who had followed us unseen, was at our side, and frantically whistling to his comrades. We were promptly taken into custody, and were marched ignominiously through the town, followed by a small crowd of natives, who assailed our ears with very uncomplimentary cries. Arrived at the guard-room, we demanded to see the officer of the guard, but were harshly told that he was absent, and that we must wait his pleasure. At this our British blood boiled: we asseverated in our best German (I think I had to do most of the talking) that we were "soldiers of the Queen," and that we could not and would not submit to be kept in durance vile by a mere corporal. There were endless repetitions of "aber doch" and "ja freilich" and "ach was" and other guttural expletives, before the captain of the guard was finally fetched from his luncheon, his game of dominoes, or his "billard-partie," and in a very bad temper he was. After much parley, however, and a rigid examination of our passports, which we luckily had about us, we were permitted to retire, a sergeant accompanying us to our hotel, where he, no doubt, verified our names and nationality at the bureau for the satisfaction of his "Herr Capitan".

Our ultimate objective was the Upper Engadine, the last part of the journey being by diligence from Chur, an old-world town which greatly pleased me. The railway under the Albula pass to St. Moritz was not made, I think, until some fifteen years later. We established ourselves at Pontresina, staying, as far as I remember, at the Hotel Rosegg, called, of course, after the famous glacier of that name, and connected in my mind with a ridiculous "Limerick" written about an elderly and fussy guest who was a visitor there.[1] We did some sketching, botanising, and climbing during our stay, which I enjoyed on the whole, though the extraordinarily rarefied air was rather too stimulating to suit me. Staying at our hotel was a Scottish peer, a worthy man, but so dull a dog that it was of him, I think, when mentioned as a possible K.T., that the Premier of the day (was it Disraeli?) was said to have uttered the biting epigram, "Give Lord X—— the Thistle? why, he'd eat it!" His lordship had been climbing Mont Blanc and some other peaks, and was now resting on the lower altitudes of the Engadine, where the thin pungent air seemed to have the effect of making him not only abnormally intelligent but positively sparkling. We both noticed the change, and I hoped it might be permanent; but my companion pointed out that the cause was so evidently physical and atmospheric that the effect could hardly be other than transient; and I fear he was right. In any case the phenomenon was one of great interest.

Altitude is, I have often thought, a more potent factor in the life and conduct of man than latitude—more even, perhaps, than race, environment, or heredity. Crime, I am inclined to believe, is more often hatched at the bottom than at the top of a mountain. A writer who knows the Cotswolds inside and out insists that the cottagers who live on or near the top of those delectable hills are ethically, as well as intellectually, superior to those who dwell at the foot. A monk of Monte Cassino informed me that the people of the little town (I forget its name) half-way up the holy mount were both more moral and more pious than the inhabitants of Cassino in the plain below; and, when I asked the reason, said simply, "È piu alto," as if that explained everything. It must be easier, I sometimes fancy, to lead a virtuous life at Harrow-on-the-Hill than at Moreton-in-the-Marsh or Bourton-on-the-water. Given the choice, I should prefer to reside at Pera rather than at Galata; at Petropolis or Tijuca, with the cool rivulets running through the streets, rather than in hot wicked Rio de Janeiro; in the keen clear air of Jerusalem, nearly 3000 feet above the Mediterranean, rather than in sleepy steaming Jericho, 1300 feet below it.

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[1] There was an old man at the Rosegg,
Who always, at breakfast-time, chose egg:
"My egg," he would say,
"Is a stiff'un to-day:
It's a regular turn-up-your-nose egg!"

From the Engadine we made our way southward, crossing the Alps (still, as the schoolboy said of Hannibal, "*summa diligentia*—on the top of a diligence") by the awe-inspiring Maloja pass, and so through the glorious chestnut woods of northern Italy to Chiavenna, Como, and Milan. Our stay in the Lombard capital was short (I remember we were uncomfortably lodged in a flea-bitten hotel), and is chiefly associated in my mind with the purchase, at an exhibition of modern Italian art, of two pictures for which I paid much more than I could afford. We soon turned our faces homewards, getting back to Scotland in time for the partridge-shooting, which began that year unusually early after the glorious summer. I paid some pleasant visits that autumn to my native Galloway, including one to my travelling companion in his charming home on the Bay of Luce. I never saw Monreith in April, with its woods aglow with daffodils, as Sir Herbert Maxwell has described them in his delightful monograph on Scottish Gardens. But wherever he pitched his tent, there you might be sure flowers would spring up in ordered loveliness according to their season; and his little garden at his then place of residence outside the park of Monreith was as rarely beautiful when I saw it in September as I am sure it was during the greater part of the year. "God Almighty," as old Bacon says, "first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of all human pleasures." The old sage might have added "and the most lasting". My friend and I have, I suppose, outlived most of the diversions except for which, as an Italian writer somewhere says, life would be fairly tolerable. But we shall never, I think, till all is outlived, outlive our joy in the blowing of the flowers—whether in "the virgin freshness of the spring," or in perhaps the sweetest season of the year, that when

You scarce can say
If it be summer still or autumn yet:
Rather it seems as if the twain were met,
And summer being loth to go away,
Autumn retains her hand and begs her stay.

Whilst in this part of Wigtownshire I spent a pleasant week at Galloway House, a place to which the grand timber in the park gave an English appearance, though local colour was afforded by the fine herd of black Galloway cattle bred here from time immemorial. Lord Galloway himself, who claimed to be senior male representative of the House of Stewart—though the claim was not undisputed by an Irish branch of the family[1]—was in one respect of English appearance also, possessing in a marked degree the high prominent nose which was transmitted to him by his Somerset mother, and which is so salient a feature in most members of the ducal house of Beaufort. It may be, however, of interest to physiognomists to note that the well-known Beaufort nose which appears in nearly all the family portraits at Badminton, including that of John of Gaunt, is in reality a Leveson-Gower nose, having been brought from that family into the house of Somerset by the sixth Duchess of Beaufort, a daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford. The Sutherlands, oddly enough, have lost the famous nose, at least in the present generation, and with it, no doubt, their personal resemblance to the Levesons or sons of Levi, a daughter of whom married a Gower in the reign of Charles I, bringing him Lilleshall Priory as her dowry.

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[1] This was the Earl of Castlestewart, who traced his legitimate descent from a younger son of Robert II, King of Scots. Lord Galloway, however, is nearer the reigning line if he can prove himself sprung from Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl—which certain genealogical purists doubt his ability to do.

We shot many partridges at Galloway House, where our party, I remember, included our hostess's sister, Lady Margaret Cecil, whose death, by a strange coincidence, I see announced on the very day I write these lines ;[1] her brother, Lord Lionel, who talked interestingly about farming, his great hobby, and a cousin, Lord Tavistock, afterwards tenth Duke of Bedford, then a Balliol undergraduate, and of the most ponderous type of Russell. None of Lady Galloway's near relatives, as I remember them, were equal to herself in culture, ability and charm. A woman both widely read and widely travelled, who had written some admirable descriptions of her journeyings in various lands, she was fond both of society and of politics, and was well qualified to lead a political salon as it existed in the days of our grandmothers. But her lord was not often to be inveigled from the country pursuits which were his principal interest in life. It was a grief to him later on to see his beautiful home tenanted by strangers (it passed from his family altogether after his death) ; but even then he clung to Galloway, and he died, as he had lived for many years, in his lodge among the Galloway hills.

There was no more hospitable country house in my native county in old days than Dunragit, and no kinder and more genial host than its owner, Admiral Sir John Hay. Excepting, possibly, the ever-green and invincible Sir Harry Keppel, Sir John was perhaps the finest old naval officer still to the fore. He had been at Rugby under Arnold, entered the navy in the reign of William IV, saw active service in almost every part of the world, was a lord of the Admiralty, and sat in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century. I remember him as a strikingly handsome old man of splendid physique, who at walking, fishing, or his favourite sport of curling, would beat many of his juniors. He and his wife—a gracious and picturesque lady of the noble house of Napier and Ettrick, who looked like a portrait by Romney—and their many children made Dunragit a very pleasant house to stay in, and the shooting there was as good as everything else. The fine old admiral had many troubles in his later life: his wife and his eldest son's wife died on the same day, of his two grandsons one died in India and the other fell in South Africa, his eldest son and heir, a brother-officer and great friend of mine, predeceased him, and he himself became quite blind some years before his death. But through all his troubles he remained kind, cheery and uncomplaining; and the last time I saw him (it was at Shackleton's Antarctic lecture at the Albert Hall, and he must have been then nearly ninety), we had a pleasant little chat about old Dunragit days, which seemed fresh as ever in his mind. Dunragit, alas! like so many other places, has long passed from its old owners, having been acquired many years ago by one of the "ironclads," as we used to call the mineral magnates who, in consequence of the great expansion of the mining industry in Scotland, were everywhere possessing themselves of the old estates of impoverished lairds.

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[1] 14 March, 1919.

My parents went to the Riviera in the early part of 1878, and were detained there far longer than they anticipated by the serious illness of my mother, who was laid up at Cannes with low fever for many weeks. I had spent the early spring in Rome, as I have already related, during the first weeks of the Pontificate of Leo XIII; and journeying thence to the south of France towards the end of April, I spent a month with my people at Cannes. Almost all the English visitors had fled homewards after Easter; and as my father spent nearly every day at Monte Carlo, and my mother was much confined to her room, I was thrown for companionship on the society of almost the only remaining visitor to our hotel. This was the worthy Anglican ecclesiastic who had a year or two previously been appointed to the see of Gibraltar, and whose diocese, I understood, included the whole of Southern Europe, or at least as many people in that extensive region as were prepared to recognise his episcopal jurisdiction. I found the excellent Dr. Sandford a little shy of me at first; but he soon ascertained that I had no mind for religious controversy, and became quite amicable and chatty. He had some sense of humour, too, and told me with quite a twinkle in his eye how Pius IX, to whom he had been presented, smilingly said to him, "I suppose, Monsignore, that I am to consider myself as being in your diocese". He also informed me that the "Bishop of Gibraltar" never lived in his episcopal city, thus avoiding any possibility of conflict with the jurisdiction of the Catholic vicar-apostolic there. Our hotel was infested with a plague of flies of almost Egyptian intensity: the heat was unusually trying, and the good bishop, who never discarded his full episcopal toggery (though nominally on a holiday) must have felt these discomforts much more than I in my lightest of flannel suits. But he never grumbled or complained as I did, and I was pleased and edified by his kindness and equanimity. I look back with pleasure on those few weeks spent in his company, and am sorry that I never met him again.

Later on in this year I paid two visits which laid the foundation of what, I hope, I may call life-long friendships. The first was to Beaufort Castle, that is, to the unpretending little house near Beauly in Inverness-shire which had been the residence of Lord Lovat's family since their old castle was destroyed after the Jacobite rising of 1745. Lord and Lady Lovat—the latter a cousin of Prior Jerome Vaughan of Fort Augustus—were both deeply interested in the newly-founded Benedictine monastery on Loch Ness, of which that year witnessed the opening; and I think they were the very first of my friends whom I informed of my now settled intention to join the community there at an early date. Lady Lovat, I remember, had invited me to join their party for the Northern Meeting, the great social gathering of the north, in the following September; and I recall her surprise at learning that I hoped by that time to be wearing the Benedictine habit. I did not see either of them again until I was actually a postulant in the Order.

The other visit to which I refer was one which I made, I think, towards the end of August, to Lord Bute—the first time I ever stayed under his roof, though I had known him for some years. This first visit was not to any one of his palatial seats up and down the country, but to the Old Place of Mochrum, a queer two-storied tower set in the middle of a wild Wigtownshire moor, on the edge of a gloomy lake. Lord Bute, who owned an estate here, had fitted up after a fashion the two or three rooms of this semi-ruined fortress; and here we spent a week together, taking long walks about the country (and a very ugly country it was) every day, whatever the weather. By way of recreation after dinner—it must of course have been after 12 August, for we lived entirely on grouse and trout—my host read aloud, with his curiously deliberate French accent (as remote as possible from the chatter of the Parisian) French novels for my amusement and his own. He was at that time very busy over what was, I suppose, his *magnum opus* from a literary point of view (he styles it in one of his letters his "darling child")—I mean his translation of the Roman Breviary. His mornings in the upper story of the tower he devoted to this work; and during our afternoon walks he would pull out lengthy extracts from his pocket and read them to me in sonorous tones as we strode along the muddy roads.[1] Quaint English too, some of it was. I remember finding it difficult to listen without a smile to his rendering of a passage describing how St. Edmund, king and martyr, was dreadfully scourged, *dirissime caeditur*—but "direfully hided" was how Lord Bute had translated the phrase. He was not more than half-a-dozen years my senior, not being at that time much over thirty; but he had, even as a young man, a solemn authoritative manner which added to his apparent age. I am afraid I listened with some impatience to the expressions of disapprobation to which he thought himself called on to give utterance on the subject of my aspirations towards the monastic life. "We shall never agree about this," were my last words to him on the point; "but I hope we shall remain good friends all the same." Looking back now through forty years, I recall with sincere pleasure how fully that hope was justified.

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[1] I once asked Lord Bute whether his Breviary was much used, as far as he knew, by the communities of Anglican convents. He said he thought it was, and added that he had heard of a certain nun, a blonde of particularly homely appearance, whose sisters tittered so when she rose and intoned the antiphon "I am black but beautiful," that the Superior promptly decreed that the English Breviary was to be discarded and the Latin one adopted in its place.

CHAPTER X.

1878-1879.

THE traveller who makes the picturesque tour from Inverness to Oban on one of the Caledonian Canal steamers cannot fail to be struck by the group of buildings which meets his eye as he approaches the southern extremity of Loch Ness. The long grey front (already of venerable aspect, with its ivy-clad walls, though not yet half a century old), whose lofty towers, high-pitched roofs, and Gothic windows are reflected in the calm waters of the lake slumbering at its feet, is that of the Benedictine abbey which has been my home from my twenty-sixth year.

The name of Fort Augustus (never used by the Gaelic-speaking people, who still call the village by its old name of Kilchumein) has sinister associations enough for the inhabitants of the district. It is derived from George Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, youngest son of George II, whose cruel treatment of the beaten Highlanders, here and elsewhere after the fatal day of Culloden, gained for him the nickname of the Butcher. From the walls of Fort Augustus, one of the chain of fortresses built after the abortive Jacobite rising of 1715 to over-awe the rebellious clans, went forth under the "Butcher's" command the bands of savages who laid waste and almost depopulated the surrounding country. Simon, eleventh Lord Lovat, owner of practically the whole district, was, although only a half-hearted supporter of Prince Charles' cause, imprisoned for a time at Fort Augustus in a windowless dungeon (now converted into a chapel), taken to London, and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1747. His title was attainted, but was restored a hundred and ten years later to his kinsman, Thomas Fraser, who succeeded as fourteenth baron. Meanwhile, the old fort, a massive building erected round a quadrangle a hundred feet square, with accommodation for three hundred soldiers, continued to be used as a garrison for more than a century after Culloden. At the outbreak of the Crimean War the garrison was removed, and ten years later the buildings and adjoining lands were purchased by Lord Lovat, who reserved one wing as shooting quarters for himself, while the rest was let to various tenants, including the famous lion-hunter, Gordon Cumming, who spent the last years of an adventurous life in the peaceful occupation of making and selling walking-sticks at Fort Augustus.

Lord Lovat's son, the fifteenth baron, made over in 1876 the fort and the land round it to the English Benedictines; and Father Vaughan, the first Prior, immediately set to work adapting the buildings to their new purpose—one calculated to astonish old "Butcher" Cumberland, could he have looked down—or up,[1] to see what was going on in the former seat of his misdeeds. The transformation was skilfully effected under Joseph Hansom, an able architect, though best known, perhaps, as the inventor of the hansom cab. It was naturally a costly process; and Prior Vaughan had to find the means to carry it out, which he did with a success which no one but himself could probably have attained. I had met him first in Rome, on the occasion of some English deputation to the Pope; and he at once enlisted my sympathy, as a convert and a Scotsman, in the great work in hand. I paid him several visits at Fort Augustus, where at first his only colleague was an old Scottish monk, Dom Anselm Robertson, the last surviving member of the ancient Scottish monastery of St. James at Ratisbon, founded in 1080 by Marianus Scotus. On the suppression of this venerable abbey in 1863, Father Anselm had come to Scotland, and worked in the Western Vicariate until 1877, when he joined Prior Vaughan at Fort Augustus, bringing with him some interesting relics of the Schottenkloster at Ratisbon including the mitre and pectoral cross of the last abbot (Arbuthnot), an autograph manuscript by the founder, the roll of the community (all good Scottish names) for some centuries back, and the Golden Book of benefactors. He was deputed a little later to invest with the monastic habit the two first novices "clothed" for Fort Augustus, thus establishing a real canonical continuity between our monastery and the old Scoto-Bavarian house, whose coat armorial in stained glass occupies the place of honour in our refectory. Incorporated also with the new foundation in Scotland was another ancient abbey—that of Sts. Adrian and Denis at Lambspring in Hanover, which had been peopled by English Benedictines from 1645 until its secularisation by Napoleon in 1803.

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[1] "How strange it would be, Mr. B—," a rich lawyer once remarked to a wealthy (and witty) Ayrshire ironmaster, "if you and I could look down in a hundred years, and see where all our money has gone to."—"Tak' you care, my man," was the caustic reply, "that you're no looking up!"

I was present at the opening, as far as it was finished, of the reconstructed fort in 1878, in the presence of many guests, including Lord and Lady Lovat, the Bishop of Aberdeen (himself a former alumnus of Ratisbon), the titular Abbot of Westminster, President-general of the English Benedictines, and other prominent Catholics. The occasion was really the inauguration of the "college," or boys' school,[1] which, in consonance with the tradition of our Order, was to be an integral part of the establishment. Eight or ten little boys were already in residence; and they were, I remember, occupying their spare time by building a greenhouse with materials commandeered from the workmen on the premises.

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[1] It used to strike me as odd that our Catholic schools were all "colleges," the masters "professors," lessons "studies," and the schoolroom the "study hall". And in some schools (not ours) the classes were not first, second, and third, but were dubbed philosophy, rhetoric, poetry, figures and rudiments. The old connection of our schools with the Continent (especially France) was responsible for this un-English nomenclature.

The master-spirit, one George Lye, directed the works, paying his labourers in figs and biscuits. But there was a strike for higher pay and shorter hours; and one morning I found the house demolished, the provisions plundered, the workmen fled, and poor George sitting weeping amid the wreckage, like Marius in the ruins of Carthage. He has done some engineering on a bigger scale since, constructing new railways in the Argentine Republic.

Prior Vaughan carried me off after this to visit some Benedictine centres in the south—Belmont Priory, among the apple-orchards of Herefordshire; Bath, where a beautiful modern Benedictine church claimed my admiration; and Downside, with its flourishing school, on the breezy heights of the Mendips. It was all new and interesting to me; and everything that I saw strengthened my hope of being one day a member of the venerable Order whose history fills the Christian centuries, and is entwined with the very fabric of our country's past. From Downside we travelled to London, and there had many interviews and long talks with Pugin (Peter Paul), the talented son of a famous father, and designer of the cloisters which were to be the chief architectural feature of our monastery in the north. We had already lingered for an hour or two at Gloucester, on our way to Bath, to inspect and admire the beautiful thirteenth-century cloisters, with their exquisite fan-traceried vaulting, of our glorious old abbey there. And in Westminster Abbey the Prior and I made a detailed examination of the great cloisters; such a prolonged one, indeed, that the policeman stationed by the chapter-house entrance[1] at length reminded us that visitors were not permitted to "dawdle" in any part of the buildings. We had, just before receiving this caution, been busy taking measurements, as it happened, immediately opposite the chapter-house, from which there suddenly issued a small procession of dean and canons, who surveyed with some surprise the portly ecclesiastic—evidently "Roman"—and irreverent young layman mounted on one of their window ledges and measuring Gothic tracery with knotted pocket-handkerchiefs—a sight, as Thackeray says of quite a different incident, not often seen by Deans or written in Chapters.

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[1] This policeman was, without in all probability knowing it, a fragment of English history. The chapter-house, which had been the seat of Parliament until the end of Henry VIII's reign, has been Royal property ever since the Dissolution, and is therefore under the custody not of a verger but of a police-constable.

After this little tour I returned to Scotland to settle my affairs and pay a few farewell visits, including that to Lord Bute at the Old Place of Mochrum, of which I have spoken in the preceding chapter. I reached Fort Augustus in my quality of postulant in time to spend there the festival of All Saints, and, a fortnight later that of All Saints of the Benedictine Order, which I have ever considered one of the most beautiful of all our liturgical observances. It was on the morning of that day, I remember, that I finally doffed my secular garb, and came down to breakfast in the postulant's black tunic and belt. And I remember, too, lingering awhile outside the refectory door, in diffident anticipation of the mild sensation which my novel appearance—clean shaven and cassocked—would certainly occasion, not to the assembled brethren, but to the merry little group of schoolboys busy over their porridge and milk at one of the long tables. Our school had made quite a good start by this time; and two masters—I beg their pardon, "professors," whose salaries were among Lord Bute's munificences to the nascent college, were already installed in office.

Although I was now an accepted novice for Fort Augustus, the period of my probation and preliminary training was to be spent, not in my own monastery, but at the general *tyrocinium* and house of studies for English Benedictines which had been opened about a quarter of a century before, by the authority of the Holy See, at Belmont Priory, near Hereford. For Belmont, therefore, I started towards the end of November, staying a night *en route* at Carlisle, and getting photographed there in my habit next morning—not (*risum teneatis amici*) in any spirit of personal vanity, but in order to please my mother with a portrait of myself as a (potential) Benedictine. "The head just a trifle more to the side," said the artist who posed me: "we prefer a profile view for these fancy-dress portraits." This was a shock; but I survived it, and got safely to Belmont, where I was kindly welcomed by the good Prior, and told that I might hope to begin my novitiate on the feast of my national patron, St. Andrew. It was, however, on 7 December, the eve of an even greater festival, that I actually received the novice's habit, and was fully initiated into the duties and routine of life in the cloister.

I pause here, before carrying these rambling reminiscences into a new field, to enunciate a principle. Those who have had occasion to study in any detail the lengthy chronicles of the mediæval abbeys, made accessible in our day through a wise expenditure of public funds, have perhaps been surprised to find how infinitely little they contain about the inner life of the religious houses from which they emanate. They are not, in fact, chronicles of the monasteries at all, but essays in contemporary history, drawn, no doubt first-hand, from the makers of history, the statesmen and soldiers, princes and ecclesiastics, who found hospitality in the great abbeys in the course of their journeyings up and down the country. The famous Chronicle of Jocelin—famous rather through its vivid rendering into Carlylese than from any intrinsic merit, is only a seeming exception, for it deals with but a single episode in the long history of a renowned house. Those old chroniclers, in truth, knew better than to lay bare the souls' history of themselves and their brethren before the eyes of future readers—unsympathetic or unfriendly as they might well be—of the manuscripts at which they toiled with such weary care. Not for such were the real secrets of the cloister to be unveiled; their victories and

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their defeats, their discouragements and their consolations, their successes and their failures in the spiritual life. So, even in a greater degree, it is to-day. Many people of our time are happily familiar with the details and the meaning of religious life; the ordered beauty of psalmody and prayer, the daily constant round of labour and obedience which is of the very essence of such a life. And there are others, of course—many others—who know little, and indeed care to know little, about any of these things; whose only comment, when they hear of young lives devoted to God's service in the cloister, or of fortunes expended on the erection and endowment of religious houses, is that of the unfaithful apostle: "Ut quid perditio haec?"—"To what purpose is this waste?" Of these two classes (possibly both may be represented among the readers of this volume) one is, I am sure, too sensible, and the other, I apprehend, too uninterested, to expect in a discursive chronicle such as this, even though written by a Benedictine monk, a disquisition on the hidden significance of the monastic life, or a record of the spiritual progress of one who has embraced it. Such things may be prudently written and profitably read, but not here and now. My life for forty years has been on the whole essentially a community life. In the various works enjoined and offices imposed upon me during that long period of time, I have had, as a rule, whether in my own monastic home, under tropical skies in far Brazil, within the kindly shelter of my old university, or in the Isle of Saints (where I write these lines), whose low green hills rise above the blue-grey waters of the Bristol Channel, the happiness to dwell ever among my monastic brethren, following the manner of life which, since far-off novitiate days, has been to me like second nature. More than many others, I have been given opportunities of observing men and things in various lands and under various aspects. Of such observations I hope to set down some results in the following pages. They are not the real history of a monk's life, any more than were the old chronicles of

PRIORATUS·CATHEDRALIS·S·MICHAELIS·ARCHANGELI·
ET·OMNIUM·SS·ANGELORUM·APUD·BELMONT·
Br. Richard Anson

BELMONT PRIORY, HEREFORD

the writers of the middle ages; rather pages from a diary, snap-shots from the scrap-book of one who has been blessed, even in his declining years, with a keen eye, a retentive memory, and (thank heaven) a sense of humour still undimmed.

Our monastery at Belmont was beautifully situated on a wooded height overlooking the old city and grey towers of Hereford, with the winding Wye flowing almost through our grounds. The beautiful priory church, which served as the cathedral of the diocese of Newport, had been built by the local squire, Mr. Wegg Prosser, whose picturesque river-side place was near by—too near, indeed, for his wife Lady Harriet, who had not followed her husband into the Catholic church, and whose objection to the vicinity of the monastery took the form of securing the plantation of a grove of fir trees in order to hide it from her drawing-room windows. Belmont was a cold place in winter; and as neither the church nor the monastery was heated, except by intermittent fires in our recreation-rooms, we felt to the full the exceptional rigours of my first two monastic winters, 1878 and 1879. After that hot water pipes were installed in the church; but the good Prior, finding the effect "stuffy," kept the great western doors always open, and then sent for the contractor to upbraid him with the inefficiency of his boilers. "Look 'ere, sir," was the good man's rejoinder, "when I took on this job I undertook to 'eat the church, but I did not undertake to 'eat the parish!" We novices had time allowed us for healthy recreation, and kept our blood in circulation by some capital skating in a little lake just below the monastery grounds. We had delightful walks too, as the spring drew on, and the blowing of the apple-blossoms in that land of orchards endowed the country-side with an ethereal and almost Japanese-like beauty. On holidays there were expeditions to the fine old churches in the neighbourhood—Madely, Abbey Dore, Kilpeck, and many others. And at home there was plenty of out-door work—tilling our fertile garden, tending the hot-house plants kept for the adornment of our altars, or making paths and clearances in the thick wood which formed part of our pleasure-grounds. My particular work was a good deal in the greenhouses, my "boss" being the good old gardener (formerly, I think, a butler), who used to impart to me, as we worked, snippets of the news of the day—we saw no newspapers in the novitiate—and who put in h's in his conversation as recklessly as he left them out. "The h'agricultural h'agitation in h'Ireland," he would say, "is getting h'absolutely h'awful!" It was from him, as I well remember, that I first heard of the tragic fate of the young Prince Imperial in Zululand on the first days of June, 1879, and also (a year or more later) of the explosion which caused the death of Alexander II of Russia.

We had another pleasant summer recreation—rowing on the rapid-flowing Wye, and capital exercise it was. We did not wear conventional boating dress on the river, but black jerseys and trousers, which must have presented quite a spectral appearance from the bank. Once or twice during the summer we went by invitation to Rotherwas, the ancient Catholic seat of the Bodenhams on the other side of Hereford. Some of us went by water, rowing past the episcopal palace built within the shell of an old Norman hall, with its gardens sloping down to the river: others walked through the pleasant verdant country to the picturesque old place which Bodenhams (now, alas! extinct) were said to have owned since England was Saxon, and where an ancient Catholic chapel, never desecrated, still stood near the hall. Here we sang a litany or a hymn, our kind old host and his wife joining in with quavering voices; and then a bountiful tea was spread for us under the immemorial oaks before we took our way back to our monastery by river or road. I remember my fellow-novices joining with me in the Eton boating song, which I had taught them, as we rowed down the last reach under the Belmont woods; and also a reprimand bestowed on me for introducing into a monastic novitiate so secular a ditty.

So our Belmont days passed on, swiftly and on the whole happily, though not, of course, without some taste of the *dura et aspera* by which Saint Benedict desires and prescribes that aspirants to his Order should be tried and tested. I used sometimes to look at my young companions, whose piety, simplicity, and cheerful alertness were a continual example and edification to me, and contrast them with Robert Buchanan's idea of a monk—a gaunt, lifeless, dreamy, bloodless, dull-eyed, wretched being, dragging out a miserable existence in his monastic enclosure.[1] Mr. Buchanan had probably read of monks as depicted by those who hated them, but he had never, one may be pretty sure, set eyes on any himself. Had he visited Belmont, he would have found there no one answering to his ideal of a monk, but would have seen instead men of vigorous step, ready hand, quick bright eye, and cheerful face, men happy and contented in their solitude and in the daily duties of their monastic vocation.

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[1] With shadow black upon the convent wall
In fierce white light the musing monk doth crawl:
He sees the lizards pass
Beneath him on the grass;
Silent as they he stirs, and that is all.

With blood that slippeth slow as hour-glass sand,
He weeds the garden with his lean long hand:
The sun beats down on him,
But sunless and most dim
His sad eyes downward look upon the land.

Yet once or twice he riseth up his height:
Gaunt as a tree he loometh in the light;
And gazeth far away,
Where through the trembling ray
His bloodless cheek keeps grey:
He stoops again, and weeds with weary eyes.

—*Cytherea; a legend of the Renaissance.*

There is more of the stuff; but the above is sufficient as a sample.

Towards the end of the year of my novitiate I was laid up with a tiresome illness, and my convalescence was so slow that the question of my profession was postponed, and I was sent back to Fort Augustus for a few weeks' change. Before going north I paid a visit to my friend George Lane Fox, who had lately, after his second marriage, settled at Bournemouth with his family. He had not yet entered on the primrose path of party politics which was to give him interest and occupation during the latter years of his life; and his attention was at this time chiefly engrossed with ecclesiastical affairs, ordinary and extraordinary, at home and abroad, on which he would discourse with a vehemence of expression and impatience of contradiction which were a part of his nature, and for which his friends loved him none the less, however, profoundly they might find themselves in disagreement with his views.[1] I found staying with him Dr. Hedley, the coadjutor-Bishop of Newport, whose Benedictine gravity of speech and sobriety of judgment were in piquant contrast with the occasionally intemperate utterances of our good host. I had some interesting talk with the bishop about Oxford, and the hopes we both entertained of seeing a relaxation of the Roman regulation then in force, prohibiting Catholic parents from sending their sons to the national universities. Bishop Hedley was in this matter in advance of most of his brethren of the English hierarchy, of which the most prominent members, such as Cardinal Manning, Bishop Herbert Vaughan, and the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, were strongly opposed to any change in the existing rule. Dr. Hedley's learning, wisdom, and prudence were undoubtedly powerful factors in bringing about what we both lived to see and to thank God for—the free admission, under proper safeguards, of Catholic students to Oxford and Cambridge, and the presence of more than a hundred Catholic undergraduates in residence at my own university alone.

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[1] A memoir of George Lane Fox by the present writer appeared in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1918.

I reached Fort Augustus in the late autumn of 1879, and found much building activity in progress, as a great effort was being made to complete the monastery in time for the solemn inauguration fixed for the following year. A small army of masons and other workmen were engaged, and the weekly wages bill—so my friend the Prior informed me—was alarming. It was said that, however low the exchequer, the Prior used to ride westwards, as pay-day approached—the nearest bank in those days was several miles distant—and return just in time with his saddle-bags full of money. *Apropos* of those riding expeditions, another tale was told—how the good Prior, finding his horse becoming unequal to his weight (no light one), took him into Inverness and sold him. Next day he telegraphed to the monastery that he had bought a new horse, which duly turned up by steamer. It turned out, however, to be the same steed, which the Prior, who suffered from the physical defect of extreme short-sightedness, had sold one day and bought back the next at enhanced price! It is fair to add that (as the modern child said when it heard for the first time the tale of *The Babes in the Wood*), "I don't believe a single word of that story". However, it caused much merriment at the time; and a poetic version of it, entitled *The Prior and the Palfrey*, even appeared in the school magazine, at which he laughed as heartily as anyone.

The closing days of this year, which were extraordinarily tempestuous, culminated on 28 December in one of the fiercest and most destructive storms which ever swept over Scotland, wrecking the Tay Bridge and causing incalculable amage throughout the country. I was sitting in the prefect's room in the college, when a small boy burst in, and with the usual delight at being the bearer of evil tidings, cried out, "Please, father, the monastery has been blown down"! As a matter of fact, when the gale was at its height, and almost at the very moment when the great steel bridge across the Tay was blown into fragments, the lofty western gable of the south-east extension of our monastery block, which was just ready for the roof, fell in with a mighty crash, carrying everything before it. Curiously enough, a massive stone statue of St. Columba standing in his boat, destined to adorn the eastern facade, fell from the very summit of the building through the wreckage of three floors, together with the great carved stone bracket on which it was to stand; but neither statue nor bracket sustained the slightest damage. The Prior wrote one of his characteristic letters to the newspapers, soliciting help for the work of "rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem"—an appeal which, I remember, elicited a reply ironically inquiring as to the geographical whereabouts of the walls in question.

I returned to Belmont early in 1880 with my health quite restored, and in the following summer had the happiness of making my religious profession. I was glad for several reasons of my new status as a "junior" (as the monks in simple vows were called) apart from the sense of monastic stability which I now enjoyed. I had more time to myself for congenial occupation such as reading and music (one of the trials of the novitiate was that every moment of the day seemed apportioned to some fixed duty); and I made a beginning with my ecclesiastical studies, which are not entered on until after profession. Our teachers were the senior fathers of the house, who also enjoyed the status of canons of the diocese; for the cathedral chapter of Newport, in recognition, or commemoration, of the fact that half the cathedrals of England in old days were monastic, was composed entirely of Benedictines. I was, as a junior, in closest relations with the professor of philosophy, Dom Austin O'Neill, who was also our junior master—a learned and pious monk, with a gift of lucid exposition which made the dry bones of scholastic philosophy live, and also, among other things, an accomplished musican. His heart, I am sure, was in the claustral life; but he was called from it to rule the congregation as President-general at a difficult and harassing crisis, and was afterwards sent as Bishop of Port Louis to the remote island of Mauritius, where I think he died. I treasure the memory of this good man, as one to whom I owe much more than I can here set down.

An incident which followed quickly on my return to Belmont from Scotland was the death, at the age of nearly ninety, of the venerable Bishop of Newport. Born towards the end of the eighteenth century, he had taken his monastic vows at Downside before the battle of Waterloo, and had served as prior there while the penal laws against Catholics were still unrepealed. For forty years he had been vicar-apostolic of Wales, and afterwards first bishop of Newport, and had carried out his pastoral and episcopal duties in a spirit of truly monastic zeal and poverty, travelling many miles on foot to visit his scattered flock among the Welsh hills and valleys. The good old Bishop's "palace"—a little cottage near a convent of Sisters of Charity—was not far from our priory; and thither he came on all great festivals, to assist at the solemn offices, and edify us all by his humility and devotion. As the last joined novice, it had been my duty to bear his train at these functions; and this gave me the opportunity of little talks with him which I greatly enjoyed. I well remember, when he heard that I was the only convert to Catholicism in my immediate family circle, with what touching kindness he assured me that he would remember my relations daily before God. I am sure that he prays for them still in heaven. His body, robed in the episcopal vestments, lay in state in our church for two days and nights before the funeral, the monks keeping watch in turn. Some of the younger brethren were timid and nervous about this night-watch, with the still mitred form lying in the darkened church; but to me the kind gentle face, with its crown of snow-white hair, seemed no more frightening in death than it had been in life.

Our Belmont days, fully occupied as they were with our regular monastic duties of study, prayer, and labour, were fairly strenuous; and as not all the young monks enjoyed the most robust of health, a wise provision was made, towards the end of every summer, for a period of rest and relaxation at the seaside. For two or three weeks we enjoyed a thorough holiday at a house taken for us at Caswall Bay, near Mumbles Head, a sequestered spot in those days, whatever it may be now. Here we diverted ourselves with the best of sea-bathing, and delightful rambles along the coast or in the picturesque country inland. The daily mass and office over, we had the long summer day to ourselves, and took full advantage of these pleasant hours of freedom. Wild-flower botany had always been a hobby of mine; and I prosecuted it with zest during these summer days at Caswall, in company with one or two like-minded companions. But I am really anticipating a little; for neither I nor the other Fort Augustus monks then studying at Belmont were of the Caswall party this year (1880). The long-anticipated "solemn opening" of our northern monastery was fixed to take place in the last week of August. We were all bidden to take part in it, and started for Scotland accordingly, a few days before the appointed date.

CHAPTER XI.

1880-1883.

WITH whatever solemnity and splendour the inauguration of a Benedictine monastery, and its formal dedication to the purposes for which it has been erected, may be celebrated, a detailed account of the affair forty years later would be tiresome to write and tedious to read. Suffice it to say here that the celebrations, which extended over three days, were favoured with glorious weather, and were on the whole quite as successful as was expected. The Prior's anticipatory programme was not altogether realised; for no Cardinal honoured the occasion, and the Catholic nobility was represented only by Lords Lovat and Denbigh, and some members of their families. But there was an Archbishop from Australia and a mitred abbot (whose name was Innocent Wolf) from America, with several other abbots, bishops, and minor dignitaries, besides, of course, a devout crowd of the Catholic laity. The ecclesiastical functions were perhaps unduly prolonged, considering that they had to be carried out in a temporary wooden church of no great size; but the intervals between them were agreeably filled up by fishing and boating excursions, rambles over the hills, and, in the evening pleasant reunions and a good deal of decorous conviviality in the guest-house. Bishop Hedley preached with admirable eloquence at the closing celebration; but what I remember best is the impression made by the extraordinarily beautiful chanting of the Gospel of the day, to the ancient and moving Cassinese tone, by the future Cardinal, Father Gasquet, then prior of Downside. It was quite the most effective thing of the sort which I have ever heard, and made a great impression on me at the time. Some of our guests, I think, suffered from a slight surfeit of Gregorian chant, the only music employed in our church services; but relief was, it may be hoped, afforded them by the skirl of the bagpipes, which were much in evidence during the festivities. The national music welcomed our guests on the evening of their arrival, serenaded them at frequent intervals during the day, and played them down to the pier in the early morning sunshine on the day of their departure. We junior monks, who had given up our sleeping-cells to our numerous visitors, and had attended on them (not unwillingly, I am sure) from morning to night, were not altogether sorry when the day of departure came. All was over, and well over; and as we watched the special steamer cleaving her way through the sunlit waters of Loch Ness, the sentiment of our hearts not improbably was " For this relief much thanks ".

I stayed on at Fort Augustus for some little time before returning to Herefordshire, in order to be present at the official reception of the Apostolic Visitor, who was sent by the Pope this year to England to inquire and report on the organisation and general state of the Benedictine Congregation. Those members of the Order who were engaged in missionary or parochial work throughout England (chiefly in Lancashire and South Wales) were, and had long been, under the authority of two fathers appointed by the General Chapter, and styled respectively Provincials of York and Canterbury. It was thought in many quarters that the time had come for a return to the more normal Benedictine principle of placing the missions, and the missionary fathers who administered them, under the jurisdiction of the monasteries which had now been established in England for nearly a century. This was only one of the contemplated changes, though perhaps the most important, which the Papal representative had to propose and report upon. I have spoken in a previous chapter of an English public school as perhaps the most Conservative institution on earth. I might possibly have excepted such a body as the English Benedictine Congregation—long seated in the country, clinging (I speak of its older members) with pathetic insistence to its old traditions and its old methods of government, and as instinctively opposed to the ominous word "Reform" as the most Tory of Etonians or Harrovians. The idea that the prevalent system was the survival of a passing phase in the long history of English Catholicism, and that what was now suggested was merely a return to normal Benedictine life and government, was one that found no favour in the eyes of these *laudatores temporis acti.* The result of this state of feeling was that the emissary from Rome found on his arrival that he had a "long row to hoe," and that neither his suggestions nor his presence were very cordially welcomed by, at any rate, many of the elder members of the Congregation. I am inclined to think—indeed I heard from himself—that he was rather relieved to find himself at our Scottish Abbey, where we had no prejudices against his mission, and were very glad to have him amongst us. Personally, the Visitor, who was prior of the great Abbey of Monte Cassino, the cradle of our venerable Order, was a cultured, able, and agreeable man whom we all liked. He was delighted with his first visit to the Scottish Highlands, and with our wild mountain scenery; and I remember, as we drove together along the winding shore of Loch Ness, his saying that he thought the glimpses of the blue waters of the lake through the feathery branches of the birch-trees excelled in beauty the view of the Mediterranean through the olives in his own Italy. The good father left Fort Augustus, I am sure, with real regrets on both sides; and soon after his departure we also made our way south, to resume our interrupted studies at Belmont.

I had seen something of my relatives since my entry into the monastery; for I had obtained leave to spend a few days at home on one of my journeys from England to Fort Augustus; and during my novitiate a brother, then a cadet at

Woolwich Academy,[1] had spent a few days at Belmont, where the prior showed him much kindness. It was in the course of this year (1881), I think, that another brother came from Cambridge, where he was an undergraduate at Trinity, and stayed with us for several days. I remember his playing and singing to the other juniors and myself in the recreation-room, and telling me afterwards that he had never performed to a more appreciative audience. I had the pleasure, a little later, of seeing both my father and mother at Belmont. They were paying a visit to some connections[2] of ours at Holme Lacy, a beautiful place not far from Hereford, and drove over thence one afternoon to see me and Belmont, which pleased them both very much. It was the first time, I imagine, that they had ever seen a monk, at least at close quarters, or penetrated into a monastery; and I was glad that they saw our pretty priory looking its best in the bright sunshine, its well-kept garden gay with autumn flowers. I went a day or two afterwards to see them at Holme Lacy, which was occasionally the goal of our longer walks on holiday afternoons; and I had already admired there Grinling Gibbons' wonderful wood-carvings, and the equally wonderful formal gardens, which were, and I suppose still are (though the old place is no longer Stanhope property), among the finest in the West of England.

The quiet tenor of our Belmont days was not, as far as I remember, interrupted, during the remainder of my sojourn there, by any noteworthy events. That sojourn was brought to a close somewhat sooner than would otherwise have been the case by an event which had an immediate and important influence on the future of our Highland monastery. The result of the Apostolic Visitation of which I have spoken was, as regarded Fort Augustus, one of exceptional interest and importance—namely, its severance from the jurisdiction of the Superiors of the English Benedictine Congregation, and its erection into a "pontifical abbey"—one, that is, immediately subject to the Holy See. This step was taken in response to the expressed wish of the Catholic Hierarchy of Scotland, and of such leading Catholic laymen as Lord Lovat our founder, and Lord Bute, who was our principal benefactor. Immediately after the issue of the Apostolic Letters, dated 12 December, 1882, in which Pope Leo XIII decreed this change in the status of our monastery, Lord Lovat made over the property to the Scottish community, by completing the feu-charter, assigning to us the old Fort and adjoining lands practically in perpetuity. The effect of the change, as far as I and the rest of our Fort Augustus contingent at Belmont were concerned, was that we were at once recalled from the English *tyrocinium* to our own monastery. We were present a few days later, when the Papal Brief was solemnly published at pontifical high mass in the presence of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Metropolitan of Scotland, and of our own Bishop of Aberdeen.[1]

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[1] Now (1919) Major-General Walter Hunter Blair, C.B., C.M.G., commanding R.A. at Malta.

[2] Sir Henry and Lady Scudamore-Stanhope. Sir Henry succeeded a distant cousin, two years later, as ninth Earl of Chesterfield. I have referred to his son ("Edly") as one of my schoolfellows at Eton. Lady Stanhope, who was my father's relative, survived her husband a great many years.

The immediate result of the separation of Fort Augustus from the parent Congregation was, of course, the departure of those fathers belonging to the English houses who had hitherto been helping (as the phrase went) to "man the Fort" and assist our young community in the work of monastery and school. Their loss was naturally felt, especially in the teaching department; however, we made up in enthusiasm what we lacked in numbers and experience, and I do not remember that the pupils, now fairly numerous, suffered by the change. I was given the office of sub-prefect of the school; and besides teaching classics, which I liked very well, had a good deal to do with the boys in their play-hours. We had some pleasant neighbours round about the abbey; and they were, I think, pleased with the new life which the Abbey School (as it was henceforth called) brought into the district. Within a mile of us, at Ardachie, a pretty place which later became our property, lived General Hastings Fraser, an old Indian soldier and administrator, with sons of his own. Higher up the hills, at Glendoe, lived at that time Edward Ross, of a famous sporting family, and himself a renowned rifle-shot. Then at Aberchalder, a few miles westward, there was Lord Enfield, with his Danish wife and two boys, who used (but I think this was somewhat later) to come and play cricket with us; and beyond that again the beautiful domain of Invergarry, whose kind mistress, Mrs. Ellice, sent us salmon from her famous river, and showed us many other kindnesses. We used to have great picnics on school holidays on the lovely wooded bank of Loch Garry, where our boys had leave to bathe and fish. On one of these expeditions a contingent of our recently-formed brass band accompanied us on our brake, by way of adding to the hilarity of the occasion. Driving through the Invergarry woods, we chanced to meet one of Mrs. Ellice's carts, just as one of our young players was drawing excruciating sounds from a trombone or other instrument. The unfortunate cart-horse, hearing this unearthly sound, stopped short, shuddered violently, and—fell down dead! A coroner's verdict would, I am sure, have been *post hoc, non propter hoc;* but a few days afterwards we received from the Invergarry factor a summons to pay £15 for "causing the death of a valuable horse". I forget the sequel, but I am pretty sure that we declined to be held financially responsible for the "regrettable incident," sorry as we were for Mrs. Ellice and her horse.

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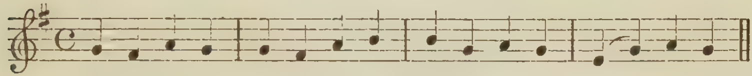
[1] Fort Augustus was in the newly-revived Diocese of Aberdeen; but it is to be noted that our monastery was, by immemorial privilege, entirely exempt from episcopal authority, the Superior enjoying, within his own precincts, the full powers of an *Ordinarius loci*.

Fort Augustus was quite a lively place in those days during the summer months, owing to the crowds of tourists who passed through several times daily in the Caledonian Canal steamers, and strolled about the pretty village during the hour or so which the boat took to get through the chain of locks leading down to Loch Ness. Visitors were admitted to view the college and cloisters, and to ascend the tower, from which there was a view quite worth the shilling they paid for the privilege. These admission fees, which used to amount annually to a considerable sum, were supposed to pay off the debt on the great tower-clock, with its carillon of bells which played hourly the monastic responsory—



The idea was that the public should thus pay indirectly for what was a public benefit, though our persistent chimes were not always regarded in that light. I remember the violent irritation of a hot-tempered old gentleman from Lincolnshire, who used to moor his yacht every year just below our grounds for two or three weeks (which he devoted to fishing in the loch), when he arrived as usual, soon after our bells had been set a-going. He sent an angry protest to the prior, demanding that the bells should be silenced during his stay; and when this proved ineffectual he sailed away and never came back. One gets used to everything; but the pretty chime was perhaps *un poco troppo* during the small hours, and its silencing at night during the years of the Great War was not altogether to be regretted.

We took it in turns to act as cicerones to these flocks of summer visitors, whose daily incursion, sometimes troublesome to us (though of course they did not penetrate into the monastery proper), was perhaps beneficial to themselves, helping to dispel some of their preconceived prejudices about monks and their way of life. Their remarks were of course often fatuous and occasionally insolent, as the British tourist sometimes thinks he has a right to be when he has paid his entrance money. I remember a rather haughty lady with pince-nez, whom I was escorting with a party round the school just as the boys were coming out to play, remarking with a sniff, as the little fellows ran past us: "I suppose all your boys are *Romans?*"—"O dear no," I could not resist replying, "we have two pupils from Malta and two from the Straits Settlements just now, but we have none from Italy." The lady tossed her head; but her jolly-looking husband, who was just behind us, chuckled audibly and remarked "Had you there, Maria, my dear!"

Although we had no "Romans" among our pupils, we had several who came from even farther afield than the two above-mentioned, who were sons of Sir Frederick Weld, the then Governor of Singapore. The Hon. John Douglas, ex-premier of Queensland, sent us all his four sons from remote Thursday Island, where he was British Resident; and excellent lads they all were. Among our other pupils were sons of the Prime Minister of Cape Colony and the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and one or two more from distant corners of the Empire. The rest were English or Scottish, with a few from Ireland; and we had also a Canadian boy or two at different times, and one or two English youths from South America. Boys of foreign birth, who form a certain percentage in most Catholic schools in this country, were rarely received at Fort Augustus.

Besides the undistinguished hordes of passing visitors of whom I have spoken, some people of importance passed through from time to time, and recorded their names in our visitors' book. The only autograph of a "crowned head," if we except that of a much more recent visitor, the young King of Uganda, was that of King Leopold of Belgium, who signed his name with a flourish as "Leopold Roi des Belges, Souverain de l'État Indépendant du Congou"—evidently, like Mr. Verdant Green, "proud of the title". His Majesty walked through the whole establishment with great rapidity, asking many questions; and as he passed through the entrance gates to rejoin his yacht, noticed one of our college servants, a Belgian, waving a little tri-coloured flag and vociferating "Vive notre Roi". The King paused and after a word to his chamberlain, Comte d'Oultremont, said abruptly, "Ah, my friend, you are Belgian then. Have you done your military service?" Poor Camille turned pale and collapsed as our Royal visitor strode on. As a matter of fact he had, I believe, evaded his military duties; but all the same we thought it was a little unkind of His Majesty under the circumstances.

Another Royal visitor was Prince Henry of Prussia, who came with Prince Max of Baden and a large suite in two yachts, the *Irene* and the *Meteor* (formerly the Duke of Hamilton's *Thistle*), and stayed a day and a night. T.R.H. paid us two visits, and were very affable; and some of us went to tea on the *Irene*, which was very luxuriously fitted. I noticed that the crews of both vessels were English, and mentioned this to Prince Henry, who replied in an off-hand manner: "O yes, English sailors are the best in the world—for yachts". He gave us, on leaving, his photograph in a silver frame; and it hung in our library until 1914, when it disappeared into limbo.

I think the only English Royalty who honoured us with a call (and he was only semi-English and semi-Royal) was Prince Henry of Battenberg, who came with Baron Pawel-Rammingen. He was a little stiff at first (we heard afterwards that he was rather put out at being told that Princess Beatrice, not being a reigning sovereign, could not be admitted into the monastic enclosure), but became quite cheerful after a bit. He was pleased with the size and airiness of the great dormitory, and its suitability for pillow-fights on a large scale, but was assured that such diversions were altogether prohibited. "Ach so!" he said regretfully, "but all the same it would be a fine place for a r-r-rumpus!" The prince was then, I suppose about five-and-twenty, and a particularly good-looking fellow.

Queen Victoria had passed through Fort Augustus, after a stay at Inverlochy (Lord Abinger's place on the west coast) in the summer of 1876, the year in which the foundation of the monastery was laid. Her Majesty did not land from the *Gondolier*, in which she was making the trip to Inverness, but she bought some walking-sticks from the old lion-hunter, Gordon Cumming. Years afterwards, at the only interview with the Queen with which I was ever honoured, she remarked (and a Princess who was present was called on to corroborate the statement) that the people of Fort Augustus on that occasion had been "rather rude". I did not venture then to inquire what had happened; but the story was really rather a funny one. It seemed that Her Majesty, finding the vessel, during the passage through the locks, wedged between two high stone walls, thought it an opportune moment to have luncheon, which was accordingly partaken of in the upper saloon. Meanwhile, of course, the ship was slowly rising to the surface as the lock-gates opened; and as it emerged to the earth's level the Royal party became aware that the greater part of the population of the village were gathered within a few feet of the saloon windows, and rapturously contemplating their liege lady engaged in the consumption of cold lamb and salad. This, of course, was the "rudeness" complained of; but I really do not think the good people of Fort Augustus were so much to blame as the Queen's attendants, who had failed to instruct her as to the not very complicated process of getting a vessel through a series of canal-locks.

I do not imagine that Queen Victoria in the course of her long reign ever set her foot in a monastery (except perhaps a ruined one) in her own dominions; but there is a pretty tale of a visit she once paid to the Grande Chartreuse during her spring sojourn in the south of France, and of an interview which she had with an English monk there, whose brother told me the story. The kind old Queen sat for some time in his cell, listening with genuine even if uncomprehending interest to his account of his life of prayer and labour in those Alpine solitudes; and she afterwards sent him a beautiful silver cross as a souvenir of her visit. The gift was, however, of too precious a kind to adorn the cell of a poor Carthusian, and the monk was desired to give it to his Superior, which he did handing with it a slip of paper on which he had written the words: "Regina dedit; obedientia abstulit: sit nomen Domini benedictum".[1]

But it is time to return to the first year of the new regime at Fort Augustus, during which our isolation from our former colleagues of the English congregation was fairly complete; for the change had not been received with any great satisfaction by the English Benedictines, of whom some, doubtless, felt a genuine regret at our separation from them, while others took exception to the manner in which the severance had been effected. All the more on account of this perhaps inevitable coldness, which after all proved merely temporary, we were glad to feel ourselves in touch with other branches of the Order, both at home and on the Continent. Our prior had always maintained cordial relations with the great mother house of Monte Cassino, where he had spent some time as a young monk; and we were also on friendly terms with the flourishing young congregation of Beuron, founded some ten years previously at the very ancient abbey of that name near Sigmaringen. As early as 1872 the Beuron monks were able to send a colony to revive our Order in Belgium; and the expulsion of the monks from their own country under the persecuting "May laws" of 1875 ultimately resulted in the foundation of new houses of the congregation in Bohemia, Styria, and England. The last-named house was opened in 1876 at Erdington, a growing suburb of Birmingham, with the cordial approval of the venerable Bishop Ullathorne, who had a high regard and esteem for the community and their prior, Dom Leo Linse. Early in 1883 Dom Leo was invited by Prior Vaughan to come to Fort Augustus and give our annual retreat. We were all, I think, helped and encouraged by the presence among us of this good father, who had been trained from childhood in the cloister, under the immediate care of the learned and holy Abbot Maurus Wolter, founder of the Beuron congregation, and a man deeply versed in the traditions of the monastic life. Our community was almost unanimous in its wish that Prior Linse should remain with us, and undertake the direction of our house and community under their altered conditions. A petition signed by all the professed monks, asking for his appointment as our first abbot, was sent to the Holy See; but it was not at that time thought expedient to assent to this prayer, and things remained therefore for the time *in statu quo.*

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[1] "The Queen gave it: obedience took it away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

The only noteworthy event I recall in the spring of this year was my accompanying our prior to Glasgow, to assist at the opening of the fine Franciscan church erected by Pugin on the south side of the city. The occasion was memorable as that of Cardinal Manning's first and only appearance in Glasgow as a Prince of the Church. I remember his eloquent sermon—never, I think, reported—in the course of which he said that he had always admired Scotsmen for two things—first, their national veneration for the Word of God, and, secondly, their consistent refusal to allow the State to dictate to them in religious matters. He also made a striking speech at the subsequent luncheon, pronouncing an enthusiastic eulogy of Pope Pius IX, with whose methods and policy his Eminence was doubtless more in personal sympathy than with those of the reigning Pontiff. It was on this occasion that I heard him use the fine phrase about Pope Pius which I think I have quoted in a previous chapter—namely that what had always struck him most forcibly in the great Pontiff was the "sovereign immobility" of his character.

I enjoyed a new and interesting experience, later on in this year, in the shape of a somewhat prolonged sojourn in a Belgian monastery of our Order. One of our fathers, the sub-prior and destined novice-master, had recently been staying there, and also in the Beuron Abbey at Prague, in order to study their method of training novices, which was largely based on the admirable principles of Dom Guéranger, the restorer of the Benedictine Order in France. And the Bohemian monastery, at that time the home and headquarters of the remarkable school of Benedictine artists to which it is one of the glories of the Beuron congregation to have given birth, had lately extended its hospitality to one of our younger monks, whose strongly artistic bent our prior wished developed and directed on true monastic lines. It was now my turn to have the pleasure and profit of a few months' residence in the Belgian Abbey near Namur, which, though founded only ten years previously, was already a centre of much well-ordered activity as well as of very excellent religious observance. I looked forward to my stay there with a pleasurable anticipation which was in every way realised.

The abbey of Maredsous, whose stately builings and tall-spired church stand on a gentle eminence in the pretty wooded country which borders the valley of the Meuse, was the outcome of one of those pious impulses more common in the Middle Ages than to-day. To few modern benefactors is it given, as it was to the excellent Monsieur Desclée[1] and his wife, to see completed in their own lifetime, and by their own munificence, a monastic pile rivalling in grandeur and completeness, those erected by royal and noble founders in the ages of faith. A detailed description is unnecessary; suffice it to say that its noble church glowing within with a rich and varied colouring, all the more effective from its contrast with the severity of the exterior; its spacious library, equipped with all things necessary for monastic studies; its refectory, cloisters, chapter-house, and other adjuncts, each in its way dignified and beautiful, all combined to make up an attractive and impressive whole. And not less attractive I found the spirit animating those who dwelt there. Already, as was natural in the heart of Catholic Belgium, the small colony of Beuronese monks had been augmented by a considerable number of Belgian recruits. The community was thus large, but not too large for its numerous activities, which included the conduct of an excellently-equipped boarding-school attached to the abbey, considerable literary work, chiefly of an historical and patristic kind, the regular issue of a periodical review, and, above all the exact and scrupulous carrying out of the liturgical services of the Church, in every detail and with all possible splendour. The injunction of Saint Benedict, *Nihil praeponatur operi Dei,*[1] was carried out at Maredsous with a literal precision which impressed me, I think, as much as anything which I saw during my four months' stay within its walls. My time there was chiefly spent with the young monks, "juniors" like myself or novices—the latter including one or two Belgian parish priests who had become aspirants to the Benedictine life.[2] We had a happy time together, and had many delightful rambles during our recreation hours through the pretty country, which thirty years later was destined to be laid desolate by German savagery. I had plenty of opportunities, of course, of talking French, two or three French fathers in the community kindly warning me against acquiring too Belgian an accent! Sometimes I walked in the woods with the schoolboys, when English conversation was supposed to be *de rigueur*. These Belgian youngsters had not the same dislike to chattering in broken English as English boys would certainly have evinced to talking French under similar circumstances. I remember them all still, though I have never seen them since—Georges de Beaufort, Gustave Bosquet,

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[1] Founder of the famous firm of liturgical publishers, Desclée, Lefebvre, & Cie (Tournai and Rome).

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[1] "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God." *Rule of Saint Benedict* chap. xliii. "The Work of God" in the Holy Rule means always the Divine Service in the choir.

[2] One of them, an exemplary young father called Bernard Gillet, was killed in cold blood by the Germans in the first months of the Great War.

MAREDSOUS ABBEY.

Jean Fallon, Xavier Wasseige (murdered at Dinant by the Germans in 1914), Georges de Kerchove, and a dozen others. Their only out-door game in those days was croquet! but one of our Scottish monks who stayed there in the following year taught them football, which they took to very well, and cricket, which they thought a foolish sport and soon abandoned. I valued the hours for quiet study which were afforded me at Maredsous, and altogether was sorry when my stay there came to an end. But we were short-handed at home, and I was wanted back to take up my old work in the monastery and the Abbey School.

CHAPTER XII.

1884-1886.

I RESUMED, on my return to Fort Augustus from Belgium, my former charge at our school, which had by this time considerably increased in numbers, and was bidding fair to fulfil the hopes expressed by Lord Lovat at its opening three years before. He himself showed his confidence in it by sending us about this time his eldest son, whose two younger brothers followed later. I have one sad recollection of the year 1884—the sudden death, after the birth of her third child, of my second sister, the loss of whom made the first break in our immediate family circle for fourteen years.[1] It was soon after this, at the beginning of September, that I paid, with our prior, an interesting visit to Lord and Lady Herries at Kinharvie, their delightfully situated place near Dumfries, where one heard the grouse crowing from the front door, and where the view from the windows ranged from the heathery heights of Criffel on the north to the deep woods encircling Sweetheart Abbey on the south. Lord Herries's father had inherited this property as heir-general of the sixth and last Earl of Nithsdale, and (the picturesque old family seat, Caerlaverock Castle, being in ruins) had turned the farmhouse of Kinharvie into a comfortable residence, adding a private chapel. The occasion of our visit was an event of special interest to us Benedictines—the opening of a convent of our Order which Lord Herries's mother had founded on Corbally Hill, high above the Nith on the outskirts of Dumfries. The prior preached at the opening ceremony, welcoming to Scotland the little community—the first house of contemplative nuns established in our country since the Reformation—which was an offshoot from the famous Benedictine priory at Arras. An eloquent sermon was preached in the evening by Father Porter, S.J., the future Archbishop of Bombay.

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[1] My next brother James, a boy of remarkable promise, had died at Harrow School in July, 1870.

On my way back to Fort Augustus I lunched at Inverness (where he was on circuit) with my cousin Lord Mure, a judge of the Court of Session, who talked of pleasure-trips he had taken through the Caledonian Canal, long years before, with my grandfather and various members of his family.

Soon after my return to the monastery we had a visit from the Prior of Maredsous, Dom Hildebrand de Hemptinne,[1] who during his stay propounded to the community the idea of our becoming aggregated to the Beuron congregation—a step which he thought would strengthen our position, and ensure us help from outside in carrying on our work, especially in the matter of ecclesiastical studies. After much discussion we declared in favour of the proposal; and our sub-prior, who was bound to Rome in connection with some financial business of our house, was charged with the task of bringing the matter before the Holy See. There were many delays, and much negotiation with the Congregation of Cardinals with whom the decision rested; and it was not until June or July in the following year that we heard definitely that the proposal was not looked on favourably in the highest quarters. A suggestion was next made by the prior that we should secure an unofficial, if not a formal, connection with Beuron by petitioning for the appointment of Prior de Hemptinne as abbot. Prior Vaughan, with the rather hastily-obtained assent of his community, rushed off to Rome to press the matter at headquarters. How well I remember those hurriedly-undertaken journeys of our worthy superior to distant lands—the hasty packing, with clothes, breviaries, and Italian dictionaries tumbled pell-mell into a portmanteau which refused to shut; the last rapidly-delivered messages and commands to the sub-prior and other bewildered officials standing round; and the stampede down to the steamer, just in time to scramble aboard as it was gliding out of the last lock. To anticipate a little, I may here say that his latest scheme was no more approved in Rome than the former one; but what he did obtain was a brief naming the abbot of Maredsous apostolic delegate of our monastery with extensive powers. The sequel will be seen hereafter.

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[1] Afterwards second abbot of Maredsous and abbot-primate of the Benedictine Order.

Meanwhile most of us at Fort Augustus were too busily occupied to worry ourselves much over what were known as "monastic politics". New novices were tumbling over one another in their anxiety to join us; we had started a senior department in the college—older pupils who had quarters in the guest-house apart from the school; and I, at that time librarian among other things, was rejoicing at the accession of some thousands of books, and incidentally puzzling myself how to find room for them. They were a legacy from our kind old friend Lord O'Hagan, the Irish Lord Chancellor, who had been accustomed to spend a summer holiday with us every year.[1] His nephew was a master in our school—a pleasant clever Irishman who had been a novice at the Birmingham Oratory, and had many stories of Newman in his old age. One of these was of a visit paid to the Cardinal by Monsignor Lord Petre, who was anxious to get (and doubtless quote) the great Oratorian's approval of his crusade against the existing system of Catholic upper-class education.[2] But his Eminence was not to be drawn. My friend was present as the eloquent prelate set forth his views, criticism, hopes, and aspirations, and paused for a reply. "Did you come down," said the Cardinal, "by the Great Western or the North Western? they are both very pretty routes;" and that was all that Lord Petre got out of him. Newman once showed my friend a letter which he had received from an officer in the army, asking whether a soldier could in conscience fight, or refuse to fight, in a cause which he believed to be unjust. "I learned afterwards," said the Cardinal with one of his little smiles, "that he had addressed a similar letter to Cardinal Manning, whose solution of the question was, I understand, quite a different one from mine." But he did not say what his own had been.

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[1] The books, mostly theological and liturgical (some of value), had been collected by an Irish Franciscan, from whom Lord O'Hagan acquired them. We housed them in the big ground-floor chambers of the monastery (the former workshops of the old Fort), which, connected by lofty arches, made an admirable library.

[2] See *ante*, p. 100.

Early in 1885, I accompanied our prior to Glasgow, to assist at the opening of the Jesuit College of St. Aloysius, at which function Lord Bute made one of his infrequent appearances in public. After the blessing of the new buildings by my dear old friend Archbishop Eyre, two addresses were presented to Bute, who replied in a florid Latin speech, very well delivered. The good Jesuits were, I fancy, as surprised as myself at this classical outburst; but he afterwards told me that he would have considered it almost an insult to the learned assemblage (how this would have delighted Dr. Johnson!) to address them in any other tongue than that of Cicero. His Lordship had written me rather an ill-natured letter on the occasion of my monastic profession, of which, as I have already observed,[1] he was pleased to disapprove. Now, however, that that was a *fait accompli*, he was anxious, as I saw, to resume our former friendly relations; and they were never again interrupted. We went on from Glasgow to stay with the Monteiths at Carstairs, near Lanark—a place which always gave me "a turn," as being an architectural facsimile of my old home Blairquhan,[2] with the

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[1] See *ante*, p. 127.

[2] Burn, though a competent architect, had shown a curious lack of imagination or resource in repeating himself in several big houses in Scotland, including (besides Blairquhan and Carstairs) Garscube, near Glasgow, and

Clyde flowing through the park instead of the Girvan; but the surroundings of Carstairs were not nearly so picturesque. My old friend Robert Monteith, one of the original "Young England" party, and (as a disciple of David Urquhart) a believer in the infallibility of Turkish baths and the undesirability, or even iniquity, of shaking hands, was now dead; and his clever and rather eccentric son, now the laird, entertained us very pleasantly. Next day he exhibited to us the electric railway, I think the first seen in Scotland, which he had constructed between his house and Carstairs.

We had news on our return home of the financial question pending in Rome between ourselves and the English Benedictines, who had claimed repayment of the funds of Lamspring,[1] on the ground that they belonged to the congregation from which we were now separated. Our contention, on the other hand, was that the money in question belonged to our house, not to any congregation, and consequently could not be alienated. The welcome intelligence reached us that the judges in the affair were strongly disposed in our favour; and the subsequent decision fully confirmed us in the possession of these funds, the loss of which would have been a serious one to our new foundation. Cheered by this good news, we were all in the mood to join heartily in the local rejoicings which took place about this time in celebration of Lord Lovat's victory over the claimant to his title and estates, a supposed lineal descendant of the famous Simon of the '45. The disallowance of the claim by the House of Lords was received with acclamations all over the broad lands of the Chief of the Frasers; and we, of course, shared in the general

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Lord Dunmore's place in Stirlingshire. In the House of Falkland (later acquired by Lord Bute) he had successfully ventured on a type of Scottish Jacobean.

[1] The English house in Hanover incorporated (see *ante*, p. 130) with Fort Augustus at its foundation. Two of the few survivors of the Lamspring community were actually at this time resident in our monastery.

jubilation.[1] The hill-sides blazed with bonfires, and ours on the school cricket-field, surmounted by an effigy of the claimant, was kindled amid cheers by the Master of Lovat, then a schoolboy of fourteen. There was an enthusiastic speech from the prior, followed by the inevitable dram, and, of course, the promise of a whole holiday for the school. A couple of half-tamed ravens, lately sent us from Skye, marched about with their heads on one side, expressing their concurrence in the proceedings by raucous croaks.[2]

I was in London this summer on a short visit to my brother-in-law, Charles Dalrymple, lately appointed a Lord of the Treasury; and under his escort I heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, expound his first Budget in the House of Commons, in very lucid and interesting fashion. On my way north I had the pleasure of a few days at Dunskey, which had been let for some years to my cousin, General Walter Birch, and was now occupied by his widow and her sister, Mrs. Otter. Among my fellow-guests, oddly enough, were Lady Trotter and Captain Potter. Mrs. Otter, a sweet and gentle-spoken old lady, had soon afterwards the misfortune to be rather badly burned. Her husband had been a bluff old admiral of early Victorian days; and the shock of her accident had the curious effect of causing her to rap out at the most inappropriate moments, I am sure quite unconsciously, nautical oaths and other strong language, which had doubtless impressed themselves on her memory in her husband's lifetime. The old admiral, as I remember him in my boyhood, had long forsworn strong language, and had joined some strict sect—I think the Plymouth Brothers.[1] He carried about a little notebook, and jotted down in it the names of every one who was "saved," or who said so when asked. He once put the question to a good old woman who kept one of our lodge gates. "Weel, sir," said she, "that's a question which neither you nor I can answer." "Ah!" replied the admiral, "*I* have been saved for twenty years and more." The old lady laid her hand on the big Bible by her side, with the quiet words, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall".

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[1] The claim was renewed a dozen years later—again unsuccessfully; but these vexatious proceedings were the cause of a great deal of worry and expense to the Lovat family.

[2] We made several unsuccessful attempts to domesticate these pre-eminently Benedictine birds. The two mentioned in the text died on the hearth-rug before the library fire: another, in early days, was believed to have been killed by a mason whose tools he was in the habit of stealing during the dinner hour; a fourth perished at the hand of a stone-throwing tourist; and it was not until 1890 or 1891 that we succeeded in taming two fine birds, who lived for many years in the vicinity of the north-east bastion.

From Dunskey I went for a day or two to Blairquhan, and while there lunched in the militia camp at Ayr, and was delighted to meet again the old regiment, in which my brother was then serving. We had some capital bagpipe music after mess—an innovation since my day, the regiment having been recently given the semi-Highland status of a battalion of Scots Fusiliers.[2] I returned next day to Fort Augustus, just in time for a visit of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose yacht, the "Star of the Sea," was the tightest fit in our locks that I ever saw, getting through with literally only about six inches to spare. The good Duke, who had been one of the most generous benefactors of our abbey, absolutely refused to enter our gates until the prior solemnly promised to forego the "demonstration" he had arranged in his honour. That point settled, he thoroughly enjoyed his visit, exploring every corner of the buildings, and finally inviting the whole school in detachments to tea and strawberries on board his yacht. On the morning of their departure the Duke and Duchess came and heard mass in our beautiful cloister-chapel, which he had adorned with stained glass windows in thanksgiving for his happy marriage and the birth of his heir. Would his thank-offering have been less heartfelt, less sincere, as he knelt before our Lady-altar on that bright summer morning, had he foreseen that within eighteen months his young wife would be in her grave, and he would know his only son to be a hopeless invalid? I do not think so; for the faith and trust of Henry FitzAlan Howard were proof against the cruellest blows which fate could deal him in the home life which was so dear to him. They were founded on a rock, and they endured to the end.

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[1] "What is your brother now?" some one asked a vague lady; "is he still a Particular Baptist?" "Oh no," was the reply, "he has left them and become a Yarmouth Bloater!"

[2] My brother-in-law, Sir Charles Dalrymple, objected strongly to the tartan trews which were part of the new uniform, and addressed more than one complaint on the subject to the War Secretary in the House of Commons. *Punch* parodied his representations as The Wail of the MacDalrymple, and applied to them a burlesqued line from Hamlet: "'Tis trews, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis trews!"

I was pleased a little later to receive a visit from my old friend Balfour of Burleigh, who was on his way with Lady Balfour to some shooting lodge farther north. I had attended their wedding eight years previously (I remember old Archbishop Tait, in a very tottery condition, tying the knot in Kensington parish church); and I reminded my friend of his Scottish and superstitious annoyance at my giving him as a wedding present a handsome pair of game-carvers. He had really taken the gift quite amiss, and had scrupulously remitted to me a penny stamp by way of payment.[1] I took him all round the monastery—as he confessed, his first visit to such an institution—and he was pleasantly interested in everything, telling me that I looked quite at home in my "monk's robes".

Early in 1886 we received as our *pro tem.* superior the Abbot of Maredsous, who immediately assumed, as directed by the Holy See, full jurisdiction over the house, and introduced many changes, all (as was to be expected) in the direction of assimilating our observance to that of his Belgian abbey. The good man soon found some of our Scottish notions incomprehensible, and our *cuisine* decidedly trying; but we had on the school staff at this time a stalwart Bavarian music-master, who used to invite the abbot to his rooms, and cook for him little messes by way of supplement to our plain roast and boiled and porridge and milk. What delighted the good father was our net fishing in Loch Ness, for which he arrived just in time. The first morning of the season we caught nothing, whereupon the abbot, reproaching us with our want of faith, ordered certain blessed medals to be affixed to the nets before the next haul. The same afternoon our lay-brothers pulled out of the loch, in a single cast, thirty-three salmon, weighing nearly six hundred pounds. Two of the biggest were instantly despatched to Maredsous, and we supped on the rest, fresh and kippered,[1] for a good part of Lent.

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[1] Is this a purely Scottish superstition? I am not sure.

On Lady-day this year, March 25, I was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Aberdeen, who brought us the news that it had been decided to hold the National Council of the Scottish Church at Fort Augustus in the coming summer. To-day was published a new edition of the Benedictine Rule, at which I had been for some time working. Another work I had in hand was a translation, with large additions, of a history of Scottish Catholicism, by a learned canon of Cologne. This, however, was not completed until 1890.

Abbot Placid left us in April, leaving behind him Prior Linse in charge of the abbey. Father Vaughan went south a little later to preach at the opening of Buckfast Abbey in Devon, which had recently been acquired by some French Benedictines on their expulsion from their own country. I joined him in Edinburgh on his return, and we assisted there at the golden jubilee of St. Margaret's Convent, the first religious house founded in Scotland after the Reformation. I went on thence to stay with Lord Bute at his place in Ayrshire, Dumfries House, and found him full of plans—one for the establishment of a Catholic seminary at St. Andrews, and another for the foundation of daily choral service at the pro-cathedral (a structure of tin) which he had recently erected at Oban. I found staying with him, for the discussion of these weighty matters, the new metropolitan of Scotland, Archbishop Smith, a learned and venerable prelate who knew almost all there was to know about the Pentateuch, and had had a personal encounter—I mean, of course, on paper—with Dr. Colenso about its authorship.[1]

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[1] "Kippered herring?" once said a French *pasteur* to my great-aunt, after partaking of that delicacy at her breakfast-table: "what is 'kippered'?" He was told it meant "preserved"; and the family legend is that the good man prayed at family worship afterwards that his kind friends in Scotland might be kippered everlastingly.

On 11 July (one of our principal Benedictine feast-days, and to me *dies memorabilis*), I had the happiness of being ordained priest, together with my old fellow-novice, the younger of the Weld Blundell brothers. I sang my first mass on the 18th, and for some weeks after that date our time was almost entirely taken up with preparations for the National Council, which opened at our abbey on 15 August. The gathering of ecclesiastics was a large one, including not only the two archbishops and four bishops of Scotland, but the heads of the religious orders, and a posse of theologians, chaplains, and other officials. The catering for so large a party was no light matter; and Lord Bute offered to provide the wine for their entertainment—not, he thought, port and sherry, which might be too heady for their grave deliberations, but some light and pleasant Italian vintage. A choice Falernian was supplied for the episcopal table, while the inferior clergy were well content with a sound white Orvieto. A great deal of hard work was got through during the ten or twelve days that the Council was in sitting, and all the prelates expressed themselves gratified with the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience.

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[1] His Grace, for all his learning, liked a joke, and appreciated the rhyme about the South African prelate I repeated to him:—

A bishop of tastes arithmetical
Desired to be thought exegetical;
So he rashly exposes
The errors of Moses,
And is promptly denounced as heretical.

A few days before the close of the proceedings, the Archbishop of St. Andrews heard by telegram from Rome that the Holy See had appointed as our prior Dom Kentigern Milne, the senior of the monks of Scottish blood belonging to our community. Prior Milne was installed in office early in September; but I was not present, being engaged to preach at Whithorn, in my native county, on the festival of St. Ninian, apostle of Galloway and of Scotland. It was a very modest celebration on that spot hallowed by saintly memories; a high mass in the little iron church, the music rendered by Lord Bute's choir from Cumnock; but I found it all devout and touching, and so, I think, did the considerable congregation which had gathered there, and which listened very attentively to what I had to say about the holy bishop.

I remember no outstanding event during the remainder of this year, the close of which was saddened for me by the death at Blairquhan, under sad circumstances, of my youngest sister. About the same time died Mr. Weld Blundell, father of Lady Lovat and of two members of our community, and a kind friend to me in former days. I paid a visit to the Butes at Mountstuart early in the new year, staying for the first time in the palatial new house, then only just finished. I was duly struck by the magnificence of the great marble hall of Italian Gothic; but what impressed me most, I think, was to see my hostess press a button by her chair in the drawing-room and flood the room instantly with dazzling light. I had seen some London street (I think the Strand) lit up by glaring arc-lamps, but never yet a private house electrically-illuminated. Mountstuart was, I believe, one of the first country houses in Britain fitted with the new light; for Lord Bute, who liked everything up-to-date, and had of course no occasion to consider the question of expense, was always in the forefront in matters of that kind. The front of the house faced away from the sea, looking up a rather dull hill-slope, down which I came on a number of workmen training a little rivulet, with miniature bridges and cascades. "Very pretty," I remarked to the foreman; "but is it not all on rather a small scale, compared with the size of the house and the great view of sea and hills all round?" "Perhaps you are right, sir," was his answer; "still, it is wonderful what effects our firm can produce with a two-inch pipe!"

On leaving Mountstuart I spent a week-end at Newhailes, my brother-in-law's charming old house near Edinburgh. He was absent from home, and my little nephew and niece, David and Christian, entertained me very prettily. Here is a fragment from our conversation, as they sat with me at dinner on Sunday evening:—

David (aged 7). "Uncle David, why didn't you go to church with us to-day?"

Uncle D. "I went to Portobello to church—to the Catholic church."

David. "Are you a Catholic, Uncle David?"

Uncle D. "Yes, I am." (A pause.)

David (solemnly.) "The Pope's a beast!" [Note what Newman calls the "great Protestant tradition".] I could not quite let this pass unchallenged; so I talked to the children about what the Pope was really like, and told them something about Rome and its wonders. When I had finished, little David turned gravely to his sister, saying, "Christian, I think I should like to be a Roman Catholic, should not you?"—"Yes," said Christian decidedly, "I should, very much;" and they trotted off contentedly to bed.

In the first week of April a further and final step was taken in the affairs of Fort Augustus by the resignation of Prior Milne, and the appointment as prior *ad nutum Sanctae Sedis*, i.e. for life, of Dom Leo, the late prior of Erdington. He was installed on 6 April, exactly four years after we had expressed to the Holy See our practically unanimous desire that he should be nominated as our superior. One of his first acts, after a meeting of his council, was to place the school under my charge—a task which, together with my regular choir duties, occupied me very fully during the remaining months of this year. The school was at this time nearly full: we had a fairly efficient tutorial staff, partly lay, partly monastic; and as our pupils were of all ages, there was necessarily considerable variety and scope in games as well as school work. I think it may be said that we naturalised cricket as a popular sport in the Central Highlands; and we mustered a very respectable team with our elder boys and a master or two. We managed to secure quite a number of good matches during the season, playing in Inverness against the Northern Counties, the military depot, and the Inverness College; at Fort George against the garrison (Seaforth Highlanders); at Muir of Ord, beyond Beauly, against Lord Lovat's battalion of Cameron Highlanders; and sometimes against a naval team at Fortwilliam. Then there were the return matches on our own ground; but our boys, of course, liked the "out-matches" best. We returned from them sometimes by special steamer down Loch Ness; sometimes (these were the enchanting evenings) we chartered a brake and drove the whole way home, stopping for tea at the hotel in Glen Urquhart, most populous and cultivated of all the great glens stretching westward to the sea.[1] Then homewards, perhaps in the brief darkness of a Highland summer night—perhaps by moonlight, with the shadows of the birches black across the white road, and the rippled surface of the loch far below us gleaming like frosted silver. Those were merry home-comings, and our young players enjoyed every mile of the long drive, which they enlivened with rousing choruses and much happy laughter. The boys lying awake in the school dormitory used to declare that they knew by the quality of the cheers, as our brake thundered over the canal bridge, or swung up through the lime-avenue to the school porch, whether we had been victorious or defeated. But I think the fact of being victors or vanquished made little difference to the general enjoyment of those hilarious expeditions.

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[1] It was this characteristic, doubtless, which inspired John Bright to write in the visitor's book at Glen Urquhart:—

Glen Urquhart is indeed a lovely glen,
Where grouse and deer have not supplanted men.

Where are you now, cricketers of years gone by? youthful spirits, careless of the future, living in the present, buoyant, hopeful, confident? Raymond wears the white cowl of a monk in a Sussex charterhouse; Hugh lies outside shattered Ypres, where he met his gallant death for King and country; Bertie's grave is at Elandslaagte, where he fell in the first reverse of the South African campaign; Jimmy is a merchant prince in busy Lancashire, immersed in affairs, with boyhood's days far behind him; Geoffrey, dear Geoffrey, has been a pioneer of empire on the burning sands of Sudan; young Alastair is a gold-expert in Equatorial Africa; little David has served the King with the Gay Gordons on three continents; Stuart, thrice decorated for gallantry in the field, is second in command, I think, of his brave regiment; Edward is winning fame and fortune as a leading barrister in an Australian capital; George's curly head is weighed down by a mitre, and instead of a bat he wields a crosier; Willy practises the art of healing under Eastern suns; Charlie and Frank, brothers inseparable, have won distinction on Indian frontier battle-fields; Edmund is a missionary preacher in an austere religious order; Philip sleeps well in the shadow of a monastery among the Apennines; Andrew ministers with unquenchable zeal in the most populous parish of a great English seaport. Some are gone; some are still with us; and of these there is not one, I am sure, who does not cherish kindly memories of his old school among the Highland hills. Fort Augustus boys have, as a whole, been wonderfully loyal to their *Alma Mater*, and there are few of them indeed who have not done her credit.

CHAPTER XIII.

1887-1890.

We kept Queen Victoria's jubilee in June, 1887, with exuberant loyalty, on one of the most glorious days of an exceptionally fine and dry summer. A few days later came the school prize-day or exhibition-day (as the old term was), which included one of the operatic performances by the boys that gave our school quite a reputation in those days. William Black, the novelist, came down this year from one of Lovat's lodges among the hills, and witnessed the *Pirates of Penzance*, which so pleased him that he eulogised it in his next novel.[1] He referred in the same book[2] to the Sunday games of cricket which, in consonance with Catholic custom, were permitted and encouraged as long as they did not interfere with the religious duties of the day. We willingly abandoned them, however, having no wish to give offence to our Presbyterian neighbours, in deference to the opinion of our bishop and Lord Lovat. "After all," the latter sensibly said, "there is no *obligation* to play cricket on Sunday; and it will be a capital thing to keep one afternoon in the week for good long walks in your fine country."

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[1] "'I was up at Fort Augustus this autumn,' said Macdonell in a casual way, 'at the performances given by the schoolboys at the Benedictine Abbey, just before they left for the holidays; and the way in which they presented a little comic opera—I forget the name—was really admirable. For an amateur performance, it was as clever a thing as ever I saw done.'"—William Black, *In Far Lochaber*, p. 79.

[2] "'Aunt Gilchrist,' said Alison, 'it wasn't so much the climbing of Ben Nevis that the minister was angry about, it was the Sabbath-breaking generally; and he said that the Fort Augustus boys played cricket on Sabbath afternoons: now will you defend that?' But Aunt Gilchrist was not to be driven into a corner. 'They're Roman Catholics,' she answered, 'and I will leave the Roman Catholics to defend themselves; but what I say is, the Lord made us all. . . .'"—*Ibid.*, p. 188.

Soon after the dispersal of the boys for the holidays I left Fort Augustus on a visit to Ireland. I was glad to meet, passing through Dublin, an old Belmont friend, Dom Cuthbert Butler:[1] we had a friendly talk before I left for Galway, to stay with Major and Mrs. Wilson-Lynch (parents of two of our pupils) at their pretty place, Renmore. I found the good Major rather depressed about things in general: he said he had reduced his tenants' rents 50 per cent., and then the Irish Land Court came along and took off the other 50. He was very hospitable, and showed me all the lions of the neighbourhood. It was the stoniest country I ever set eyes on, and justified the legend that when the Lord had finished creating the world, and had a heap of stones over, he dumped them down in Galway. The only stretch of park I saw was at Christopher Redington's fine place, Kilcornan, and that had been made at great expense by burying the huge limestone boulders which strewed the ground. I was struck by the fine library here, a collection of folios in Roman vellum looking as if they had come straight from a cardinal's palace. I thought the dark-eyed, red-cloaked women of Galway, and the people generally, a picturesque lot, but I found the tradition of their Spanish descent, owing to a ship of the Armada having been wrecked in Galway Bay, locally discredited. We spent one day at Menlow, Sir Valentine Blake's fine old place on Lough Corrib. The lough, never deep, was unprecedentedly shallow that year owing to the exceptional want of rain; and one of the young Blakes told me that the officers of the steamers plying on it wore (as I had already noticed) straw hats, lest the extra weight of their gold-laced caps should cause the boats to run aground! I paid my respects to the good Bishop of Galway, who talked of his schemes for improving trade in the decaying city: one was the revival of the osier-industry for basket-weaving; the other was salmon-fishing. I asked if salmon were plentiful, to which the bishop replied that if I looked over the parapet of the bridge at low tide I'd "see the wather stiff wid 'em".

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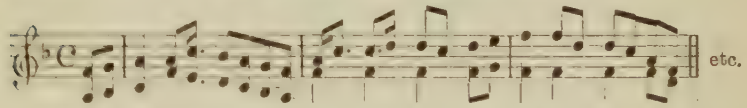
[1] He became Abbot of Downside in 1906, and President-General of the English Congregation eight years later.

On my journey from Galway to Kerry, I read in the daily papers of the "proclamation" by the Government of the Irish Land League, a preliminary, it was supposed, to its suppression. I reached Killarney on a hot August afternoon, and was immediately driven by Lady Kenmare to see the picturesque ruins (what a pity that the chief objects of interest in Ireland seem to be ruins!) of Ross Castle and Muckross Abbey. I yield to no one in my admiration of our own Scottish Highland scenery; but I really think it yields the palm to Killarney in early autumn. The view from my window over the wide expanse of garden, wood (with the spring-like pale green of the arbutus everywhere), lake, and mountain, was indescribably lovely; and the house, too, I thought beautiful, especially the private chapel, with its altar of Egyptian onyx, candlesticks of silver encrusted with coral, and old Italian embroidered vestments. I noticed some fine pictures in the dining-room, which was hung with Spanish stamped leather. Lord Kenmare told me after dinner something of his present troubles, which he felt acutely. A Catholic, and one of the kindest of men, he had always lived amongst his own people, now set against him by the Land League and the Plan of Campaign. Next day we drove down to the lake, and were rowed in a four-oared barge to many beautiful points, lunching on one of the wooded islets. Our only trouble was a veritable plague of midges, which defied cigarettes (I saw even the venerable Duchess of Buccleuch, our hostess's aunt, smoking one, though under protest), and all other preventatives.

Next day, after looking at Killarney Cathedral, a fine but chilly creation of Pugin's, I paid a visit to Mount

Melleray, driving up the pretty wooded glen from Cappoquin to the Trappist abbey in company with two High-Church Oxford undergraduates. The place, like all Trappist establishments, was full of ordered activities, including a flourishing boys' school. I was very favourably impressed with the whole place and with the abbot (Fitzpatrick), a fine-looking, long-bearded old monk. From here I made my way to Dublin and Howth, and spent a day or two at Glenaveena, Judge O'Hagan's charming little place on the edge of the sea. After this I visited a family of hospitable Home Rulers near Wicklow, who had a boy at our school. I remember their politics, because in the course of a long drive which they took me through beautiful county Wicklow, we halted on a certain hill-top, and the whole party, which included the parish priest and his curate, rose from their seats in the waggonette, and gazed in ecstatic and reverential silence at an unpretending white house in the middle distance. It was the home of the uncrowned king of Ireland, Charles Stewart Parnell! On the following day we made the delightful expedition to Glendalough, where I gazed with deep interest at the Seven Churches, round tower, and ancient cathedral. We rowed on the intensely black lake, hemmed in by precipitous hills, and saw "St. Kevin's Seat" and the curious ruins (more ruins!). As we drove home through the Vale of Clara, I noticed the pretty little cottages (Lord Meath's) all along the road. They had a pleasant and prosperous look; but I was told afterwards that these picturesque cottages existed only within sight of this road much frequented by tourists; and that the curious traveller going two hundred yards out of sight of the highway would come upon the primæval Irish cabin in all its squalor. Characteristic, if true! but I will not vouch for the story.

My pleasant Irish tour ended on 1 September, and I returned to Fort Augustus two days later. Hardly had I settled down there, when we heard with equal surprise and sorrow of the very sudden death of our founder and constant friend Lord Lovat, who fell dead on the moor while grouse-shooting at the seat of The Mackintosh, Moy Hall. Aged only fifty-eight, he had enjoyed the family honours for just twelve years, and was widely respected and beloved all over his extensive estates, and indeed throughout the Highlands. A number of our community attended the funeral at Eskadaile, the little Catholic church near Beaufort Castle. It was very impressive, thousands of people being present, and the heads of many great Highland families—the Duke of Atholl, Lochiel, Lords Stafford, Macdonald of the Isles, Tweedmouth, etc., walking behind the bier in Highland dress. We waited in the church for the arrival of the funeral procession, and I recall the emotion with which we heard, first in the distance, and coming gradually nearer, the wail of the Lovat Lament:—



played by the bagpipes. We chanted the requiem mass, and Lady Lovat's two Benedictine brothers officiated as deacon and subdeacon. It was a long though interesting day, and we did not get home to the abbey till near midnight.

Fort Augustus had now been for almost exactly five years an abbey without an abbot—an anomaly which we had some reason to believe would be before long terminated. We heard from Rome in the spring of 1888 that we might shortly expect a Papal Visitor in the person of Monsignor Persico, a Franciscan archbishop who had discharged delicate and important missions for the Holy See in many parts of the world, including North America, India, and lastly Ireland. His detailed and exhaustive report on the politico-religious condition of Ireland had been promptly followed by the express condemnation on the part of the Holy See of "boycotting" and the Plan of Campaign; and it was, I think, immediately on the conclusion of his work in Ireland that he received instructions to come to Fort Augustus and report (such, he told us, was his commission) on the best means of effecting a "permanent settlement of our affairs". He brought with him a Neapolitan servant, and soon made himself at home, telling us at recreation (but always with the discretion and reserved characteristic of Roman diplomatists) stories of his many adventures, which included a shipwreck in the Indian Ocean and a hair-breadth escape from a burning train in Colorado. He spoke English extremely well, with the staccato accent of a South Italian; and when he got to the crisis of his story invariably brought out the phrase "You can have no ide-e-a," with an intonation that made us smile. He was with us in the middle of June, and joined us in the long-anticipated Catholic pilgrimage to Iona which had been arranged for that date. A dozen of our monks and some of the boys travelled to Oban in appropriately uncomfortable pilgrim-fashion, journeying on a dirty little cargo-boat in pouring rain all the way. But next day was lovely, and the early morning sail to the Holy Isle very enjoyable. The pilgrims numbered six hundred, including several bishops and representatives of many prominent Scottish Catholic families. Pontifical Mass was celebrated within the ruined walls of our old Benedictine cathedral, a temporary roof having been erected over the altar by direction of the Duke of Argyll, to whose courtesy in this and other respects we were all much indebted. Our monastic choir supplied the music, and I had been invited to preach; but of this the prior did not approve, and we had a sermon (rather a dry one) from Mgr. Smith, the learned Metropolitan of Scotland, followed by a short Gaelic discourse from the Bishop of Argyll. After the service we lunched *al fresco*, sat in the sunshine on the "grassy terrace wind-o'er-blown" sung by Aubrey de Vere,[1] or explored the old Celtic tombs and monuments. As we steamed back into Oban Bay at sunset, the pilgrims joined in singing "Faith of our Fathers," which sounded over the quiet waters with fine effect.

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[1] In his sonnet *The Island of Iona*, published 1895.

During the remainder of his stay our distinguished visitor was much immersed in correspondence, and we saw little of him. On 4 July, just as we had assembled for recreation after supper, his most Reverend Excellency walked in, bowed to the prior, and said, "Allow me to offer you my felicitations as first abbot of Fort Augustus!" He had received the Brief from Rome by that day's post. The abbot was installed in office next morning, and ten days later received the solemn abbatial benediction from the Papal Visitor, in the presence of various dignitaries, including his old superior the Arch-abbot of Beuron.[1] Our fifty or sixty guests, the boys of our school (young Lovat read, very well, a congratulatory address), our congregation, and the inhabitants generally of Fort Augustus, all participated in the day's jubilation. Monsignor Persico left next morning, promising to give Pope Leo XIII a good account of us all.

The abbot's appointment being for life, we settled down after this to the regular routine of our monastic duties, with a certain sense of stability which had before been wanting.

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[1] Our abbot, born on the borders of Lake Constance, had been brought up from early boyhood at Beuron, and under the learned and pious Arch-abbot, now present at his enthroning. As I wrote in his Installation Ode:—

From where the dusky Danube
  The walls of Beuron laves,
And 'mid the pine-clad mountains
  Rolls down her azure waves:
From fatherland and people,
  The summoning voice of Rome
Hath bid thee find in Scotland
  A new monastic home.

In the higher reaches of the river, among the hills and verdant meadows of Hohenzollern, it is the veritable "beautiful blue Danube" which gave a title to Strauss's immortal lilt.

Among our new activities was the care of the extensive parish which the bishop had just annexed to our abbey, on the retirement of the old Highland parish priest. The district which we had to serve was a very scattered one, stretching from Glenmoriston in the north-east to Glengarry in the south-west. We had chapels in both these glens, but the bulk of the parishioners, of course, attended our church at Fort Augustus. The old chapel in the village was transformed into a convent—first of Sisters of Mercy, and then (some years later) of Benedictine nuns. The latter gave the old Gaelic name of Kilcumein to their priory, which was ultimately erected into an abbey, the first abbess being Dame Edith Scholastica Weld, a daughter of Sir Frederick Weld, one of whose sons was a member of our community.

The school broke up at midsummer, 1888, after a successful year both at work and play. The standard of studies had been perceptibly raised, and our cricket team had been victorious in eleven out of thirteen matches. After our own prize-day, on which the school operatic troupe gave a very successful representation of *The Mikado*, I went to the breaking-up day at the Inverness College, with which we were always on good terms. The "Episcopalian" Bishop of Moray presided. A funny incident at the close of the proceedings was the head master rising and remarking, in the nervous, hesitating way he had, that they ought to sing "God save the Queen," but as they had forgotten to bring the piano on to the platform, he would merely, with leave of the assembly, *say*, "God save the Queen," which he accordingly did. The bishop, however, thought they might sing it unaccompanied, and volunteered to lead off; but he started on so high a note that at "Send her victorious" the loyal anthem broke down ignominiously. This summer term was my last (for a time) as head of our school. The abbot made me master of the young professed monks ("scholastics," we called them now), and appointed as head master a learned monk from Erdington, Dom Wilfrid Wallace.

My life was now a more claustral one than before, but not less interesting; for the supervision of my little monastic flock gave me plenty of occupation. One of them was a young Frenchman, who said he could manufacture a liqueur as good as Chartreuse if he were allowed the chance. He was supplied with materials, out of which he evolved a greenish viscous liquid which we christened "Fort Augustine," and I sent a couple of bottles of it as a New Year's present to my father. He had a cover-shooting party at Blairquhan when my gift arrived, and took a bottle of the liqueur out to luncheon in the woods. Politeness required his guests to accept the proffered glass; but to tell the truth the stuff was uncommonly nasty, and I doubt if the second bottle was ever opened. We found there was no demand for Fort Augustine, and Brother Henri's dream of rivalling the Carthusian factory was unrealised.

My absences from home during this period were generally occasioned by invitations to preach here and there; and I remember one of these occasions—a charity sermon at Ayr—very well, because my father drove in from Blairquhan to hear me, and was so pleased as to stay for the evening service as well. Later my mother and sister were present when I preached to a great congregation at the Franciscan church in Glasgow, on behalf of the admirable work of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, of which I had seen a good deal in London when Lord Ripon was its president and my friend George Lane Fox an indefatigable member. Once I went to Greenwich, to preach at the beautiful church of the "Star of the Sea," at the instance of Sir Stuart Knill, a staunch friend of the Benedictine Order and of our house. He became in 1892 the first Catholic Lord Mayor of London since the Reformation. He paid us a long visit one summer, and his civic virtues, combined with his ardent piety, always reminded me of the saintly Thomas More. Quite one of the most interesting occasions of this kind was a visit to Morar, in Western Inverness-shire, in May, 1889, to preach at the opening of the pretty church erected by Lady Lovat in memory of her husband. It was an eight hours' drive in those pre-railway days from Fort William to Morar, and every yard of it beautiful. I stayed in the Lovats' charmingly-situated shooting-lodge; and it was a pretty sight on the morning of our *festa* to see from our windows the white-sailed boats scudding across the loch, bringing our faithful congregation. Many of these good Catholic Highlanders came, I heard, more than twenty miles on foot to be present at the ceremony. Probably not more than half of them understood a word I said (they had a Gaelic sermon as well from the bishop), but they were wonderfully attentive and devout.

One of our domestic interests in 1889 was the installation of electric light in the abbey—a novelty in those days which aroused great local interest. I remember the excitement caused by the arrival of the great boiler, and the dragging of it by six horses along heavy roads from the canal locks; the whole village following with alarums and excursions, and Father Adrian (who was in charge) running before the boiler like David before the ark. The new light was inaugurated on St. Leo's day in that year, and proved a great boon during our long northern winter, with only seven hours of daylight out of the twenty-four.

In this same spring we were all interested in the Parliamentary sanction, after much delay and opposition, of the West Highland Railway as far as Fort William. Its extension to the West coast was vehemently opposed, to the extent of pitchforks, by an obstinate old cousin of mine, Emeritus-Professor Blackburn, who had bought a property near Morar, and gone there to end his days "far from the madding crowd". A projected railway, however, as every one knows, *expellas furca tamen, usque recurrat;* and this extension was ultimately sanctioned, as well as a branch to Fort Augustus which was opened in 1902.

I paid a visit this year to Ballechin, the old home of the

Steuarts in Strathtay, which Lord Bute rented some time afterwards in one of his spook-hunting enterprises, and described in a volume called *The Alleged Haunting of B—— House.* I arrived there in very hard frost, and the schoolboy son of the house (he and his brother were pupils at Fort Augustus), who showed me my room, said casually, " This is the haunted room, you know, father; so stick some holy medals about". Before we retired my host told me, if I heard sounds like pistol-shots in the small hours, not to be alarmed; it would be merely the shrinking of the oak panelling due to the frost and the intensifying cold. I did hear two sharp reports soon after midnight, but said nothing about them, and was asked no questions.

I was engaged in some literary work in Edinburgh about this time, and saw a good deal of Lord Ralph and Lady Anne Kerr at Woodburn, their pretty home on the Esk, near Dalkeith. We spent a day at Newbattle, the old seat of the Kerrs close by, and chose a site for the priory which Lord Ralph said he hoped might some day be founded there in compensation for the depredations of his ancestors.[1] The house of Newbattle is raised on the very foundations of the old Cistercian monastery; and a vaulted chamber in the basement had been fitted up by Lady Lothian as an "Episcopalian" chapel, with a lamp hanging before a picture by Botticelli. "Is the lamp ever lighted?" we asked the housekeeper. "Only when her ladyship is at home," was her reply. It was a predecessor of this good dame who, Lord Ralph told me, entered, in a pencilled catalogue of the pictures which she made for her own use, this description of the portrait of an old Spanish friar telling his beads: "Elderly gentleman shelling peas!" A Paolo Veronese, depicting St. Paul before Festus, she was said to have designated to visitors, in some confusion of the artist with his subject: "St. Paul very uneasy before his judges". But this sounds a little too good to be true.

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[1] Mark Kerr, last Abbot of Newbattle, turned Protestant and married, continuing to hold the abbey lands as *commendator;* his son got them erected into a barony in 1591, and was made Earl of Lothian in 1606. Lord Ralph, his lineal descendant, became heir-presumptive to the marquisate of Lothian on the death of his brother the ninth marquis.

We were all looking forward at this period to making a start with the building of our abbey church; and as I was to be in charge of the work, I had much business with our clever but rather intractable architect, Peter Paul Pugin.[1] On these visits to London I was often the guest of the kind Oratorian fathers in South Kensington; and in one's quiet room there, looking on the garden with its leafy avenues, it was like living in the country. I remember singing mass in the great church on some festival, and enjoying by way of change the florid Italian music (Cherubini or Pergolesi), so different from our austere Gregorians. I retain pleasing memories of their great patronal *festa* each recurring May, at which I had the privilege of assisting for many years; the church hung, in true Roman fashion, with crimson silk brocade, and decorated with orchids, lilies, and masses of yellow roses; the immense and devout congregations at every service; the music—Haydn's Imperial or Beethoven's Mass in C, with the adjunct of a full string orchestra (till bands in churches were prohibited by Pius X)—faultlessly rendered by the famous choir; the sermon by some noted preacher, secular or regular; and then the gathering for luncheon, where one was sure to meet all one's Catholic friends in the cool spacious refectory, hung round with portraits of famous Oratorians. I knew many successive Superiors of the Oratory, and received kindness from them all; Stanton, who had been a disciple and companion of Newman in far-back days at Littlemore; Bowden, a quondam captain of Scots Guards, in which he served with my uncle, afterwards a convert; and Antrobus, brother of the owner of Stonehenge, an ex-diplomat who retained always the suave and charming manner which had distinguished him as a secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg in the 'sixties. A great lover of books and a munificent benefactor of the beautiful library of the Oratory, Father Antrobus was our benefactor too; for through his aid and influence we obtained a Government grant of the long and valuable series of Rolls publications indispensable for historic work.

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[1] P. P. P. inherited all the obstinacy, but not all the genius, of his distinguished and eccentric father.

The work on our new church was begun towards the end of 1889, and was so far advanced in the following summer that we were able to lay the foundation-stone, with the usual solemn ceremonies, on 24 September. We had for the occasion one of our big gatherings of invited guests, whose numbers always so far exceeded the accommodation of our guest-house that it was a case of "general post" for the community, who gave up their rooms to the visitors and bivouacked where they could. However, nobody ever grumbled at these inconveniences; and the day passed off well, in spite of very unfavourable weather. Few of us, probably, as we passed in solemn procession round the rising walls of massive granite, dreamed that twenty-seven long years would elapse before we were able to take possession of our new monastic choir.

Three months previous to this interesting ceremony, I had the experience, equally interesting, of a visit in company with our abbot to the head-quarters of the Beuron congregation in southern Germany. We travelled without a stop to Strasburg (scene of my arrest fourteen years previously!) and thence by a quaint dawdling in-and-out railway, always southward, till we alighted somewhere near the frontiers of Hohenzollern, Baden, and Wurtemberg. We drove hence some fifteen miles to Beuron, most picturesquely situated in a deep gorge among precipitous limestone rocks and dense woods. The approach was by a quaint old bridge over the infant Danube, here really, as I have already said, the "schöne blaue Donau". The community was much the most numerous I had yet seen—more than a hundred monks in residence,

BEURON ABBEY

including the abbots assembled for the General Chapter of the Congregation. While the fathers sat in council I explored the delightful country, visiting the imposing ruins of Wildenstein, towering above the pine woods, and one day taking a long walk to a famous pilgrimage church and various other places of interest. I was delighted with the good country people, whose simplicity, friendliness, and piety were wonderfully striking, and who seemed to me to possess in a high degree the untranslateable quality of *gemüthlichkeit*[1], which is exactly what all Prussians lack.

In the middle of the sittings of the Chapter came a bolt from the blue, in the shape of an intimation that the Prussian Minister of Worship, Herr von Goessler, was coming to pay an official visit to the abbey—the first since the monks had returned from exile. I remember a discussion at recreation about the public reading in the refectory (of course his Excellency would have to be asked to dinner). What book was being read? a translation of Kenelm Digby's *Mores Catholici.* That would never do: it was all about the middle ages, and would seem like a reflection on modern Prussianism. Rohrbacher's interminable *History of the Church*, which begins with the Creation, was suggested. "Yes," agreed the arch-abbot, "and some chapter near the beginning." Others invited were the President of the Province, the General commanding at Sigmaringen, and so on: they dined, of coure, at the abbot's table, with extra dishes and good Rhine wines. We monks soon finished our simple repast, and sat for a long time listening to a detailed description by the erudite but long-winded Rohrbacher of the structure of the cuttle-fish. We took coffee afterwards in the studio, where the Minister, who had said that the reading at dinner was extremely interesting, was shown the paintings and cartoons of the Beuronese artists. I heard him say to our abbot, who was presented to him, "I understand, Herr

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[1] I suppose "geniality," or "cordiality," is the nearest English equivalent.

Abt, that you preside over a large monastery in the north of Scotland". "Ja, Excellenz, ich habe die Ehre (yes, I have that honour)," replied Abbot Leo rather curtly. "Ah," said the Minister, "what a fine opportunity of instructing those foreigners (Ausländer) in the spirit of our 'echte Deutsche Kultur' (genuine German civilisation)." But our abbot was a naturalised Briton, and had neither love nor respect for the Prussians or their methods. "Excellency," he said, slightly raising his voice, "I assure you that I find the Scottish people quite as civilised as the Prussians, and in some respects much more so." The Minister turned round abruptly, with a military click of his heels, and fixed his pince-nez on a picture of one of St Benedict's miracles. However, I do not think he bore malice; for before leaving he visited the village school, and congratulated the children and their teachers on living in such a veritable "Kultur-centrum" as Beuron.

The closing days of our visit to Beuron were saddened by the death of the good arch-abbot, which occurred on 8 July, after a very short illness. The last scene was very touching. The abbot died, as he would have wished, surrounded by his brethren gathered together from the remotest houses of the congregation he had founded. Twice nominated for archiepiscopal sees, he had been, happily for his community, permitted to remain in his beloved monastery. Renowned as a writer, a theologian, and an orator, his name will live in the annals of our Order not only as one of the restorers of the Benedictine life and spirit in the nineteenth century, but as himself a true son of St. Benedict, a faithful, humble, and fervent monk, and a wise and loving superior. His body was laid in a massive oak coffin by desire of Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern,[1] the great benefactress of the abbey, who had had it made for herself and kept it for some years in her drawing-room. The funeral, which we postponed our departure to attend, was wonderfully impressive, the feature which touched me most being the unrestrained emotion of the poor people of the district, who wept all through the long service for the loss of their good friend and father.

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[1] This devout lady, a member of the Royal and Catholic house of Hohenzollern (of which the Prussian reigning family was a junior branch) had been instrumental in obtaining for the Benedictines possession of the abandoned Abbey of Beuron in 1862. When the monastery was suppressed in 1875 under

the "May Laws," the Princess claimed, and exercised, the right of appointing as her private chaplains a certain number of the monks, who consequently remained and said the office in the church *januis clausis*, just as the monks of Crossraguel (*ante*, p. 110) had done at the close of the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER XIV.

1890-1894.

Abbot Leo and I left Beuron on the day following the arch-abbot's funeral, and travelled direct to Ober-Ammergau, where we saw the Passion Play, and I was glad to be able to compare my impressions as a priest and a monk with those of a Protestant schoolboy (or little more) of twenty years before. The Judas and St. John I thought distinctly inferior to those of 1871; all the others as good or better (though the Christus, Josef Meyer, had grown rather old for the part),[1] and the scenery, appointments, etc., much improved. Nevertheless I was not on the whole so impressed or moved as I had been before. One knows the inevitable disappointment of looking for the first time at an illustrated edition of a story one knows and loves. However good the pictures, they conflict with those one has long had in the mind of the scenes and people depicted, and the result is the feeling of vague discomfort one knows so well. So I think it is with the Ammergau play, touching and beautiful as much of it is. I cannot help thinking (and my companion, I may say, agreed with me in this) that it perhaps appeals most to people like the unsophisticated peasantry of the country round (there was no mistake about that appeal), and also to those of the spectators—Protestants, perhaps, or nothing—who have never in their lives made a meditation on the Passion, and to whom the vividness of the simply-acted drama comes as a kind of revelation. But to the religious, who has made these things for years the subject of his daily meditation, and has his own pictures of them all already stamped on heart and imagination, the appeal of these rustic actors is not and cannot be the same. Edified and touched, however, he is sure to be, even if there may be some things which jar on his sensibilities; and certainly I was very glad to be at Ammergau again, and in congenial company. We could find no rooms, by the way, in the crowded village, so lodged at Unter-Ammergau, a couple of miles away, in the clean cottage of a head worker in the Bavarian forests.

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[1] He had acted it in 1870 and 1880, and was, I suppose over fifty now. The poor fellow had a sad accident in 1896, getting his leg crushed by the fall of a tree.

We left Ober-Ammergau with the crowd on the evening of the play; and after a night at Munich, saying mass there at our beautiful Benedictine basilica of St. Boniface, went on to Prague, and stayed a few days at our fine fourteenth-century abbey. The church and cloisters had recently been lavishly decorated by the monastic artists, with very good effect. A visit to the splendid new convent of Benedictine nuns, on the further side of the Moldau, was of much interest to Abbot Leo, in view of the foundation he was making at Fort Augustus. On our way home from Prague we spent a day in Cologne, and went all over the cathedral, completed ten years previously: I thought it impressive chiefly from its great size, for the architecture is in some respects grievously disappointing. On our return to England I stayed at Norwich for a day or two with my younger sister and her husband, whose regiment, the 20th Hussars, was quartered there. They had a house adjoining the cloisters of the cathedral; and cavalrymen were clanking about the venerable precincts all day; I was pleased to find that my sister's garden was actually the old refectory of the monks, with the walls and ancient pulpit still standing. The humble "Catholic chapel" of Norwich, once served by Alban Butler, with its concealed entrance speaking of old persecuting days, interested me as much as the splendid new church then in course of erection by the Duke of Norfolk on the site of the former prison. I called also at the palace, to see Sidney Pelham, a famous slow bowler in our Oxford days, and a good friend to me when I was a foolish freshman. He was an archdeacon now, son of a former bishop, and showed me the fine old house, some of it eleventh-century Norman work, though the great hall, and I think also the chapel, had been demolished by the Puritans. On my way back to Fort Augustus I visited my parents at Milton, a very pretty place lately built by my father near Blairquhan, which was now let. The tenants chanced to be Catholics; and I had the happiness, at their invitation, of saying mass at my old home, in what used to be my dear mother's sitting-room.[1]

I found on my return to Fort Augustus the community greatly interested, although not of course directly concerned, in the news just received of the expected issue of Papal letters, effecting the long-anticipated changes in the organisation of the English Benedictines. The Rescript, which was published on 12 November, 1890, abolished the "provincials," placed the missions under the jurisdiction of the priors of the several monasteries, ordered that every monk on the mission should return to his cloister for a month every year, and directed that new constitutions embodying these decrees should be drawn up within twelve months.

I had the satisfaction before the end of this year of completing the fourth and last volume of my *History of Scottish Catholicism.* It was kindly received, though the "irresponsible reviewers" failed without exception to notice the really valuable feature of the book—the collection of unpublished reports to Propaganda on the state of religion in Scotland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I was glad to get it off my hands, for I had plenty of other work to occupy me in our increasing community, which now numbered nearly fifty. I paid visits this winter to two places both new to me: one to Kelburn, the Glasgows' extraordinarily picturesque old castle on the Firth of Clyde, which my brother-in-law had acquired not long before succeeding to the title. I admired the skill with which the electric lighting—no easy task in view of the intricate passages, winding stone staircases, and immensely thick walls—had been done by a clever cousin of ours,[1] who had generated electricity from Niagara Falls, and done some other big jobs of the kind. I thought Kelburn beautiful even in mid-winter, with its noble view over the green Isles of Cumbrae and the serrated peaks of Arran, and its "pleasance," planted with rare shrubs, sloping almost to the sea.

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[1] The year in which I am writing (1919) is the centenary of the building of Blairquhan by my grandfather. The mass I said there in 1890 was the only one, I suppose, celebrated within its walls in the course of those hundred years.

I went from Kelburn to see Lord Bute, who had been corresponding with me about a series of historic-ecclesiastical stained-glass windows, which it was proposed to place in the old Cluniac abbey-church of Paisley. He was then in residence at Falkland, his place near the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, of which, by his purchase of the estate three years before, he had become hereditary keeper (as he already was of Rothesay Castle), with *carte blanche* to do what he liked in restoring and embellishing it. He expended a large sum annually (it was said the entire income of the property) in the restoration of the buildings, including the interesting chapel-royal, the windows of which were filled with heraldic stained glass. Lord Bute had a passion for the excavation and exploration of ancient buildings; and I think some of his happiest hours were spent standing by, wrapped in his long cloak and smoking innumerable cigarettes, while a band of workmen, directed by one of his many architects, dug out the foundations of a mediæval lady-chapel or broke through a nineteenth-century wall in search of a thirteenth-century doorway.

On leaving Falkland I joined our abbot at the old border town of Jedburgh, where Lord Ralph Kerr was anxious that we should make a foundation from Fort Augustus, his idea being that the remains of the grand abbey there, which were the absolute property of the Lothian family, might ultimately come into our possession. We should, of course, have ministered meanwhile to the scattered Catholics of the surrounding district, of whom many were quite out of the reach of church or priest. The Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh was quite favourable to the scheme; but the opposition of his cathedral chapter, who had a say in the matter, prevented Lord Ralph's pious wishes from being realised.

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[1] George Forbes, F.R.S., an electric engineer, and sometime Professor of Natural Philosophy at Anderson's College, Glasgow.

A sorrow to us all early in 1891, and a felt loss to our community, was the death, at only forty-three, of our sub-prior, Dom Elphege Cody, a man of many gifts, who had endeared himself much to the few to whom he gave his confidence. He had laboured long and unweariedly for our house in Rome, presenting our case in the complicated financial questions at issue with a lucidity and acumen which were highly appreciated by the Roman jurists. The trying climate of Rome suited him very ill, and I doubt not that his life was shortened by his protracted labours there. I felt his death much; for we had had many intellectual sympathies, and the loss of his companionship and help, especially in literary matters, was a very real one to me.

The Glasgows came to see me this summer in their yacht *Mizpah:* they attended some of the church services, and my brother-in-law dined with us in the refectory, at the abbot's table, was impressed by our long chanted grace, and said afterwards it was an "interesting experience". They gave some of our boys a sail up the loch after dinner, and had altogether quite a pleasant time. This was my last sight of them for several years; for a few months later Lord Glasgow was appointed Governor of New Zealand. The whole family (five sons and three daughters), with one of my brothers as aide-de-camp, accompanied them to the Antipodes, with a posse of tutors, governesses, secretaries, and servants; so it was a great exodus, and of course an event of much interest to the family generally. They had an extraordinarily happy time there, and made many friends in the Dominion, one or two of whom I used not infrequently to find staying at Kelburn on my subsequent visits there after they returned home. My brother brought back a bride from New Zealand, which gave us all, of course, another connection with that remote country.

The chief event at home at this period was, I think, the inauguration of the convent of Benedictine nuns at Fort Augustus, in which our abbot took a great deal of interest. The eight sisters were at first installed in a private house in the village, with a temporary chapel in the cellar and other inconveniences; but they finally took up their residence in the substantially-built house and chapel formerly occupied by the parish priest, whose duties we had now taken over. It was about a mile from the abbey, and our fathers not only acted as chaplains to the new community, but also gave them conferences and instructions at stated times, so that a certain amount of intercourse was at once established between the two houses. The nuns were strictly "enclosed," and never left their convent precincts; but they were readily accessible when their help or counsel were sought, and in this and other ways were an element of much good in the place. Their numbers were reinforced, a little later on, by the accession of the members of a small community formerly settled in the Isle of Thanet. As true daughters of St. Benedict, the nuns from the first made the careful performance of divine service and the chanting of the Office their primary care; and the choral service in their humble chapel attracted many visitors.

One of our first cares, on assuming the charge of our extensive parish, was to provide some better accommodation for the considerable portion of our scattered flock inhabiting the historic and romantic valley of Glengarry than the tiny wooden chapel, which our good friend Mrs. Ellice had erected some years before for the Catholic congregation. The chapel was much enlarged and beautified, and presents from kind friends adorned the new interior. Lord Ralph Kerr gave a beautiful altar-piece; and the vestments were presented by my kind old friend and cousin Lady Simeon,[1] who had paid me a visit with her pretty daughter at Fort Augustus in the previous summer. The little festival with which the opening of the new sanctuary was celebrated was rendered touching, as these Highland Catholic celebrations always were, by the devotion and joy of the faithful people, many of whom walked long distances to attend the opening ceremonies. There were, as usual on such occasions, two sermons, one from our abbot and the other (in Gaelic) from the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, himself a scion of a famous old West Highland house, the Macdonalds of Glenalladale. Our monks, of course, supplied the music, and the happy day closed with a pleasant reunion of the whole company, for whom Mrs. Ellice, with her customary kindness, provided entertainment.

I had the pleasure this summer of paying a visit to Oxford —my first, I think, since taking my Master's degree—as the guest of my friend Grissell at his well-known house overlooking the deer-park and aged elm-trees of Magdalen. Priests were always welcome there, especially convert priests; and we looked on it as a real privilege to say mass in his beautiful oratory, filled with treasures of piety and devotion, which was like a fragment of Papal Rome transported into the High Street of Oxford. It was always a joy to him to serve at the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in his own chapel; and he continued to do so with a devout persistence, even when enfeebled health made the exertion almost imprudent. Grissell had made his home at Oxford ever since he came up from Harrow in 1859—a life, one would think, not without its melancholy side; for to spend one's days from youth to middle age in a university city, and see the generations passing away (as they do at a place like Oxford) with incredible swiftness year after year, must have something saddening about it;

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[1] Sister of Lord Colville of Culross, and widow of Sir John Simeon, Bt., M.P. for the Isle of Wight. Lady Simeon became a Catholic in 1861, some years after her husband.

something like sitting at an interminable lantern-lecture, and watching the long procession of shadowy figures vanish from the screen one by one. However, although our friend's home was in the Oxford which he loved, half his heart was in Rome, which he loved fully as much; and he seemed to divide his year happily enough between England and Italy. And it was at any rate very pleasant for his old friends to feel that they were sure of a cordial welcome under his hospitable roof at the corner of Long Wall Street.

Lovat was at this time in residence at Oxford as an undergraduate; and it was a pleasure to me to find him not only installed at my old college, Magdalen, but in the same rooms which I had occupied some eighteen years before. I think he enjoyed his undergraduate days, as indeed with his natural sociability and love of sport he was sure to do. His youngest brother followed him to Magdalen a year or two later; and two of his friends and contemporaries at the college afterwards married his two sisters, one of their sons also becoming in due course a Magdalen undergraduate. It is a source of pleasurable interest to me, after a quarter of a century, to recall what a considerable factor my original recommendation of my own college became in the Lovat family history. Lovat's own university course was now nearly over, as he left Magdalen in order to enter the Life Guards. Meanwhile the important event of his majority was impending; and it was celebrated at Beaufort in November, 1892, with rejoicings befitting the occasion, and with all the added picturesqueness which Highland surroundings always give to such festivities. The house party of forty included not only a considerable family contingent, but also a gathering of the clans—Camerons of Lochiel, Murrays of Atholl and Mansfield, Macdonalds of the Isles, Frasers of Saltoun and others, as well as several of Lovat's undergraduate friends. One of the many functions was the presentation of an address by the Fraser Clan, who mustered in force in the great gallery, all wearing the sprig of yew, the Fraser badge, in their bonnets. I was diverted to observe that Lord Saltoun, the head of the Aberdeenshire branch of the family, which was not supposed to acknowledge the chiefship of Lord Lovat, took no part in this ceremony, but looked moodily on with folded arms from the pipers' gallery, while Lovat received and replied to the address of his clansmen. The protest, however, was only a formal one, and private relations continued cordial!

A material development in the affairs of our abbey soon after this was our purchase of the neighbouring estate of Ardachie, which made us considerable land-owners. The idea was to let the house and shootings, and sustain our growing community on the produce of the farm; but, as usual in matters connected with land, there was no great certainty about these plans and prospects turning out permanently successful or satisfactory. However, having secured the property at what was considered a bargain price (there were no competitors for its purchase), all we had to do, of course, was, as Mr. Pott recommended Mr. Winkle to do, to "make the most of it". We retained the farm in our hands until the profits, for one reason or another, diminished almost to vanishing point, and then let it (as it might have been wiser to do at first) for a term of years. For the house and shootings we generally—not always—succeeded in finding tenants, sometimes satisfactory, sometimes less so; the least satisfactory of all being "personal friends" of the abbey who took the place from time to time, and made their personal friendship an excuse for procrastination in the matter of paying their rent.

In common with the rest of the Benedictine Order, we were much interested this year (1893) in the rumours of the impending appointment by Leo XIII of a General of the Benedictines—a very new departure indeed in the history of our venerable Order. No one, of course, disputed the supreme right of the Pope—*Abbas abbatum*—to make what changes he pleased in the constitution of a body which owed its whole authority ultimately to himself; and his legislative ideas were known to tend in the direction of centralisation in all departments of the Church. But the autonomy, or practical autonomy,[1] of our monasteries had been accepted for so many centuries as a fundamental principle of Benedictine life, and had been so universally regarded both within and without the Order, as the chief cause of its world-wide expansion and its marvellous adaptability to the most varying conditions in every part of Christendom, that the idea of concentrating its government under a single head was in many quarters simply inconceivable. Such establishments as the great Austrian monasteries, with their unbroken history stretching back for centuries, and their long traditions of independence of all external authority save only that of the Holy See, could not of course contemplate without dismay a change which they could only look on as revolutionary. Elsewhere the feeling was not less acute; and, as usual at such times of crisis, pamphlets, articles, leaflets, and letters, written in many tongues, and embodying protests and remonstrances couched in language of varying strength, were soon flying about Europe, and America too, as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and affording very entertaining and interesting reading. Presently it began to be rumoured that the mind of the Holy See was the appointment not of a General, with the widely-extended powers and prerogatives commonly attributed to such an official, but only a *quasi*-general—quite a different thing. There was, in fact, much virtue in the qualifying word *quasi*, as was evident when the appointment was actually made on 12 July, 1893. The Apostolic Letters *Summum semper*, issued on that date, did not in fact appoint a general at all, but an abbot-primate, to be elected every twelve years by the abbots of the Order. The first primate was, however, nominated for life by the Pope himself, in the person of our old friend Dom Hildebrand de Hemptinne, who was now Abbot of Maredsous, and who for some years doubled that part (not a very convenient arrangement) with that of abbot of the newly-founded international monastery in Rome, Sant' Anselmo, of which he was the architect as well as the first superior. The Papal letters ended with a statement that the powers, functions, and rights of the primate, and his exact relation with the Order, would be defined in detail at some future date. Meanwhile his duties seemed to be of a purely visitatorial kind, with the additional charge of transacting such business of the Order as was sent to Rome for settlement. On 9 November the new primate addressed to all the monasteries in Christendom a Latin circular letter of extraordinary length (it occupied no less than forty-four pages of the Maredsous *Revue Benedictine*) but no very great definiteness. It seemed, in fact (if one may say so without disrespect), to be merely a kind of letting off steam, or, as the document itself more classically expressed it, " aliquid ex intimis animi sensibus depromendi ".

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[1] The Lateran Council of 1215 had ordered the union of the monasteries of each ecclesiastical province into a "Congregation," with powers to make laws binding all the houses forming the Congregation, and to elect as president for three years an abbot of their own body. But the powers of these presidents were strictly limited, and in no way interfered with the essential self-governance of the constituent abbeys.

The date last mentioned, 9 November, was also that of the close of the year of office as Lord Mayor of London of our excellent friend, Sir Stuart Knill. I recall a pleasant luncheon-party in the preceding summer with him and the kind Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House. There was a large party in the Long Parlour (I think called also Wilkes's Room), with its mirrored walls and massive coffered ceiling —the sheriffs and others *en grande tenue*, for it was a festival-day (I think the " Sons of the Clergy "), and all except my Catholic host and hostess were bound for a State service at St. Paul's. I sat next one of the sheriffs, who was subsequently Lord Mayor, and managed to earn the distinction, unique, I believe, in civic annals, of a vote of censure instead of thanks at the end of his year of office. After luncheon Lady Knill showed me over the house, which I thought very handsome, and so solidly built, she told me, that though in the very centre of the world's busiest traffic it is as quiet a residence as any country house.

After our school exhibition-day this summer, which wound up with a really admirable performance of *The Gondoliers*, I went south to fulfil two engagements, the first being to preach the consecration-sermon at Dumfries, on the occasion of the elevation of Dean Turner to the bishopric of my native Galloway. The extreme length of the function was trying on a hot July day, but it was compensated for by the unusual excellence of the music, which surprised me. Abbot Leo accompanied me, immediately after the ceremony, for a brief visit to Dunskey, which we found in great summer beauty; but I had to hurry away to fulfil a long-standing promise to read a paper at the annual gathering of the Catholic Young Men's Societies, held this year at Carlisle. My subject, "The Nations at the feet of the Pontiff," was in connection with the silver jubilee of the Pope, which the Catholic world was celebrating this year, and the paper was well received by a large audience. I found time, in the intervals between numerous meetings and church-services, for some interesting strolls round the old city, in company with Lord Braye; and we also explored the cathedral pretty thoroughly. On my way north I spent a few pleasant days (my first visit of many since) at Corehouse, the charming place close to the Falls of Clyde belonging to Charles Edmonstoune-Cranstoun, an "old boy" of Fort Augustus. The deep umbrageous woods encircling the pretty house were an agreeable resort in the sultry weather; but what attracted me most was the delightful old library, a fine collection of books—mostly classics, law, and travels—made by the old judge, Lord Corehouse, who had built the house a generation or two previously.

It was this year, but a good deal later in the season, that on arriving at Perth early one morning from London, with a small boy whom I was taking to our school, we found the

Highland line hopelessly blocked by a terrific snowstorm, in the middle of which two goods trains had run off the rails, and an engine and van which had been sent to clear the road had promptly done the same. Perth station was blocked with storm-stayed travellers, including Lovat, the Duke of Atholl, The Mackintosh ("a regular gathering of Highland *chieves*," my little pupil wrote to his mother in Surrey), also a large number of sailors, and a theatrical company bound for Inverness. After a delay of thirty hours we crawled northwards, passing the wreck of the other trains at Killiecrankie, with the two engines still lying foolishly on their backs in the snow in an old woman's cabbage-garden. All along the line as far as Blair Atholl big trees were standing in thousands, literally snapped in two—a sad sight for the poor Duke, who was in our carriage. At Kingussie, where we arrived cold and hungry, nothing was to be had but whisky and gingerbread nuts, and we did not reach Inverness till midnight. For prolonged violence, and the amount of damage done of various kinds, this was the worst storm I remember in the Highlands.

We began this year receiving at the abbey, in addition to and apart from our ordinary pupils, little boys who came to us with the definite idea of joining our community later on, if so disposed and found suitable. These *alumni*, as they were called, lived not in the school but in the monastery proper, under the care of one of the fathers, and they wore a semi-monastic habit and came to the choir for some of the choral services. This new institution—new, that is, at Fort Augustus, though established in many foreign houses of our Order—was discontinued later on; but several members of the original alumnate found a permanent home in our cloister, and ultimately became monks and priests. The Abbey School, of course, like all boarding-schools attached to Benedictine monasteries, furnished a certain number of recruits to our novitiate; but such cases are at all times comparatively rare, nor do all who don the novice's habit persevere in the difficult path of the monastic vocation. "Many are called, but few are chosen."

The sensation caused throughout Scotland at the end of this year by the famous Ardlamont murder trial is probably still remembered. I happened to be showing one of our schoolboys the "lions" of Edinburgh that day, and we passed the Parliament House as the case was going on. Noticing a carriage waiting in the corner of the square, I asked a policeman if it was the judge's. "No," he replied, "it was the prisoner Monson's, waiting to take him away after the trial. But *he* won't want no carriage, except the prison van to take him to Calton Jail." The constable voiced the general opinion as to Monson's guilt; but owing to the judge's strong summing-up in his favour, he got off with the unsatisfactory verdict of "Not proven". A curious sequel was an action afterwards brought by Monson against Madame Tussaud's for putting him (in wax) into the Chamber of Horrors. The defence, I think, was that he had not been acquitted by the Scottish jury, and that in any case he had not been exhibited in the actual Chamber of Horrors, but only in the ante-room to it, in such highly respectable company as the Emperor Napoleon and his relics.

I heard on Christmas Day with much interest, though with no idea then that I was destined to have a personal share in the work, that the Arch-abbot of Beuron had promised, in response to an urgent appeal from the Benedictines of Brazil, to send out a colony of monks to help in the restoration of our Order in that remote country. On 27 December my friend Dom Gerard van Caloen, whom I had known well as Rector of the Abbey School at Maredsous, sailed from Naples on a sort of voyage of discovery, in order to make preliminary inquiries. He was to go first to Portugal for a time, for the indispensable purpose of studying the language.

A subject of much interest to us all, early in the New Year, was the suggested purchase of the great organ from the Albert Palace at Battersea, which was being dismantled and demolished. We had been concerning ourselves with possible organs long before this; and I recall a consultative visit, early in 1892, from the head of a famous firm—a quaint old gentleman with a big velvet skull-cap and views of his own about rival organ-builders! Buying a big organ, with the completion of our church, or any part of it, still in the dimmest distance, seemed rather on a par with the achievement of Canon Mozley in purchasing the timber roof of a mediæval church and then building a church under it. However, having now, to quote the immortal Pecksniff, "an opportunity that would not occur again" to acquire a really fine instrument at a tenth of its original cost, we clinched the bargain, and the big organ was ours. It took twenty-five trucks to transport it to Inverness, where its arrival caused quite a sensation, the traffic being stopped and the population standing open-mouthed, as this monstrous "kist o' whistles"[1] was borne through the streets to the special steamer in a sort of triumphal procession of carts and vans. It was stored away on arrival in our great recreation-room, and there it remained mute for three-and-twenty years, being first heard in the choir of our new church on 13 November, 1917.[2]

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[1] "With the acquisition of this fine instrument," wrote the *Daily Telegraph*, "Scotland's conversion to the 'praising of God by machinery' may be regarded as complete."

[2] A full description and specification of the organ, described by Mr. Best as rivalling the most celebrated instruments in Europe in power, sweetness, and beauty of tone, is given in Rimbault's book, *The Organ*, pp. 570 *et seq.*

CHAPTER XV.

1894-1896.

THE new West Highland Railway from Glasgow to Fortwilliam was opened in the first week of August, 1894; and I chanced to travel north by it on the very next day. I was immensely struck by the continuous beauty of the route, winding first along the shores of Loch Long and Loch Lomond, then striking to the north-west through the desolate but exquisitely coloured moor of Rannoch, and finally creeping up behind the great Ben Nevis range, and down beautiful Lochaber. I went south again a few days later, on business of our abbey which was to include a visit to the new Abbot Primate at Maredsous. I went first for a fortnight to act as chaplain to the Lane Foxes at Rotherwas, near Hereford, which Count Lubienski Bodenham had lent them for the autumn. The visit of course recalled old Belmont days; and we walked over to the Priory one day, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, who was staying at Rotherwas with his sisters, and talked Primrose politics a great deal with our host.[1] Another day we all went over to see Holme Lacy, the heiress of which had married a previous Duke of Norfolk. I stayed a day or two at Belmont after leaving Rotherwas—my first visit there since student days—and much enjoyed it. Another monastery which I visited at this time was the great Charterhouse in Sussex, in which I was interested for the sake of a pupil of ours who had lately joined the Carthusian Order. I thought the place very impressive, especially the immense cloister groined in stone, from which open the thirty-six monks' cells, or rather houses. The church too was beautiful and spacious, with its elaborately carved altar and polished inlaid floor.

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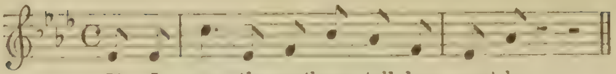
[1] Since my visit to him at Bournemouth in 1879, George Lane Fox had become a leading spirit of the Primrose League, of which he was appoint vice-chancellor in 1889.

I travelled to Maredsous by Brussels and Namur in the first days of September, and drove to the abbey by the well-known road past the majestic ruins of Montaigle, thinking much of my sojourn here eleven years before. New since my last visit was the imposing block of buildings forming the Abbey School, and also the convent of nuns half a mile distant (opened the previous year), of which the abbot's sister was prioress. The abbot primate, though overwhelmed with business, was good enough to give me a good deal of his time, and showed the greatest interest in all that concerned our Scottish abbey. I left Maredsous much impressed by his kindness, and on arriving in England paid a visit to our monastery at Ramsgate, which pleased me much, especially the church, the darling work of the elder Pugin, and in its way a gem. In it, being not only his own architect but (for once) his own paymaster as well, he had realised his ideal unhampered by the blatant ignorance and blighting parsimony which had in so many cases prevented him from doing justice to his own genius. On my homeward journey I visited Ely for the first time, and also Cambridge, where I saw and duly admired the splendid new Catholic church built at great cost by Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, formerly the famous dancer, Mlle. Duvernay.

We kept the feast of Holy Relics in October—a day of much liturgical beauty and significance, with very special solemnity this year. Pope Leo XIII had recently presented a member of our community with some notable relics from the *Ossarium Apostolicum;* and an unique collection, formerly belonging to Cardinal Testaferrata, Bishop of Sinigaglia, had come to us through his relative, Dom Peter Testaferrata-Cavendish, one of our monks. These sacred objects, borne by seven subdeacons in red dalmatics, were borne through the grounds to the church in solemn procession, which was closed by the abbot vested in precious mitre and the magnificent cope known as St. Thomas of Canterbury's, and carrying in a golden casket the remains of the virgin martyr Aurelia, brought from the catacomb of San Callisto in Rome. The relics were deposited on and near the high altar amid lights and flowers, and for the whole of the next day were left exposed to the veneration of the faithful, who visited the church in great numbers, and prayed with the simple devotion which characterised them for the intercession of the saints and martyrs whose remains were thus committed to the custody of the sons of St. Benedict. I have not filled these pages with detailed descriptions of the solemn liturgical services which occupy so large a place in the daily life of a great religious house. Catholics know well all that these things mean to us, and others probably would be little interested. Of this particular festival, however, I have chosen to say a few words, first because it was more or less unique, and secondly because it was essentially Roman and Catholic, appreciable, and indeed comprehensible, only by the faithful children of Holy Church.

A decision of some importance to our house was taken after mature consideration about this time—namely, to discontinue our school, at least temporarily. The necessarily limited number of our pupils made it difficult to carry on the work except at a financial loss which we could ill afford; and there was already ample—it was sometimes thought more than ample—accommodation for Catholic boys in the other schools of the country. The alumnate would be continued, and, it was hoped, developed: they would occupy the school premises, leaving the already over-crowded monastery for the community, now numbering nearly sixty. *Quibus omnibus perpensis*, I was charged to go south, visit some of the parents of our pupils, and, as poor Grossmith used to sing:—



that she must be prepared to make new arrangements for the education of her offspring. There were regrets on both sides; but as the expediency of the step we proposed seemed incontestable, there was no reason for delaying to carry it out. My mission took me to Windsor among other places; and I was glad to revisit Eton after a quarter of a century. A young cousin walked round with me, and I showed him my name cut on the panelling of Upper School—also Wellington's name (spelt "Wesley," not "Wellesley") and Gladstone's on the historic Wall. Afterwards we heard the Guards' band play, as in old days, to the Sunday crowd on the terrace of Windsor Castle; and then I sat in the organ-loft of St. George's with my old friend Sir Walter Parratt (as I had done in Sir George Elvey's time long before) and listened to the delightful music. The Prince of Wales, with Prince George, was at the service, looking thin and unwontedly serious; and Lady Biddulph, whom I met at tea at Lady Parratt's, said that every one at Court was remarking how "subdued" H.R.H. had been since his return from the funeral of his brother-in-law, the Czar Alexander, at St. Petersburg.

I spent a few days on my way north at Blairquhan, where I came in for an even more violent, though perhaps more local, storm than I had encountered at Perth a year previously. At 7 a.m. it had risen to a hurricane, with trees crashing down and slates flying in all directions. A tall stone Tudor chimney-stack burst through the ceiling of my brother's bedroom, falling close to the bed and all but killing both him and his wife. At daylight we found the crow-wood (converging avenues of beeches immediately above the house) almost all blown down, and the drawing-room windows all blown in. The long approach was impassable with fallen trees (a sorry spectacle), and I had to drive several miles round to reach the station. I spent Christmas this year at Beaufort Castle—the first of many happy Christmases there—in weather so mild that we had a croquet tournament on New Year's Day. At midnight mass in the pretty chapel the house party, servants, and Catholics living round about made up a considerable congregation.

An interesting publication reached us from Monte Cassino about the New Year, in the shape of a new Catalogue (the last had been issued fifteen years before) of all existing monasteries of "Black Monks" (Monachi Nigri) of our Order. Montalembert, in the introduction to his monumental work, *Les Moines d'Occident*, published some thirty years previously, had eloquently lamented the decay and practical extinction of the Benedictine Order throughout the world. There was consolation, therefore, and encouragement to learn from these statistics that the numbers of the Black Monks in 1895 were as follows: 3 cardinals, 8 bishops, 12 congregations (besides several independent abbeys such as Fort Augustus), 119 monasteries, and 4295 monks, including lay-brethren, of whom 2405 were priests.

Our abbot carried out this spring a scheme he had much at heart—the inauguration of a small village hospital on unsectarian lines under a trained nurse, with two others to visit the sick poor at their own homes. Another local event to make some stir at this time was the threatened desecration of the romantic Falls of Foyers, immortalised by Burns, by the establishment of an aluminium factory at the foot of the gorge. As the scheme entailed not only swallowing up the falls themselves in huge steel pipes, but also hacking down the beautiful beech-trees fringing the loch, and blowing away with dynamite the face of the birch-clad hill above, there was natural dismay in many quarters at the prospective devastation of one of the fairest spots in the Highlands. Some of us protested in the newspapers (the *Daily Chronicle* was the only London paper which would open the question): and I appealed for support to the National Trust for Places of

Natural Beauty, which certainly seemed the right body to take up the case; but the Devonshires and Westminsters and Roseberys and Lubbocks who were on the trust were unable or unwilling to use their influence, and nothing was done. Nature repaired, as her manner is, in the course of years some of the worst of the ravages; but the factory remained an eyesore. The absurd theory that the works would prove a benefit to the neighbourhood by giving employment, as was said, "to hundreds of natives," was disposed of by the simple fact that there were not "hundreds" of natives in the entire district, and of the small number of inhabitants not a sixth part were employed in the new factory. This may ultimately have become a financial success—I believe it did; but the chief effect locally of dumping down the works at that particular spot was to drive permanently away from one of the most charming little hotels in the north the regular visitors, whose prolonged residence was universally admitted to be of real benefit to the district.

I heard with sincere regret in the April of this year of the death of the good old Duchess (dowager) of Buccleuch, who had been so kind a friend to me in my early Catholic days. I had heard from her only a fortnight before, expressing a wish that she could see our abbey, in which she was always deeply interested. But the Highlands had come to have very sad associations for her in recent times, owing to the tragic death in 1886 of her grandson Walter, Earl of Dalkeith, who was accidentally shot whilst deer-stalking at his uncle's forest of Achnacarry; and the old Duchess never visited Achnacarry again after the sad event.

I was sent to Rothesay this Easter to take the place of an invalided priest, but was myself laid up within a week by a sharp bronchial attack. The Butes kindly asked me to pass my time of convalescence at Mountstuart; and there I spent a solitary (for the family were all absent) but happy fortnight, enjoying to the full the beauties of the "balmy spring" of which a local poet sings:—

Mountstuart woods in balmy spring,
  How beautiful they be,
With many a vista dim and green
  Far-stretching to the sea.

With hum of bee and song of bird
  Amid the budding limes,
Mountstuart woods in balmy spring,
  How bright their beauty shines!

After leaving Bute I was sent for a month to Oban, partly to recover my strength, which had been a good deal pulled down, and partly to help our kind friend the Bishop of Argyll at the pro-cathedral, where they were short-handed. Whilst there I enjoyed some pleasant excursions in the very pretty neighbourhood. I was also able to finish a little book I was writing on the late Comte de Paris, of which the Queen and the Prince of Wales were kind enough to accept copies. I preached every Sunday at the pro-cathedral, and enjoyed the daily singing of the office and high mass, due to the generosity of Lord Bute, who supported a choir of boys and men entirely at his own expense. Before returning home I paid what was, curiously enough, my first visit to St. Andrews, as the guest of my dear friend Father George Angus, the resident priest there. He knew everybody in the cheerful and interesting little city, and was the kindest of hosts, so that my stay with him, repeated yearly until his death in 1909, was a very pleasant one. My first greeting on my return to Fort Augustus was from an enormous liver-and-white St. Bernard dog lately presented to the abbey. He was said to be worth £100, and was warranted of lamb-like disposition, which he belied later by flying at one of our young lay-brothers and mauling him rather seriously about the face.[1]

One of the regular works—a very pleasant one—undertaken by our fathers in the autumn was spending week-ends at remote shooting-lodges which chanced to be tenanted by

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[1] Bruno's end was tragic. He was found one morning dead from poison—administered, it was thought, by some enemy (he had many) in the village.

Catholics, and saying mass for them on Sunday. I was sent, I think, two or three times to Achany, a lodge in the heart of Sutherland beyond Lairg, which was occupied by Catholics for several seasons. The tenants in 1895 were Cheshire people called Hartley. Mrs. Hartley warned me, as we drove up to the lodge, that her husband (a Protestant) "did not like priests," which was, I dare say, true; but when he found that I had not the slightest intention of bombarding him with the Catechism of the Council of Trent he became quite friendly, and consulted me as to the best Catholic school for his sons. I had a day's trout-fishing here on the Shin, a lovely stream with its foaming amber torrent and thickly-wooded banks—too thickly from the fisherman's point of view. In the first week of September I went to Ayrshire for the coming of age celebrations of my nephew Kelburn, whose parents were, of course, unable to be present.[1] Afterwards I spent a few pleasant days at Dunskey, which was now let to an Eton master, Stuart Donaldson, who had the Edward Lytteltons and three or four other Eton masters, staying with him. I occupied my mother's old room in which I was born, and found my host, and indeed the whole of the party, exceedingly kind and friendly. I went on to see my parents at Milton (my father's health was giving us considerable anxiety at this time), and whilst there called on Sir Donald Macfarlane, ex-M.P. for Argyleshire, and the second of the three Catholic tenants who by a curious coincidence rented Blairquhan in succession.

We had a good deal of discussion, on my return to Fort Augustus, on the important question of the education of our young monks, of whom seven or eight were at this time within a few months of their ordination. The idea of a house of studies at some university (the Holy See having recently sanctioned the attendance of Catholics at the national universities) was discussed, and St. Andrews was suggested, under the auspices of Lord Bute, who was just entering on his second term as Lord Rector there, and would certainly be favourable to the scheme. I was deputed to put the matter before him, and went accordingly to see him at Cardiff, where he was then in residence. He showed me on the morning after my arrival all over the castle, restored and added to at enormous cost by Burges some years previously. The gorgeous—perhaps too gorgeous—decorative work was all Burges's, and I thought that there was rather too much heraldry about.[1] I admired the banqueting-hall, frescoed with scenes from the mediæval history of the castle, the tiny chapel (it had been the dressing-room of my lord's father)—every inch of it richly decorated, and the beautiful library with its stained windows and bookcases of rosewood inlaid with ivory. It was the *vindemmia* (vintage-time) during my visit, and a pretty sight to see the carts coming in filled with clusters of rich purple grapes. We spent a whole afternoon in the pressing-house, picking to pieces bunches of certain choice grapes which were to be made into wine for the use of the altar. Another interesting day was spent in the inspection of the gigantic Bute Docks, and of the great copper-smelting works at Dowlais. We drove one day to Castell Coch, the "red castle," romantically situated and wonderfully restored by Burges. In the evenings we were played to by a blind harper, who gave us

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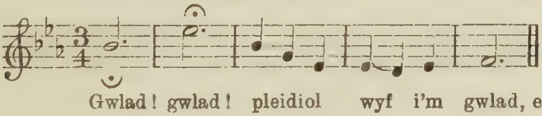
[1] Lord and Lady Glasgow were, of course, still at their post in New Zealand.



and other patriotic and national melodies. Lord Bute at Cardiff was, I noticed, less of a Scotsman than I had ever known him; and Welsh language, history, and antiquities were kept much to the front during my stay with him at his Welsh castle. However, he was greatly interested in our ideas about an affiliation to St. Andrews, and promised his influence and substantial help towards the realisation of the plan.

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[1] I observed the same thing on a subsequent visit to Dunrobin Castle. It was John Bright, I think, who, noticing on the walls of Dunrobin the numerous blank shields left for the cognisances of still unborn dukes and duchesses, asked his host if he really supposed they would ever be filled.

On my way home from Wales I "did chaplain" for a Sunday at one of the Duke of Atholl's shooting-lodges in Perthshire, where my friends the Trevors were spending the autumn. Edradour stood high, in a wild and pretty country; and as I had brought a bicycle with me (that admirable means of locomotion had only lately been sanctioned for clerics, secular and regular), we had some delightful expeditions during my stay to Dunkeld, Blair Atholl, Aberfeldy, Kenmore, and other beauty-spots.

Abbot Leo returned to Fort Augustus the day after I got back, after an absence of several months caused by illness. He found an anonymous registered letter awaiting him, containing four five-pound notes, and the pencilled words, "hears twenty pound for your monks no thanks"—an acceptable little offering, especially as our abbey chanced at this time to be rather straitened financially. I heard about this time from New Zealand that my brother-in-law, the worthy Governor, had been tossed, but fortunately not hurt, by a champion shorthorn bull whose pen he had entered at the Napier Show. The local paper sent to me stated that "Lord Glasgow speedily regained his feet, and was able to assure the surrounding spectators that he was unhurt"—a way of putting it which somehow conveyed the impression of his Excellency skipping lightly after the manner of a circus-rider, and kissing the tips of his fingers to reassure the horrified onlookers.

Immediately after Christmas I visited Lord Bute at Falkland, in order to discuss our St. Andrews scheme in further detail, and to meet the Dean of Arts of the University, who gave me useful particulars as to the requirements and the curriculum—a much more exacting one, by the way, as regarded "pass" students, than that in force at either Oxford or Cambridge. I obtained much valuable information on this matter; and I also took the opportunity whilst at Falkland of inquiring whether if we founded a priory at Whithorn (which the Bishop of Galloway had invited us to do) Lord Bute would allow us for our support the use of a farm on his property there which he had offered to the White Canons. But his acute sense of archæological propriety, or congruity, was shocked at the idea of Benedictines stepping in where regulars of another Order had been four centuries before. "My dear Father Oswald," he remarked, with his most serious air, "*you* are not Premonstratensians"[1]—which nobody could deny—so that avenue seemed closed. The two eldest boys, Dumfries and Ninian, showed me over the old palace, where much had been done in the way of fitting the interior with stained glass, carved oak doors, panelling and decoration; and the royal tennis-court at the bottom of the garden had been carefully rebuilt.[2] All the ivy on the ancient walls had been stripped off—an invariable preliminary to any restoration works undertaken by Lord Bute, and one which made artist-visitors rather gnash their teeth.

I went to St. Andrews for a few days with the Butes, and we inspected a house belonging to one of the professors, which we thought might do for our *tyrocinium*. Bute had lately acquired the Priory, a modern house adjoining the ruined cathedral, and was interesting himself very much in excavating the remains of the ancient monastery of canons-regular. We returned to Falkland in company with an artist who was painting a portrait of the lord rector in official gown and hood. The hood, by the way, was modelled from

[1] The Premonstratensians, called "Norbertines" in France from their founder St. Norbert, were generally known as "White Canons" in this country. They were established at Whithorn by Fergus Lord of Galloway in the twelfth century.

[2] Lord Bute thought that the "royal game" had last been played there in the reign of James V (1513-1542). A ball made of wood (presumably of that date) was discovered in the course of rebuilding the court.

that of my Benedictine habit, but made of purple silk lined with rose-colour—rather a trying combination to a florid complexion. Bute told me later that he was annoyed to find that the Chancellor of the University, the Duke of Argyll, who was coming to his installation-ceremony, had no official robes of any kind. He consequently fitted him out, almost at the last moment, with his own "kit" as Mayor of Cardiff, with a reef taken in so as to fit the MacCailan Mhor, whose stature was much less than that of the lord rector. I acted as chaplain at Falkland this spring at the beginning of Lent, and again for Holy Week and Easter. During the latter visit I met there Patrick Crichton Stuart, a soldier-cousin (and heir-presumptive until the birth of Bute's son), who had lately become a Catholic. His lordship showed me an interesting letter from a St. Andrews man, one of the majority who had elected him to the rectorship by a majority of forty against Lord Peel. "The 120 who won the election," he wrote, "were the resident students of the university—those who without distinction of sect or political partisanship were most touched with the spirit and traditions of the place. We feel sure that you look on this circumstance as having a value far above the mere figures of the majority." Bute was immensely gratified by this communication.

Lord Bute gave practical proof of his interest in our hoped-for foundation at St. Andrews by kindly guaranteeing the first year's rent of our house, and offering further pecuniary assistance. But I was unable personally to carry any further the negotiations and inquiries which I had been making on behalf of our abbey; for I was soon to be called to a new sphere of monastic work very far from Fort Augustus or St. Andrews. I have already mentioned that the Beuron congregation had undertaken, with the sanction and indeed at the express desire of the Pope, to send a colony of monks to Brazil, to labour for the restoration of our Order once so flourishing in that vast country. Two priests, four novices, and seven lay-brothers had sailed for Pernambuco on 1 August, 1895, under the guidance of Dom Gerard van Caloen, and had begun their work with good courage and good hope of success. Recruits were much wanted; and Dom Gerard applied to our abbot for leave for me to go out for a time and assist them in their labours. As the abbot was willing, and I was equally so, the matter was soon settled; and it was arranged that I should leave England shortly after Easter, which, as already mentioned, I spent with the Butes at Falkland. I went thence to Edinburgh to see my parents, who had been spending the winter there. The very critical state of my father's health gave an element of sadness to this final visit; but he was wonderfully cheerful and interested about my coming voyage, and told me, as I sat by his couch, long yarns of the days when he went round the world as a midshipman in William IV's Navy, and sailed into Rio Bay in the days of the first Emperor of Brazil. Whilst in Edinburgh I was taken by a lawyer friend to hear Lord Moncreiff give judgment in a case where a man had been sinking shafts for coal in the garden of a convent of Poor Clares (!) and also in a cemetery belonging to the archbishop. The judgment in both cases was decidedly and emphatically against him.

Before my departure for South America I was able to spend a week at Oxford, where I had some literary work to wind up at the Bodleian. I found Grissell, who was again my host, and others besides Catholics, a good deal interested in the prospects of the immediate opening of a university hall for Jesuit students under the mastership of Father Clarke, S.J., a former Fellow of St. John's, and an old blue into the bargain (he had rowed in the Oxford eight). So far there was no news of a Benedictine establishment of a similar kind; but the question of such a foundation was under serious consideration at our Yorkshire monastery, Ampleforth.[1] It was an interesting coincidence that this same year witnessed the first election for many generations of a resident Catholic fellow and tutor, in the person of F. F. Urquhart of Balliol. I met during these few days several interesting Oxonians—St. Cyres, lately elected to a studentship at Christ Church, and busy with his forthcoming book on Fénélon: Niall Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll, then a Christ Church undergraduate in his last year, a bright young ritualist with plenty of conversation; and a Lindsay of Magdalen, of the Crawford family, a pleasant youth of cultured tastes. My old Eton and Magdalen friend, Edgar Sebright, just back from Melbourne, where he had been on Lord Hopetoun's staff, and had met the Glasgows on their way to Wellington, was also in Oxford, as kind and chatty as of old. I dined one evening with the President of Magdalen in the hall, newly lit by rather gaudy electric pendants. All the faces in common-room were new to me, the only surviving resident fellow of my time being poor old Dr. Fisher, who was flickering out of life in his rooms in college where he had lived for more than sixty years. He died in the following May.

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[1] The Ampleforth house of studies at Oxford came into existence two years later.

I was in London for a day before starting on my voyage, and remember seeing two things which interested me. One was the lately-opened National Portrait Gallery in Trafalgar Square, of which I had much too hurried a glimpse; and the other was the choir of St. Paul's, with Richmond's mosaics representing the Creation, which had been uncovered on Easter Sunday. The rich colouring pleased me, but its brilliance was soon dimmed by the carbon of London. I stayed in Southampton for a night with an old Oxford friend, the same whom I had helped back into the Church after my own conversion,[1] and sailed next day at noon on the *Magdalena*, first for Cherbourg and then for the Bay of Biscay, which treated us kindly. I found a pleasant cousin on board, with her pretty daughter, bound for Oporto, where her husband was Consul. The entrance to Vigo, where we shipped

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[1] See *ante*, page 95. He was now local agent for the Royal Mail S.P. Co., and a pillar of the Church in Southampton.

Spanish emigrants for Argentina, reminded me of the West Highlands; but the hills were clothed not in green and purple, but with the pale yellow of a lotus-flower, which grows thickly on their sides. I did not go ashore at Lisbon, which looked very white and hot. As we steamed out past the picturesque tower of Belem, the old cathedral, and the Necessidades palace, the Angelus bells were ringing all over the city, and a delicious scent of orange-blossoms was wafted out to us from the palace gardens. Two days later we passed Teneriffe, a ghostly-looking island, with the Peak quite invisible in the thick haze. It got hotter, of course, daily; and I eschewed deck games and studied Portuguese pretty assiduously, practising it with a friendly Brazilian family on board—father and mother and seven children, Ermenilda, Leonilda, Manuel, Alcides, Juvenale, Gaston, and Mario, the last a five-year-old with long black curls, who was everybody's pet. At St. Vincent—a desolate-looking place enough, without apparently a single blade of grass on the island—we saw an Italian cruiser lying in quarantine, with 200 cases of yellow fever on board; there had been already over a hundred deaths, including the captain and eight other officers.[1] We sent them a case of champagne and a great bale of ice before leaving. I was very glad to hear that there was a chaplain on board.

I need not describe in detail the remainder of my voyage, which was all new to me and therefore enjoyable, notwithstanding the increasing heat, which was most trying as we passed Fernando Noronha, the Brazilian penal station, with its fantastic peaks. Next day we were anchored off Pernambuco, the "Venice of South America," as some imaginative people have called it. A few miles to the northward I could descry, peeping from wooded hills, the white houses and churches of Olinda,[1] which was my destination. The big liners cannot get inside the long natural reef ("o Recife") which gives the city its local name (only foreigners call it Pernambuco, which is really the name of the state); so we were rowed ashore in a boat manned by six sturdy mulattoes, and landed on a quay planted with thick-leaved trees (a kind of fig) under whose shade much business is done.[2] Presently I found myself in a suburban train, or rather steam-tram, winding along the shore through luxuriant groves of breadfruit, cocoa-nut palm, and mango, to the old cathedral city of Olinda—half an hour's leisurely drive. Stalwart negress-porters carried my luggage, balanced on their heads, up the hill between multi-coloured houses to our abbey, the "Mosteiro de São Bento," where I had a kind welcome from the community, now numbering about twenty, and including several of my old friends at Maredsous. Prior van Caloen had just left for Bahia, to attend there the General Chapter of the Order. It was a happiness to me to find myself in this far and strange land among my Benedictine brethren, who on their part were most kind in their expressions of pleasure that I had come to help them in their arduous and interesting work for souls in that immense field of labour.

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[1] I was reminded of this tragedy six months later, by reading that the Italian Minister at Rio was authorised by his Government to order 117 marble crosses to mark the graves, in Ilha Grande, of the ill-fated sailors of the *Lombardia.* The epidemic had broken out in the south, and when we saw her at St. Vincent she was hurrying into temperate latitudes (the invariable practice then, whatever it may be now), where all those already attacked would probably die, but there would be no more cases.

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[1] "O linda vista!"—"O fair sight!" cried the Portuguese discoverers of Brazil, when they at length caught sight of those palm-crowned heights across the waste of ocean. So they called their new city Olinda, and there still is the Episcopal See, though the bishop has long resided in Pernambuco.

[2] I figured in the local newspaper among the "chegados" (or newly-arrived) as "Padre Hurter Blois!"

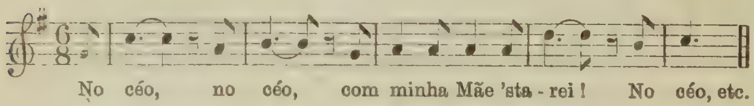
CHAPTER XVI.

1896.

OUR monastery at Olinda was the oldest house in Brazil belonging to the Benedictine Order, which from one cause and another had so far fallen from its original fervour and prosperity in that great country, that one of its own chroniclers, so far back as 1833, had not hesitated to describe it as *decadente, agonizante, e moribundo.* Some fifty monks, mostly old and infirm, then formed the entire Brazilian Congregation ; and when, twenty years later, the Imperial Government prohibited the admission of novices by all religious orders, the extinction of Benedictinism in Brazil seemed inevitable. At the fall of the Empire in 1889 about a dozen monks alone survived, including eight abbots keeping watch and ward each in his own isolated monastery. Monastic observance had, of course, ceased to exist ; and the State was understood to be only awaiting the demise of the last remaining religious, in order to step in and appropriate their derelict possessions.

It was at this crisis, just when, in consequence of the separation of Church and State which followed on the establishment of the Republic, the Church had recovered her lost freedom, the venerable Abbot-general of the Congregation appealed to the Pope for assistance, and the Beuron monks (as already mentioned) sent out a small colony to begin the work of resuscitation. The aged Abbot of Olinda consented to resign that monastery to the newcomers, himself retiring to a priory in the north ; and our fathers took possession of St. Bento, re-established monastic discipline, and resumed the long-interrupted psalmody, by a happy coincidence, on St. Joachim's Day, 1895, the name-day of the Holy Father.

When I took my place in the ranks some eight months after this happy inauguration, it was easy to see that the task before our little colony was no light one. Olinda, whither almost every religious order had sent its contingent of devoted missionaries to co-operate in the great work of conversion and civilisation, was now little more than a city of ruined sanctuaries and abandoned shrines. The old cathedral still reared its low massive towers on the summit of the hill; and the great Jesuit college, although the good fathers who founded it had long been driven from its palm-girt walls, still served as the diocesan seminary. Down below, in the middle of the town, the *matriz* or parish church, in charge of a single priest, was held sufficient to supply the spiritual needs of fifteen thousand souls. But at every turn, as one wandered up and down the steep grass-grown streets, one encountered some deserted monastery or unused church—the long-silent bells still hanging in the tottering towers, the great carved doors falling from their rusty hinges, and noisome insects weaving their webs about the dust-covered and desolate altars. Some of these abandoned sanctuaries were still used by the poor people for their own devotions, though no clergy served them. Entering one soon after my arrival, I found a group of three generations, from grandparents to babes in arms, gathered before Our Lady's altar. It was the beginning of her month of May; and these poor folk had brought their tapers and lit them before the shrine, and were singing together, in their pathetic contralto, the hymn to the Blessed Virgin with the refrain which they loved:—



The faith of their fathers was still planted deep in the hearts

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ABBATIA ✝ S ✝ BENEDICTI ✝ IN OLINDA

OLINDA ABBEY

of these poor people, but mingled with it were strange and fanciful superstitions inherited from their Indian ancestors. There was no lack of external respect for holy things, but too little practical acquaintance with the moral or religious law: the beautiful tradition of family life was lost or ignored; and, above all, the masonic propaganda had been penetrating everywhere with its insidious poison, endeavouring only too successfully to substitute its own code and standard for the divinely-guarded revelation.

Our monastery stood close to, and high above, the sea, with only a grove of cocoa-nut palms (under which clustered half a dozen mud-walled, palm-roofed, negro huts) dividing it from the beach. On the landward side, on a broad stretch of turf, as soft and green as an English lawn, stretched the long west front of the abbey, pierced by square windows with fine wrought-iron balconies, and closed on the right by the Renaissance gables, great carved doors and cupolaed towers of the church. Entering under the western gallery, containing the massive carved stalls of the choir, one faces the immense reredos, a mass of carved and gilded rosewood rising to the roof. It is of pure Louis XV style, magnificent in its way; and the twelve windows opening from choir and nave into the corridors of the monastery are richly framed in the same elaborate style. The choir-ceiling is adorned with quaint seventeenth-century paintings representing St. Benedict's death; and the great sacristy is entirely covered, walls and roof, with paintings of our holy founder's life, set in heavily gilt and moulded cornices of wood. Over the sacristy is a spacious library with carved bookcases, which contained, when we entered on possession, mouldering folios half-devoured by worms and ants, and dropping to pieces with damp. There is a large and well-proportioned refectory; and the broad double cloisters which encircle the whole building are airy and shady, and cunningly contrived to provide the maximum of ventilation and the minimum of heat and glare, in this latitude of eternal summer. The coolest and most habitable of the cells were those facing north-east, looking towards the sea and the distant headland of Cape Roque. I occupied one of these; and I still vividly recall the beauty of the prospect from it, especially on one of those still nights when the sudden tropical darkness had fallen, and the full moon was slowly rising over the Atlantic, calm as an inland lake, with only the everlasting surf breaking on the beach. To the left, the ruined convent of the Carmelites and (higher up the hill) the twin towers of the old cathedral glimmered with a ghostly radiance where the moonbeams touched them. Far to the right, beyond the mighty sweep of the bay, shone faintly the roofs and steeples of the distant city; out across the reef a great English ship, homeward bound at dawn, was straining at her anchor; and right opposite my window a single palm-tree, tall and slender, with its graceful crown of feathery fronds, stood out black and spectral against the pathway of molten silver which stretched across the ocean. Under the monastery walls, in the tangled underwood of our wild garden, crickets and grasshoppers were chirping, frogs croaking, and fireflies dancing and glancing in all directions; while over all shone the mild effulgence of the Southern Cross, its radiance dimmed by the glory of the rising moon.

It was amid these strikingly beautiful surroundings, and also, alas! amid signs of spiritual neglect and apathy not less striking, that we took up the work of our spiritual ministry. Our first care, of course, was to provide for the fitting celebration of the Divine Service, and to repair and decently adorn the abbey church, which had been for many years practically unused. The monastery had stood open day and night: the cloisters had served as a cool and spacious playground for the youth of the city; everything fragile or portable had been broken or carried off from monastery and church, down to the altar candlesticks, and even the pipes of the organ, which the old abbot from his bed (where he was imprisoned by gout) had seen borne away in triumph on the shoulders of the boys of Olinda, two only being left in their place (as one of our French monks observed) "pour conserver l'espèce". The church itself was the haunt of thousands of bats, which made their homes in the dark spaces behind the gigantic reredos, and brushed against your face in their rapid skimming flight as you passed through the choir or behind the altar.[1] It was while engaged in the Herculean task of cleaning out these dismal and unsavoury recesses, that some of our lay-brothers discovered a walled-up chamber which, when broken into, disclosed the long-hidden treasures of the church. Silver candlesticks with tall, spiral stems, and bowls and knops of finest seventeenth-century *repoussé* work: great massive chased sanctuary-lamps, also of solid silver; beautiful thuribles, the abbatial crosier, chalices, and a ciborium of solid gold[2]—these and some smaller objects, tarnished with near a century's damp and dust, were brought to light, and restored after long years to their proper use. The daily conventual mass was restored, and the daily and nightly office once more recited; the ceremonies of choir and altar were carried out with all the solemnity possible; a harmonium replaced for a time the dismantled organ; and the grave melodies of the Gregorian chant, contrasting indeed with the debased and debasing strains heard in too many Brazilian churches, were heard once more in the long silent choir.

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[1] The Brazilians dread bats, which they call the "ghosts of dead birds". Those that troubled us so much (we got rid of them finally by the native method of hanging up strong-scented herbs in the track of their flight) belonged to one of the harmless insectivorous families—probably *Vesperugo pipistrellus* or *noctula*. The dreaded Phyllostoma, however, with his leaf-like nose (ugh!), three-jointed middle finger, strong jaws, and long, sharp, canine teeth—the true vampire (*Vampyrus spectrum* or *Desmodus rufus*) was indigenous to Equatorial Brazil; and his blood-sucking propensities were painfully realised by our lay-brothers, who in consequence of the attacks of these ghoul-like visitants had to give up the habit of sleeping (for coolness) in verandahs open to the night.

[2] This gold vessel, absolutely unaffected by perhaps a century's damp, shone out with startling lustre when the *Cachet* was discovered, in contrast with the silver articles, which were tarnished literally to the blackness of coals. The old ex-abbot, who was as much astonished at the find as we were, thought that these treasures must have been hidden in the days of the Marquis de Pombal, the persecuting Prime Minister of Portugal. In that case (as Pombal fell from power in 1777) they had been concealed for fully a hundred and twenty years.

Almost at once the liturgical services began to exercise a singular attraction on the minds of our poor people. At first, during the recitation of the office, they used to press up to the entrance of the choir and stand there motionless, gazing with all their eyes, and drinking in the sounds of unaccustomed psalmody. Presently, when the first excitement had worn off, and they found the church furnished with such a novelty as chairs, they began attending the daily services in considerable numbers. Frequent instructions in the sacraments and Christian life and doctrine were given by our fathers—couched, it need hardly be said, in the simplest language, for we, speaking in a foreign tongue, were capable of no such flights of pulpit eloquence as these southern people love. Gradually, too, and in ever-increasing numbers, they were brought to frequent the sacred rites which they had so long neglected or ignored. Before the first anniversary of the beginning of the work, a few months after my arrival, we had the consolation of seeing confessionals thronged, communicants frequent and devout, attentive congregations at every public service, and a general revival of religious observance and Christian practice throughout the district to which the sphere of our labours extended.

The district in question included much more than the immediate surroundings of the Abbey of St. Bento. Among the scattered possessions of the monastery were outlying villages, for whose spiritual and material welfare the Abbot of Olinda was supposed to be responsible, but had long been quite unable to provide. Our superior's first care was to relieve, as far as he could, the absolute spiritual destitution of their inhabitants. Towards the end of each week two or three of the fathers would set out—one perhaps by railway, another on horseback, a third on foot, to spend a day or two in these little isolated centres of population to say mass, preach, baptise, marry, visit, and instruct the poor villagers, generally as well disposed as ignorant, and in all cases full of hospitable welcome to "o senhor padre". Then there were hospitals and asylums to attend, orphanages to visit, and Sundays to be spent now and then at some more distant *ingenio* or sugar-plantation, where the master was in many cases only too glad to get a priest to come and give mass and instruction to his family and numerous dependents, white and coloured. Besides all this there was, of course, the daily work within our own walls; the prosecution of theological and other studies, the instruction of novices and juniors, and the supervision and education of our little *alumni*—the last in some ways our most important internal work, for on its success seemed to depend in great measure the success of the monastic revival in Brazil. One of my duties was teaching Latin (which they acquired with singular ease, from its extraordinary affinity to their own tongue)[1] to these little boys, who were drawn almost exclusively from pious families of the neighbourhood. Later we received into the abbey, at the bishop's request, also his "little seminarists," the boys destined for the secular priesthood; and I found them all, as a rule, both intelligent and docile. The Brazilians are much addicted to classical proper names; and my little pupils included a Cicero, a Themistocles, and a Servio Tullio. My dentist's name was Numa Pompilio; and I remember once being called on to christen a baby by the name of Alcibiades. My objection that a Christian child should have a Christian name was met by the answer that his father and grandfather, "most pious, Christian, and observant people" (which I could not question, as they were both present), were also Alcibiades. Finally we compromised—it being the Feast of the Baptist—that the baby should be christened "John Baptist Alcibiades," and everybody was satisfied. The day just mentioned was kept as in all Latin countries, as a great popular festival, which was prolonged far into the night with *fogos*, *foguetes*, *fogeiras*, drums, dances, bonfires, and a general uproar, making sleep impossible.

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[1] A far closer one than to any existing language, Italian not excluded. A learned Brazilian friend gave me a copy of a poem written by himself, an "Ode to the Dawn," in eight four-line stanzas, of which every word was at once Portuguese and Latin. This, I take it, would have been a feat absolutely impossible in any tongue but that of Camoens.

A real religious *festa* of the first importance at which I was much interested in assisting was that of Corpus Christi at Pernambuco. The Governor of the State attended with a large staff, and joined in the procession, which was really magnificent. The influx of religious orders of all nations in recent years was shown by the fact that immediately in front of us (Austrian and Scottish Benedictines) walked Italian Capuchins, German Franciscans, Spanish Carmelites, and French Lazarists. We passed through the most crowded streets of the city, military bands playing the whole time, and I was pleased to note the uniform and profound respect shown by the crowds of bare-headed spectators who lined our route. The procession took three hours, and the sudden tropical night had fallen before we returned to the fine church of Boa Vista, whence we had set out. The classical façade was outlined in coloured lamps, and within was a blaze of light from great gilded chandeliers. After a long and jubilant "Te Deum," accompanied by orchestra and organ, the closing benediction, signalled by a blast of trumpets, a salute of guns and a flight of rockets, was given to the kneeling multitudes in the church and the square outside. Orchestral music, especially that of a military band, for every function. civil or ecclesiastical, festal or funereal, is the Brazilian's joy. Whatever other expense is incurred or avoided, the *tuna* (band) is indispensable. Once, in the middle of our conventual mass at Olinda (a requiem, as it happened, for a deceased resident), a brass band suddenly appeared at the bottom of the church, struck up without leave or licence, and played what was supposed to be funeral music, but certainly did not sound like it, all through the mass. Some one was having the mass said for his or her defunct relation, and had showed the additional act of respect of ordering in the *tuna* to play *ad lib.*

Prior Gerard van Caloen returned from Bahia, with the title just granted him of Abbot of Olinda, the prospect of an annual subsidy, and the cancelling of the old debts of our house, and also the grant of a priory near Bahia, with considerable property. This was satisfactory news, and gladdened the little festival which was organised to welcome and congratulate him. Our small community was cosmopolitan and polyglot, including French, Belgian, German, Dutch, Italian, English (only myself), and Portuguese monks. Everybody spoke two or three languages, but no one knew them all; so we aired them all in turn till Portuguese became the general medium. So at this little entertainment there were songs and recitations in all these tongues, as well as in Latin, Greek, Flemish, and Bohemian! A charming item was a Czech song, "Kde domov muj?" "Where is my home?" sung by three of the brothers (from Prague), who cried between the verses. Nationality counts in a religious community, as it does everywhere else; but at Olinda it did not affect the spirit of charity and unity which helped us through many times of difficulty.

One of the difficulties to us Europeans, though I do not think anybody grumbled at it, was certainly that of commissariat. What one learned quickly was to do without most of the so-called necessaries of life. We had no bread, but manioc cakes instead; no butter, for we had no ice to keep it from melting; no cheese, no mutton ("turn out a sheep on the equator," says the Brazilian, "and you'll have a goat"); no potatoes (articles of importation and therefore costly). The hens seemed to lay eggs only in October, and no fish was forthcoming from the adjacent Atlantic, except weird flat monsters, almost all mouth, which negroes offered for sale on wooden trays, and which recalled the warning of Mrs. Todgers' page to the Misses Pecksniff—"There's fish for dinner to-morrow—don't have none of 'im!" Our staple food, jerked beef from Argentina, was almost proof against the culinary efforts of our good German brothers;[1] but the native cooks we later employed soaked it (and everything else) in cocoa-nut oil before cooking, which made it a little less leather-like. The vegetables that appeared at table were too mysterious for me; on the other hand, our coffee was superb, *doçuras* (sweets) were in great variety, and there was plenty of fruit, though nearly all with the resinous flavour I disliked. Oranges, of which we had abundance, and the delicious small pine-apple peculiar to Pernambuco, were the best fruits grown there—as for the breadfruit, the shade of the tree was delightful, but the fruit was a fraud. Take an old turnip—the grandfather of turnips, and soak him for a day or two in strong turpentine; and there you have the flavour of the breadfruit, in my remembrance of it. A joke I remember before my first Lent was our good cellarer's happy idea of ordering from Hamburg numerous tins of preserved tunny, for our sustenance during that season. They cost a mark each at Hamburg—a great bargain; but the Pernambuco *alfandega* (custom-house) charged import-duty on them of double that amount, so that they reached us as costly luxuries, to be dispensed only on festival-days.

The alfandega was perhaps about the biggest scandal of many administrative scandals in this happy State. Their tariff was absolutely arbitrary, and always outrageous, and there was no appeal against it. The sisters who came from Belgium to teach our poor children were mulcted 1,000,000 reis (which sounds more than it is, but is quite enough) for the necessary goods which they brought from Europe; and the Anglican chaplain, whose tailor sent him out a suit of "tropical dress clothes" from London, implored me almost with tears to help him to rescue them from the alfandega, which had put on them a duty of 100,000 reis. I could only advise him either to pay up or to wait for three months, when they would be sold at auction, and he could redeem as much as the moths and ants had left of them.

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[1] "J'aime l'Allemagne," writes M. Scudo feelingly (*Rev. des Deux Mondes*, Oct., 1859), "j'aime ce beau pays de la grande érudition, j'admire ses philosophes, ses poètes, et ses grands musiciens; mais j'avoue que je ne puis pas lui pardonner sa cuisine".

This clerical friend was a *locum tenens* for the "consular chaplain,"[1] who had gone home to spend a cool three months' honeymoon on Loch Tay. The latter was a nice young fellow who, I found, had been a chorister at Magdalen when I was an undergraduate. His barn-like chapel of corrugated iron (non-Catholics, by the way, were forbidden by municipal law to build churches with any external resemblance to the "real thing") was very poorly attended by the fairly numerous English colony, and he talked sadly about this. I suggested that in that climate eight o'clock (our hour for high mass) would be a better time for his service than eleven; but it seemed that the middle-aged gents. and their wives who were his chief supporters objected to worship except at the canonical hour of eleven. The noon-day heat of the tin temple must have been appalling; and the engine-drivers of the suburban railway which ran under its walls used (so said the poor chaplain) to whistle and let off steam with malicious frequency as they passed the *templo inglez.* The Anglican Bishop of the Falkland Isles, coming once, and once only, from his cool and windy island diocese three thousand miles away, on a visitation of North Brazil, preached to the Pernambuco flock. But so appalled was he by the scorching heat, the buzzing and biting *bichos*, and the loud-whistling engine-drivers, that he is recorded to have said from the pulpit, "My brethren, I have heard it said that the word 'Pernambuco' is a corruption of 'Inferno-Bocca,' or 'Mouth of Hell'; I can well believe it. I can neither preach, nor pray, nor praise God in this church; let us conclude." Poor Macray! his ministry was not a very successful one, and he confided most of his troubles to me. I heard with sincere regret of his death from yellow fever soon after my return to England.

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[1] My friend told me that he was one of the few remaining of these officials, who (he said) were paid in an odd and not always satisfactory fashion, receiving annually from the Foreign Office the same amount as they managed to extract from their flocks. The system was, of course, designed to encourage their ministerial zeal.

I had some kind and hospitable acquaintances among the English colony, including a "Senhor Macintoshio," head of some sanitary department, who lived surrounded by dogs at a pretty villa not far from our abbey. An English Catholic engineer, manager of a big foundry at Pernambuco, proved himself a very kind friend both to me and to our monastery; but he paid only periodical visits to Brazil. As the only English, or even English-speaking, priest in the country, I did my best, of course, for the British Catholics who were sick or required my services; but our work left me but little time for social amenities. It was greatly increased, three months after my arrival, by an alarming outbreak of virulent smallpox, which raged for many weeks chiefly, though by no means entirely, among the negroes. It grew worse and worse as the rainy season advanced; great fires were kept burning along the *praia* (beach) day and night to purify the air, and the passing bells were continually tolling. We were called unceasingly to the sick and dying, generally the poorest of the poor, who edified us all by their patience, resignation, and ardent faith. The Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, an admirably organised body of devoted women, were untiring in their attendance and help, but the mortality was appalling. One recalls vividly, even after a quarter of a century, those night-visits to humble sick-beds; the walk through the thick umbrageous woods, silent (our woods were always strangely silent) except for the "click" of the dreaded *cascavel*[1] gliding out of range of our lantern; the gorgeous foliage of tropical shrubs, coleuses, pointsettias, bougainvillias, flaming hibiscus and giant begonias, which grew round our path like weeds; then the emerging on the *praia*, the ocean spread before one like a great shield of burnished silver, and the poor huts along the shore, not a single one perhaps without at least one victim of the pestilence. The saintly Benedictine, Cardinal Sanfelice of Naples, said once that the cholera was the best missioner God had ever sent to his city. So this epidemic of ours, tragic as were its immediate consequences, proved a very real help in our ministry to these neglected people; and so in the end we came to bless God for it. Our monastery was wonderfully preserved from the scourge, not a single one either of the community or of our little pupils being attacked. Of course, all possible precautions were taken against infection; but that did not prevent our absolute immunity being looked on by Olinda generally as "un verdadeiro milagre". With the advent of the dry season the plague abated; it had lasted for fully twelve weeks. We were cheered and encouraged, just as this period of anxiety ended, by the arrival from Europe of more than a dozen recruits for our house, including two priests.

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[1] *Crotalus terrificus*, the rattlesnake confined to South America, and distinct from the *C. horridus* or *durissus* of the north. It is a skulking cowardly reptile, but its bite is very deadly, and it takes a considerable yearly toll of the poor bare-legged workers on the sugar-cane plantations.

From Fort Augustus I received in September the not less cheering news of the simultaneous ordination in the Abbey Church of no fewer than seven priests—an event fraught with hope and promise for our future. A little later came the tidings from Rome of the issue of the Papal Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* by Leo XIII, pronouncing Anglican orders to be, from the Catholic point of view, "absolutely null and utterly void". A letter from Oxford told me of the purchase by the Duke of Norfolk of a central site there, destined (it was supposed) for a Catholic college. And on 30 September (my forty-third birthday) I heard with sincere sorrow of the death, after prolonged illness, of Dom Jerome Vaughan, our first prior. The news carried me back nearly twenty years, to the beginnings of his great work in Scotland, when he and I were linked by ties of close friendship and common enthusiasm for the cause—the restoration of Scottish monasticism—which we both had so deeply at heart. Less than a month later came the tidings of another and more personal loss, that of my dear father, in his seventy-ninth year. I had felt, when I took leave of him in Edinburgh, that our farewell was a final one; yet it was an added sorrow that I could not have been with him and my mother at the last. I received many kind letters of sympathy.

I was feeling not a little depressed in mind and body, after a tedious spell of low fever, when our kind abbot suggested that I should take a real rest by anticipating somewhat the visit which it had always been planned that I should some time make to Argentina, before returning home. He accordingly arranged for me to sail early in November for Buenos Ayres, where I was invited to stay with the parents of three of my old pupils at Fort Augustus. Two days before my leaving Olinda there was a terrible accident on our little railway, just below the monastery garden. An express engine had left the rails; the two front carriages were smashed to matchwood, and many passengers killed. I was one of three priests at home, and we hurried down with the infirmarian and some brothers, and did what we could for the injured and dying. It was a sad sight, and haunted some of us for a good many subsequent days and nights.

I left Pernambuco on 13 November, and found the comparative coolness out at sea indescribably grateful after our months of steamy heat. Next day we entered the magnificent bay of all the Saints, and lay for a few hours at Bahia, the negroes' paradise. I have nowhere else seen such stalwart and prosperous-looking blacks. The old Abbot-General of the Brazilian Congregation received most kindly me and my friend (I was being escorted round by an old Fort Augustus boy in business here), and seemed quite touched at our kneeling to ask his blessing. I was interested in the fine and well-kept church of St. Francis, with its elaborate carvings and Dutch pictorial tiles, and in a wonderful old wooden statue of St. Antony. It (or he) has a colonel's commission in the army, wears uniform and sword (over the friar's habit) on feast-days, and his colonel's pay comes in regularly to the convent. Two days from Bahia we reached Rio de Janeiro, in a fog which spoiled the matchless view; but it cleared later, and I drove with some English friends to the unrivalled Botanic Gardens, and duly admired the famous avenue of royal palms. The prospect, as we steamed out of the bay next morning, was superb, and the fantastic shapes of the encircling rocky peaks, dominated by the steep and savage-looking Sugar-loaf, made up a picture, I should think, unlike anything in the world. Three days more, and we were anchored off Monte Video, where I left our ship, and after an hour or two in the rather attractive city (it is said to be the cleanest capital in South America, and looks it), I embarked on a yacht-like river steamer commanded by a pleasant Irishman (the other officers and crew were all Dalmatians), and went up the broad Plata to Buenos Ayres by night, arriving early on Sunday morning. It was pleasant to find on the quay my kind friend and host Mr. Richard Norton, who gave me a hearty welcome to Argentina, and soon installed me in the charming rooms he had taken for me overlooking the spacious and shady gardens of the Plaza Seis de Junio.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

I will not attempt a description of the great modern capital of Argentina, on which my host told me that £20,000,000 had been expended in less than twenty years. Many of the public edifices, built, I was informed, mostly by North Italian artisans, were exceedingly handsome; and I was struck by the splendid Catholic colleges conducted by the Jesuits (who had been thrice expelled from the city and had returned as often) and the nuns of the Sacred Heart and the Sainte Union. The cathedral has a noble exterior, with its great Corinthian portico; and the Irish Passionist Church, in which much of the beautiful local sea-green marble is employed, is particularly fine. One of the sights is the immense waterworks building, designed in ecclesiastical Gothic! but what pleased me most was the magnificent avenue bordered with palms and pines—both flourish in this semi-tropical city—leading to the Palermo Park, where there is a fine zoological garden, and I saw lions and tigers housed in a mediæval-looking castle. I lunched one day with a hospitable Scottish banker at his pretty country house on the *Baranca* (bluff): from the terrace, one looked over ripening fields of fragrant *alfafa* (lucerne) to the coffee-coloured waters of the great Rio de la Plata, here forty miles wide. I also dined with the British Minister, a well-preserved gentleman of sixty, with a diplomatic eye-glass and a very poor opinion of the country to which he was accredited. The owner and editor of the leading English paper, a great personage here, was extremely kind and civil: he entertained me at his fine house at Flores, outside the city, where I met two of his sons, both officers in the Argentine Navy. The plague of flies in this garden suburb was terrible, reminding me of Cannes and the Bishop of Gibraltar;[1] and the whole family went to sleep after luncheon, leaving me *planté* in the excellent library, where I had a pleasant hour among the books.

I left Buenos Ayres in the same ship which had brought me there, my fellow-passengers including some de Traffords, Lancashire Catholics and old acquaintances; also a famous climber and explorer, E. A. Fitzgerald, who had come out to "conquer" the virgin peak, 22,000 feet high, of Aconcagua in the Andes. He was, I believe, an Irish Canadian, and looked a mere boy, but as hard as nails:[2] he was reported rich, and was certainly conducting his expedition "regardless," with special trains everywhere, Swiss guides and porters, a tame botanist, tons of provisions, and first-class cabins engaged specially for his scientific instruments. I heard later that instead of conquering the great peak he was himself conquered by mountain sickness, though some of his party succeeded in the ascent. At Monte Video I bought a copy of the *M.V. Times*, entirely (except the advertisements) type-written by the editor, who explained that all the printers were on strike. The strike was engineered by the Government, who thus prevented any opposition papers appearing (their own were running as usual) until the elections then pending were over—a thoroughly South American manœuvre. We took in here a great cargo of "carne secca" (jerked beef) for Brazil—some of it, probably, destined for our table at Olinda—and its penetrating odour permeated the ship during the whole voyage. A pleasant youth with whom I made friends, an old Charterhouse boy, told me that his father was a London parson, who gave each of his seven sons (this boy was the fifth) £50 when they came of age, and bade them go where they liked and never come back. My young friend had been promised a job on a railway, and was quite cheerful over his very nebulous prospects. He left us at Rio, which we approached in a thunder-storm, with great masses of black and purple clouds rolling up behind the heights of Tijuca, and below, the white sands backed by low wooded hills bathed in sunshine, and Our Lady's Church on Cape Cabana standing out in dazzling prominence reflected in the deep blue of the bay. The English chargé-d'affaires at Rio, a man of enormous stature, joined us there: he told me such amazing yarns about his Legation's dealings with the Brazilian F.O. as set me wondering why on earth Brazil called itself a civilised country at all.

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[1] See *ante*, p. 125.

[2] He had done some great climbing in New Zealand (discovering an important pass which was named after him), and had published a fascinating volume on his *Climbs in the New Zealand Alps*, profusely illustrated.

CHAPTER XVII.

1897-1898.

I RETURNED to Olinda, very much the better for a few weeks in a temperate zone, shortly before Christmas, the first harbingers of which were copious advertisements in the local papers addressed to "a colonia Ingleza," and calling attention to the confectionery—"Butter-cup Caramels, scotch e englisk Mixture, Sugar birds, Cakes and CRHRYSTMAS PLUME PUDDING"—specially prepared for the delectation of our countrymen. Spiritually the festival had many consolations for us. I celebrated our midnight mass ("missa do gallo," as it is called here) in presence of a congregation that filled not only the church but the whole *praça* outside. It was strange to look down from the brightly-lighted sanctuary to the dim nave and the dark square beyond—a sea of upturned faces, white and black, and white fans fluttering everywhere. Our solemn music, so different from the flippant strains to which they were used, had a strangely calming effect on these volatile and excitable folk, and nothing could have been more edifying than their continued attention and devotion.

We heard this week of the election of our old friend Abbot Placid Wolter to the Arch-Abbacy of the Beuron Congregation, which was having a general thanksgiving for the divine blessing on it since its foundation thirty years before. With a total of six abbeys, 150 priests, and 350 novices and brothers, they had certainly much to thank God for, and the new arch-abbot, one felt, would carry on his brother's work in the same spirit, so that they had every reason for good hope in the future.

I spent an interesting week, early in the new year, at Prazeres, one of the little outlying *propriedades* of our abbey, at which one or other of our fathers spent a day or two every week to give mass and instruction to the people. The evening view from the portico of our picturesque but dilapidated old house, which stood high, was enchanting—far below us the polished silver of the Atlantic, fringed by a line of *cocoeiros:* in the distance the twinkling lights of Pernambuco, and everywhere else, as far as the eye could reach, a vast carpet of low green woods, broken here and there by the dark massive foliage of the mangoes and the tall stems and feathery crowns of the macahyba, most graceful and fairy-like of palms. Our little church was very interesting, the walls covered from floor to roof with *azueis* (blue Dutch tiles), and hanging in the nave two large and most curious paintings, depicting with an infinity of little funny figures the two famous battles of Guarapes—fought close by—which terminated the Dutch dominion in Brazil in 1654. The Abbot, who was with me, was busy all day interviewing our numerous small tenants—the Epaminondases, Astrogildos, Zephyrinos, Aphrodisios, Bonaventuras, and other polysyllabic peasants, who paid (or ought to have paid) us a few milreis annually for their little holdings.[1]

Another day which I much enjoyed was spent in a visit to the largest sugar-factory in Brazil, managed by a very capable Englishman, and employing 3000 hands: they bought the canes by contract from all the neighbouring *ingenios* (plantations), including a fine one belonging to our abbey. In the old slave-days the planters crushed their own sugar, but do so no longer. With the improved machinery, which cost £80,000, the whole process, from the arrival of the canes to the packing of the finished article, took about twelve hours, instead of a month as it used to do. This factory had cleared £20,000 in the previous year, which did not sound like the "doomed industry" one sometimes heard of; but nearly all the Brazilian sugar, I was told, was now manufactured for home consumption, as much of the export trade had been lost, owing to the enormous increase in the cultivation of beetroot sugar, encouraged by the bounties granted by various European Governments.

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[1] Their excuses for failing to pay were very Brazilian. "Naô gosto dos padres" (I don't like priests), said one truculent-looking fellow—quite sufficient reason, apparently, for living on the abbey lands rent-free.

One of our good lay-brothers had about this time a misadventure which might have been serious, but was only comical. By an odd coincidence, I had been reading just before vespers a thrilling account, written by one of the canons of Belmont, of a remarkably severe and alarming earthquake-shock which they had experienced whilst saying matins in the beautiful church so familiar to me. Just as we were beginning vespers in our choir, we were startled by a succession of crashes in the roof above the choir-aisle. Two long and (I suppose) half-rotten planks of the floor above had suddenly collapsed, and fell thundering down into the church. The poor brother who had been walking on them instinctively extended his arms, which saved him from following the planks headlong; and there he dangled spread-eagle fashion, with his legs protruding through the ceiling, till two of the monks who had rushed out of choir hauled him up, unhurt but much astonished.

The kind abbot, who was at this time much occupied with the new foundation near Bahia which he was hoping very shortly to make, expressed his strong wish that I should remain indefinitely or permanently with him, and help in the various works which he had so much at heart. But this was impossible; for business consequent on my father's death necessitated my presence in Scotland, at least for a time; so that my interesting experiences in Brazil were perforce cut short. By way of transition between one of the hottest places on earth and the Scottish Highlands, it was arranged for me to stay a few weeks *en route* in Portugal, where the Beuron monks had recently repeopled an old monastery near Oporto. I left Pernambuco and my kind brethren at Olinda with sincere regret, reached Lisbon after an uneventful voyage of ten days, and found all our baggage instantly quarantined, for the Portuguese have still an unreasoning horror of yellow fever, after a terrible experience of it many years ago. Almost everything in Lisbon dates from post-earthquake days, and is proportionately uninteresting; but there are some fine modern churches, in the cloister of one of which (the burying-place of Portuguese Royalties) I was interested to see Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, lying embalmed[1] and very life-like under glass. I called at the English College, a fine seventeenth-century building on one of the many hills of Lisbon, and was pleased to hear (as indeed I had already seen) that "os Inglezinhos," the young English seminarists, were allowed to go about freely in their conspicuous dress—black, with St. Peter's oar embroidered in scarlet on the shoulder—whereas the monastic and even ecclesiastical habit was generally prohibited in the streets by the Freemason Government. We saw, however, a great religious procession through the city—apparently sanctioned because the King, Queen, and heir-apparent all took part in it.

We had a delightful expedition to Cintra, the railway to which traverses a country as stony as county Galway, and saw the many interesting objects there, what pleased me most being the steep camellia-planted slopes, a perfect cascade of pink, white, and crimson blossoms, below the royal castle of Pena. It was rather pathetic, in the great Moorish palace in the town, the residence of the Queen-mother, to see in the huge kitchen, with its two vast conical chimneys, a solitary cutlet frying for poor old Queen Maria Pia's breakfast. We drove out from Cintra to Mafra, to see the immense Palace and Franciscan convent built by John V, in imitation of the Escurial, in fulfilment of his vow that if he had a son he would turn the poorest convent in his kingdom into the grandest. The poor friars, who must have found this palatial monastery most uncomfortable and unsuitable to their wants, had been *chassés* long before my visit, and the magnificent library—40,000 volumes in a hall 300 feet long, was in the sole charge of an ignorant negro, who said he was the librarian! The enormous pile, which includes a vast church entirely lined with pink and white marble, with twenty marble altars, six organs, and a carillon of fifty bells which alone cost £80,000, served, I was told, as an occasional shooting-lodge for the king, who brought a chaplain with him when he was in residence, to say mass in the abandoned church. I never in my whole experience had seen anything approaching the desolate magnificence of Mafra: the very thought of it depresses me as I write these lines.

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[1] I was present in Rio when the body of a famous Brazilian statesman, brought in a warship from New York, was solemnly received by the Federal authorities, with many florid speeches. One of these orations (addressed to the corpse) began—"Illustrissimo e embalsamado Senhor" (Most illustrious and embalmed sir).

The little monastery of Cucujaes, where I spent three weeks after leaving Lisbon, was in the Oporto district, but miles from any railway—how many miles I know not, but it took hours to reach it from the nearest station, driving over the worst possible roads in a lumbering carriage drawn by three mules. The country round Cucujaes I thought very pretty, like Scotland *plus* vineyards and orange-groves. My window looked over a wide green strath, flanked by wooded hills from which peeped white cottages, with a range of violet mountains closing the vista. Under the monastery walls was an orchard of cherry, orange, and almond-trees—the first and last in full bloom, and the orange-trees golden with fruit. In the centre of the cloistered court, with its grave Romanesque arches and granite pillars, paved with the gravestones of departed monks, there was an old stone fountain, its shallow pool alive with tiny fish; and all overhead an ancient grape-vine spread its gnarled branches from side to side. There was a community of twenty monks, with a small school of *alumni* for this house and for Olinda. We had many pretty walks during my stay, calling one day on a rich widow, the Condessa de Penha Longa, who had annexed to her château a school conducted by Sisters of Charity, and who also kept more than fifty dogs of all breeds and sizes, from Great Danes to tiny toy-terriers. The great playground, fitted up with swings, see-saws, etc., was used alternately by the 100 children and the fifty dogs! The people of the district were almost entirely employed in the vineyards: they were, I was told, a pious, frugal, and industrious race (very unlike the Lisbonians), and seemed assiduous church-goers. The women wore silk handkerchiefs over their heads surmounted by black felt or velvet pork-pie hats, which were taken off in church, as were also their wooden clogs (they wore no stockings). The churches had no seats, and the women squatted on their bare heels, the men standing in front—unlike Brazil, where the men invariably skulked in the background under the gallery. I noticed that nearly all the women wore massive gold earrings and bracelets, which are sometimes of considerable antiquity and much-prized heirlooms in their families.

I stayed for a night at Vigo on my homeward journey (my only visit to Spanish soil), and travelled thence by sea, getting a considerable tossing in the Bay, to Southampton, where I stayed a few days with my naval brother, then on the guardship at Osborne. Here I was much interested in a visit to the beautiful ruins of Netley Abbey; and I said mass on Palm Sunday for a large military congregation in the great hospital. I went on to spend Holy Week and Easter at Downside Priory, near Bath, and afterwards to visit Lord and Lady Gainsborough at Campden, their picturesque Jacobean manor-house, with its fine hanging woods, on the side of the Cotswolds. At Oxford, whither I went from Campden, I found much Catholic activity: the new chaplain, Canon Kennard, installed in his charming old house in St. Aldate's, and between thirty and forty Catholic undergraduates in residence, besides the Jesuit students, who had now taken possession of their new quarters, "Campion Hall," in St. Giles. Bishop Hedley, with whom I had talked at Bournemouth, eighteen years before,[1] of our hopes of seeing the university once more frequented by Catholics, was giving the first series of weekly conferences in the Catholic university chapel. Lord Braye gave a dinner at the "Mitre," which I attended, in the bishop's honour, and I heard there of three Oxonians who in as many months had made their submission to "the elderly Italian clergyman," as a local paper in recording these conversions pettishly designated the Pope.[2] Another Catholic development was the arrival in the vicinity of Oxford of the Servite Fathers, who had acquired the pretty old Jacobean manor-house of Begbroke, and proposed opening their novitiate there. I came up to Oxford later this year, to attend the Magdalen "gaudy," where I met several old friends and contemporaries; and I was also present at a gathering in the town hall to meet the Prince of Wales, who had previously entertained the Christ Church undergraduates to dinner in their hall. My friend Grissell went to the town hall function wearing his quaint uniform—red tail-coat with epaulettes, white trousers and cocked hat—as Papal chamberlain, and was presented to H.R.H., who with his usual interest in sartorial matters asked him what uniform it was, and how long ago it had been invented! I attended, during my stay at Oxford, one or two meetings of the "Newman," the Catholic debating society, and heard some interesting papers read, followed by sometimes quite animated discussions, to which Hilaire Belloc, then in residence at Balliol, occasionally contributed one of his brilliant and persuasive speeches.

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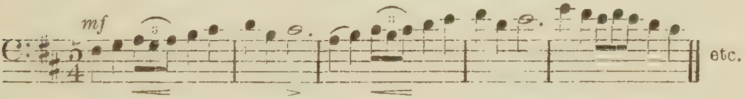
[1] See *ante*, p. 138.

[2] I remember, in 1878, some Dissenting newspaper objecting strongly to the space allotted in the daily press to obituary articles on "Dr. Ferretti" (Pius IX), as compared with the notices of the death of some prominent Wesleyan.

This was, I think, the first year in which I was Lord Bute's guest at St. John's Lodge, which, with its ten or twelve acres "annexed" from Regent's Park, was almost as much a *rus in urbe* as Holland House itself. I said mass there in the beautiful chapel of Greek architecture, which was among the large additions (including a fine ballroom and a library in which were housed the old Prime Minister's books from Luton Hoo), which Lord Bute had made to the house when he acquired the lease. Walking in the charming grounds, one could read one's office undisturbed by any sound save the distant hum of London, and the occasional voice of some restless denizen of the Zoo, not half a mile away. Whilst staying here I went to a Richter concert, and heard a remarkable performance in England of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony: the great conductor dropped his baton at the opening of the haunting $\frac{5}{4}$ movement—



and allowed his perfectly-trained orchestra to play it through unconducted, except by his directing glance—a curious *tour de force*. I went north next day, and paid a visit to my mother at Milton, which was now her permanent home. Blairquhan was let to yet another tenant, on whom I called —a jovial old financier from Harrogate, named Samson Fox, who had just been awarded a farthing damages in a libel suit which he had brought against Jerome K. Jerome, for accusing him in print of promoting bogus companies and generally fleecing the widow and orphan. He did not appear depressed by this odd verdict: music seemed his chief hobby, and he talked largely of all he had done or was going to do for music in England.

I returned to Fort Augustus in June, 1897, after an absence of nearly eighteen months, and found the loch steamboats decorated, guns firing, etc.—not, however, in celebration of my return, but in honour of the wedding of the steamer-agent's daughter! I found all well, the place in great beauty, our little *alumni* increased in numbers, and preparations going on for a second pilgrimage to Iona, for which I was just in time. It was more largely attended than the previous one nine years before: Lord Bute's choir from Oban rendered the music very well, and a Scottish Jesuit preached a most eloquent Gaelic sermon. I stayed on in Oban for a time to help the old bishop, who was getting very frail; and we kept there Queen Victoria's "diamond jubilee" day (which my friend Lord Braye had proposed in the House of Lords should be officially called "Sexagesima Day") with much loyal and religious fervour. I spent a pleasant week-end as Sunday chaplain at Drimnin, an immemorially Catholic seat of the Gordons on the Sound of Mull—a delightful old house nestling among the gold and purple of broom and foxgloves, and commanding grand views of the peaks of Mull, the great headland of Ardnamurchan and Catholic Barra looming through the distant haze. There was no resident priest here, but nearly all the people were Catholics, with all the faith and devotion of the Catholic Highlanders.

I had a good many public engagements this summer, the first being to preach at a great gathering in Glasgow of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain. There was a big crowd at the cathedral, with Haydn's inevitable and interminable 16th Mass very well sung by a "mixed choir"; but the feature of the gathering was the hospitable and magnificent reception given us in the municipal buildings by the excellent Lord Provost, who welcomed us to Glasgow in a speech of genuine feeling. A little later, I presided, also in Glasgow, at the annual meeting of the Caledonian Catholic Association, an admirable institution founded to keep Catholics of Scottish blood in touch with one another, and to help in every way possible those in want of assistance. I had also this autumn to read a paper at Dundee at the "Demonstration" (a word I disliked) of the Catholic Truth Society there. My allotted subject was "Catholic Literature"; but I chose rather what seemed to me a more practical topic—"The Literature read by Catholics"; which a newspaper report kindly described me as treating "with a breadth of view and independence of judgment hardly to be expected in a proselyte to the Roman Catholic Church!" From Dundee I went for a few days to Champfleurie, my younger sister's home near Linlithgow, a very pretty place with its fine timber, long grassy glades, and charming rose-garden. The quaint town of Linlithgow pleased me much, with its historic palace overhanging the lake, and the noble church of St. Michael, which had just been so thoroughly "restored" that it had lost all semblance of a Presbyterian place of worship, and looked like a brand-new mediæval church just finished and awaiting its altars and other Catholic fittings. I had a pleasant fortnight in my native Galloway, first at Kinharvie, with a big family party of many Maxwells of all ages. Lord Herries took me one day to see Caerlaverock, and I was charmed with the old three-cornered castle,[1] with its round towers, double moat, and fine Jacobean woodwork. We lunched in the roofless banqueting-hall, gay with sunflowers, lilies, and white and crimson phloxes. Sweetheart, or New, Abbey, was another object of great interest; and the extent and beauty of the remains, which were kept in excellent order by the Ayrshire laird who owned them, greatly impressed me. From Kinharvie I went on to Dunskey, where my friend Stuart Donaldson had again his party of Eton masters—"the teachers," as they were locally called—with other agreeable people, including Winnington Ingram, just made a canon of St. Paul's, Algy Lawley (afterwards my host's brother-in-law) and Cosmo Lang, then vicar of Portsea. Arthur

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[1] These triangular fortresses (Longford Castle in Wilts is another example) are sometimes said to have been so built out of veneration for the Holy Trinity. I will not, however, vouch for the authenticity of this tradition.

Benson[1] arrived a day or two later, and entertained us with his notes of a conversation about Eton and other things with Mr. Gladstone, at that time almost a nonagenarian, with whom he had been dining at Hawarden. "Does the custom of 'booing' still exist at Eton?" the old statesman had asked him.—"I never heard of it, sir," replied Benson, "pray what was it?"—"Well, in my day [probably about 1820], the head master [Keate] used every Sunday morning to give us a lecture known as 'prose' in Upper School—the only kind of religious instruction we ever received; and during this lecture it was the habit of the bigger boys to keep up a continuous humming or buzzing noise with the lips closed, so that the culprits could not be identified. This was called 'booing'."—"I never heard of it, sir: I think it must have quite died out." Mr. Gladstone struck his hand on the table with an emphasis which made the glasses ring. "I am sorry to hear it, sir," he said, "very sorry. It was a fine old custom—*the national privilege of disagreeing with persons in authority!*" A very characteristic anecdote, we all thought.

It was a great pleasure to me to revisit at this time my old friend Sir Herbert Maxwell (after, I think, an interval of twenty years) and Lady Maxwell at The Airlour. One day we explored St. Ninian's Cave at Whithorn, and I viewed with reverence the incised crosses and rudely sculptured stones still to be seen there, and probably contemporary with the Apostle of Galloway. We visited also the very ancient ruined church of St. Medana, whence the local name Kirkmaiden; and another day we bicycled some twenty miles to see another old friend, Lady Galloway, at Cumloden, where we walked through the pretty grounds, our kind hostess (as charming as in long bygone days) accompanying us in her chair drawn by a noble white donkey of Egyptian race. What took my fancy most while the Maxwells' guest was the tranquil beauty of the lake sanctuary at Monreith, the "White Loch of Myrtoun," where not a bird or a beast had been shot for generations. My brother-in-law, Sir Charles Dalrymple, claimed me when I left Galloway for a visit at New Hailes, an old-world place which always recalled to me Dr. Johnson's visit to Lord Hailes there a century and a quarter before. My relative loved the "dignified clergy," and I found him entertaining the Bishop of Worcester with his wife and daughter, and also the Bishop of Bath and Wells, a most genial prelate who bicycled with me to see the Forth Bridge, and to call on his old friend and Etonian schoolfellow (to whom, by the way, he owed his bishopric), Lord Rosebery, at Dalmeny. After this I spent my annual fortnight (which I always loved) at St. Andrews, where I found the lord rector very busy with his beloved excavations, on his ground near the majestic ruins of the old cathedral. I was not greatly interested in the subterranean explorations, but stood about, fascinated with the whole scene—the grey ruins, green grass, and waving flowers, and towering above all that was left of the great south-west gable, soaring unsupported, as it seemed, into the pale autumn blue. I rode one day to Balcarres to lunch with my Magdalen friend Edward Lindsay. Lord Crawford showed me some of his wonderful photographs: we had some talk about astronomy, on which he was of course an expert; and I was charmed with the gardens, aglow with carnations of many hues, and with the fine park sloping seawards towards Kilconquhar.[1] Lord Crawford told me to look, on my way home, at the coffins of the twentieth earl and his wife in

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[1] Many of our party were destined to future distinction. Donaldson and Benson became successively Masters of Magdalene College, Cambridge; Winnington-Ingram became Bishop of London in 1901; Cosmo Lang, Archbishop of York in 1908; St. Clair Donaldson (my host's brother), Archbishop of Brisbane in 1906. Algernon Lawley became 5th Baron Wenlock in 1918.

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[1] Always pronounced "Kinneuchar," said Lord Crawford, in his youth; but he thought that the proper pronunciation of this and many other names had lapsed through the coming of railways, with their alien station-masters, porters, and booking-clerks.

Cere churchyard. They were lying above ground, covered with tarnished cloth-of-gold, in a kind of tumble-down potting-shed, which I thought scarcely decent; however, I heard afterwards that her ladyship's coffin contained nothing but stones.

I paid, I think, two visits to Mountstuart this year—the first in August, when I preached for the first time in the crypt (itself a beautiful building, with its vaulted roof and lancet arches) of the sumptuous chapel which was still under construction. We enjoyed some delightful trips in Lord Bute's yacht, the *Kittiwake*, to the many beauty spots of the south-western Highlands. My second visit was in mid-winter, and the contrast between my journey thither and my journey's end is so vividly impressed on my memory that I must try to picture it.

High noon as our train steams out of the great gloomy Glasgow terminus, and turns south-westward towards the "Coast," as the shores of Clyde, beloved of trippers, are called by dwellers in Scottish cities. High noon by the clock, but Cimmerian darkness broods over town and river in this gloomy December weather: no mere yellow London fog, no grey-white mist such as rises steaming from Thames valley and lies like bales of cotton-wool against your windows at Oxford or Maidenhead or Eton. Our Glasgow fog is sheer blackness, a blackness as of night without night's transparency, which cuts you off uncompromisingly from your fellow-creatures, and through which arc-electric and gas-incandescent hardly even make a feint of piercing. We have crept, dazed and heavy-footed as in a nightmare, through the murky, squalid, slimy streets to the big station, and find ourselves presently gliding over the invisible river (a very Styx for blackness) and above miles of roof-tops, with dim lights glimmering here and there, out into the country that lies beyond the city. *Is* it country? The fog has lifted now, and only a low leaden sky presses like a pall upon the landscape, which has in truth little that is rural about it, at least in mid-winter. Black hedges, arid fields more grey than green, a few stunted trees flinging naked arms into the sky, and—so closely packed as to be almost continuous—ugly towns which thrust into our view, as we rush past them, only gaunt chimney-stalks and square, unlovely factories and unending rows of dingy tenements. Our course lies along a high ridge over above the broadening but still unseen Clyde, on whose banks these towns lie thick; but now we begin to descend to the little port—hardly more than a long pier and an hotel—whence we are to cross the estuary to our destined haven.

There is a rush and a scramble of many feet down slippery steps and along wet planks: a big luggage-laden "lorry" thunders down behind and amongst us, and following sheep-like we board one of the many "river steamers" which ply across the Firth, and convey myriads of jaded Glaswegians to the "doon-the-water" resorts which they love. Let us mount the steps to the upper deck, and look about us.

Ah! this is better. We are a quarter of a mile from shore already. The smoke and squalor of Glasgow and Greenock are out of sight and out of mind, and we are—yes, we are in Highland waters; for there to the north are the blue Argyll hills and Loch Striven winding between them; to our left is the green ridge of the greater Cumbrae: Rothesay Bay is opening out in front, and far to the south the Goat Fell of Arran rears her serrated head. A long south-westerly swell is rolling up from the Irish Sea, and the low winter sun is touching blue hills and distant purple peaks and emerald sea into chilly light as our ship speeds Bute-wards. Just as darkness is falling we reach our destined pier—Craigmore, the Big Rock. The name is justified by the precipitous cliff that towers in the background, once maybe, the haunt of eagle and wild goat, but it is crowned by a modern villa now. The carriage and prancing bays that meet us whirl us quickly along the three miles of level coast-road which separate Craigmore and

Mountstuart. Across the sea there flashes, as we glance from the carriage window, the intermittent gleam of more than one cape or island lighthouse. A mile or two on we pass a little church jutting out quaintly seawards on a point of rock: presently we are traversing the single street of a pretty village, whose model cottages tell of a careful landlord; and then, passing through the great bronze gates, we drive swiftly up the long avenue, dark now with its overhanging trees, too dark to let us see the wealth of shrubs—tall bamboos, mighty laurels and rhododendrons, in spring a wealth of colour—that flourish in these sheltered woods; or (more curious still) the kangaroos, or rather wallabies, long since naturalised here, which leap about among the bushes as much at home as, and much less shy than, the familiar hare or rabbit of our English coverts. We emerge rather suddenly from the gloom of the over-arching trees, and draw up under a square massive porch of red-hewn stone. The tall doors fly open. We mount a short flight of broad shallow steps; a great curtain of green velvet swings aside. *Nous y sommes.*

A transformation scene indeed! Two hours ago we were sighing and shivering under the smoke-encrusted vault of a grim and grimy Glasgow railway-station: *hic et nunc*, in this remote green island, we stand in a vast hall gleaming with light. The walls are lined with rarest marbles, pavonazetto, emperor's red, and pink-flushed alabaster: all round runs a Gothic arcade, cipollino columns crowned with daintily-carved capitals of purest white, and arches of grey Sicilian. Above is the great gallery, four-square, groined in fragrant cedar-wood, with massy gilded railings copied from the tomb of Charles the Great. On the azure-vaulted roof, eighty feet above our heads, shine the "stars in their courses" all in orderly array, glittering points of prismatic light. The floor is of inlaid marble and mirror-polished oak, and over all streams the soft radiance of a hundred shaded electric lamps,

In an alcove stands an ancient organ, from whose keys, as we enter, a master-hand is calling sweet music; and, cheerfullest of all, there comes to our ears the patter of young feet, and the sound of many children's voices, and the ripple of childish laughter. Was there ever such a hall for hide-and-seek? Down the great marble stairs flying feet come racing: over the smooth expanse of floor they dance: up the stairs again, and round the stately galleries—chubby-cheeked gold-buttoned *Britannia* sailor-boys, and little white-frocked, red-sashed maidens with streaming golden locks, and the young sons of the house in their bravery of royal Stuart tartan, kilt and hose. Merrily the shouts and laughter ring out, drowning ever and again the solemn chords of the old organ; while from their quiet resting-places on the marble walls the portraits of gartered lords and powdered ladies, marquises and marchionesses of a statelier day that is gone, look down serene and smiling on the frolics of their young descendants.

I spent Christmas this year at Mountstuart, where the religious services of the season were carried out with the care and precision which were always Lord Bute's special aim. It was not only a devout, but a very happy time; and I was pleased to observe the complacency with which my host, though himself in no way a frolicsome person, regarded the gambollings and merry-makings of the young folk who formed the majority of our party. The weather was uniformly dark and tempestuous (I longed sometimes for a little Brazilian sunshine), but there were plenty of brightness and cheerfulness within-doors, and the rehearsals and performance of a wildly comic play added to the hilarity of the time. After the Epiphany I crossed the Firth, and joined another big Christmas party which the Glasgows were entertaining at Kelburn; and thence I travelled to Manchester, where I had been engaged by Father Vaughan to preach on his patronal feast-day. There was a great congregation at his big church in the London Road, which was very festively decorated for the occasion; and I was much struck by the enthusiasm and devotion of the good father's flock, who were evidently infected with the vigorous fervour of their pastor. I stayed a few days, after leaving Manchester, with Lord Braye at his Queen Anne house on the Avon, near Market Harborough. The museum, containing a heterogeneous collection of curios, from Stuart MSS. to Australian butterflies, as well as many mementoes of my host's extensive travels, interested me much, as did also the large and miscellaneous library; and I was transported back to Italy by the beautiful chapel, with its marble altars and painted ceilings. There was a lawn meet of the Pytchley Hunt one morning, a pretty sight: Lord Spencer, looking very hale in pink, and some others came in to breakfast with us.

I received two interesting letters whilst at Stanford Hall: one was from my gunner-brother Walter, who was in command of the Maxim battery under General Gatacre in the expedition just starting up the Nile to hunt out the Mahdi.[1] The other letter was from our abbot, informing me that the prior of Ampleforth, our Yorkshire monastery, had formally applied to him to allow me to go into residence at Oxford, in charge of the house of studies which they had lately opened in connection with the university. The abbot had already given his consent; so all I had to do was to prepare to embark on this new and interesting sphere of work as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

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[1] On Good Friday (9 April), the Mahdi's forces were routed at the battle of Atbara, and he himself was captured under a bed. My brother, whose Maxims did excellent work (he was promoted to major after the fight), wrote to me that for three-quarters of an hour "the dervishes' bullets were flying round our heads as thick as hailstones".

CHAPTER XVIII.

1899-1900.

It had been decided that I was to enter on residence at Oxford in the course of the Long Vacation of 1898, that I might be the sooner qualified for the mastership of the private hall which was to give us our university status. I spent the first half of this year chiefly at Fort Augustus, where there was plenty of active work going on; but I may record here one or two visits I paid during the spring and summer. One was to Harrow—my first visit there—to see Lord Bute's second son Ninian, then at the school, and doing well there. I noticed with interest in the chapel memorials to my brother and two cousins.[1] From Harrow I went to stay with Edgar Sebright at Beechwood, his beautiful old house, set among gigantic cedars, near Dunstable, and whilst there visited our grand old abbey of St. Albans, recently restored (not wisely but too well) by Lord Grimthorpe, and now erected into a Protestant cathedral. Holy Week and Easter I spent with the Butes at Falkland, and the liturgy was as usual carried out in the private chapel as exactly as possible. I have a recollection on Easter Eve of the daughter of the house driving me down to the village behind four frisky Shetland ponies, to bless (as prescribed on Holy Saturday) the Catholic houses in the village. The internal restoration of the palace had made considerable progress: it was occupied by the factor and his wife, and I was struck by the contrast between my lord's gorgeous and costly fittings—stained glass, carved oak, and tapestried walls, with the cheap upholstery of the living-rooms. I accompanied Lord and Lady Bute, a little later, on a very interesting expedition to Pluscarden Priory, the beautiful remains of which, with the surrounding estate, he had recently purchased from Lord Fife. I had here the great privilege of celebrating mass—the first, doubtless, for fully three centuries—in the ancient prior's chapel; and I thought of, and prayed for, my forebears who had possessed this lovely sanctuary in troublous times.[1] Lord Bute proposed having a picture painted of this, in a sense, historic celebration, at which only he and Lady Bute were present besides myself.

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[1] My brother James died at Harrow in 1870, from the effects of a sunstroke during the Eton and Harrow match, at Lord's. My cousin David Wauchope also died at Harrow, killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol. Another Harrovian cousin, Walter Elliot, R.N., died of yellow fever abroad.

A local event of interest to all of us was the marriage this spring of Lovat's eldest sister to Lord Encombe, which took place at Beaufort Castle, Cardinal Vaughan officiating. The village turned out in force, and the joy-bells rang from our tower, to welcome the young couple as they drove through Fort Augustus on their way to their honeymoon eyrie at Glendoe. All the papers this week were overflowing with obituary articles (how long they must have been written and pigeon-holed!) on poor old Gladstone, who died on 20 April. I went soon after these events on a preliminary visit to Oxford, where our little Benedictine community was already installed in a modest semi-detached house in the Woodstock Road. The vice-chancellor (the Provost of Queen's), on whom I called officially, was most cordial in regard to our settlement in Oxford, as indeed was every one I met. I paid this summer a visit—my first, strangely enough, though I had been twenty years a Benedictine—to Ampleforth Priory in the beautiful Vale of Mowbray, with which I was to be so closely connected during the next decade. I was there for the school prize-day, and witnessed a capital performance of the *Merchant of Venice*, and after settling various Oxford details with the kind prior went on to stay with the Herries' at Everingham, their fine place among the Yorkshire wolds. I was impressed with the beautiful classical church (copied from the Maison Carrée at Nîmes) adjoining the house; and the library, containing among other treasures a great illuminated antiphonal once used in York Minster, and many records of the penal days, was full of interest. At the end of my visit I accompanied Lord Herries to Stonyhurst College for the "Academy-day," as they call their breaking-up festival. The hospitality of the good Jesuits seemed unbounded: I never saw such crowds of guests at any similar entertainment. I found myself seated at luncheon next my cousin, a Ribblesdale Lister (Lord Ribblesdale's place was in the neighbourhood), whom I had not seen since I danced with her at my coming-of-age ball at Dunskey! Old times were recalled by another visit this summer—to Arundel, which I had not seen for twenty years, and where I found great changes: the castle almost entirely rebuilt, the old Baron's Hall, where we had celebrated poor Duchess Flora's wedding in 1877, replaced by a new hall of colossal size, and the Tudor chapel which I remembered pulled down, and a new chapel in the early English style, severe yet ornate, erected in its place. I found an Eton and Magdalen friend, A. MacCall, installed in the presbytery under the shadow of the great church of St. Philip, and we had much talk of old times. I went north from Arundel to join in the celebration at Kelburn of my sister and Lord Glasgow's silver wedding anniversary, and then to St. Andrews for my usual summer visit. I found myself engaged here to give Christian burial to certain bones which Lord Bute had come upon in his excavations under the old priory, and which he had persuaded himself were the remains of a canon-regular who had murdered his prior some five centuries before. However this may have been (I confess the evidence, which included some kind of vision vouchsafed to a billiard-marker at the golf-club, did not seem altogether conclusive), the bones—so said the university professor of anatomy—were unquestionably human; so I said a requiem mass for the unknown in the vaulted hall which Bute had discovered under the old refectory, and afterwards buried the bones in the cathedral graveyard.

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[1] The post-Reformation owners of Pluscarden included a number of my lineal ancestors—George, 5th Lord Seton, his son Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline, Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbot, and his son George, 1st Earl of Cromartie.

I left Fort Augustus towards the end of August for my new post at Oxford, staying for a few days at Norwich *en route.* My host's sons, two Ampleforth boys, bicycled with me along the curiously straight eight-miles road to Yarmouth, where I looked with interest at the great parish church, the largest in England[1] (six feet wider than York Minster), containing some good stained glass, the skull of a whale (preserved there for three centuries), and the Sermon on the Mount enamelled on slate. I entered on residence at our little house in Woodstock Road on 8 September, and had a quiet month there, Oxford still slumbering through the long vacation, and the heat being abnormal for September. I did a good deal of reading in the Bodleian, and found my bicycle a great resource, visiting all sorts of interesting places in the neighbourhood, of which I had never even heard in my undergraduate days. I could not, of course, get north (for which I was sorry) for the "silver jubilee" of our abbot's ordination, which was celebrated at Fort Augustus on 14 September in the presence of many visitors, including Cardinal Vaughan. His Eminence, whose health was giving much anxiety to his friends, had been enjoying a rest at our abbey, and I read in a weekly journal that he "was frequently to be seen walking on the shore of Loch Ness reading his Greek Missal!" Before our Oxford term opened I spent a few days with some friends at Malvern; and had some delightful expeditions with them—one over the Herefordshire Beacon and through beautiful Eastnor Park, the châtelaine of which was so devoted to temperance principles that she was said to have cut down all the apple orchards on the property, to prevent the manufacture of cider.[1] We returned by Ledbury, where we admired the half-timbered market-hall and fine old church. Another excursion was to Pershore, where we refreshed ourselves with the best plums in England, and inspected the noble choir of the old abbey church, to which Gilbert Scott had added a mean little apse. Before term began I ran down to Bournemouth to attend the opening of Ladycross, a new Catholic preparatory school there. Cardinal Vaughan, who blessed the buildings, spoke to me very warmly of Fort Augustus, and said he had benefited spiritually and bodily by his stay there. I spent an interesting day, on my way back to Oxford, with my French Benedictine brethren at Farnborough Abbey. Their fine rendering of the chant at vespers impressed me, and so did the stately French-Gothic church, with its flying buttresses and soaring dome, in the crypt of which Napoleon III and the Prince Imperial lie buried, under immense sarcophagi of Aberdeen granite.[2] I walked with the guestmaster in the finely wooded park surrounding the Empress's château, and felt when taking leave that I had spent a day in France.

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[1] So it is commonly said; but I think St. Michael's at Coventry must be larger, and churches like Boston, Hull, and Romsey little, if at all, smaller.

The middle of October found our little band of Benedictines settled down to work, and leading as genuine a community life in our ugly villa, with its tiny oratory, as we could have done in a cloistered abbey. I recall with pleasure the kind welcome accorded to us, not only by the authorities but by the rank and file of the university: the only exception, perhaps, being a small but aggressive clerical faction which failed to recognise that Oxford had been for thirty years an undenominational university, in which the Church of England had only certain strictly-defined and carefully-limited privileges, and that we had quite as much claim as themselves (a great deal more, if they had only known it), to enjoy full university rights.

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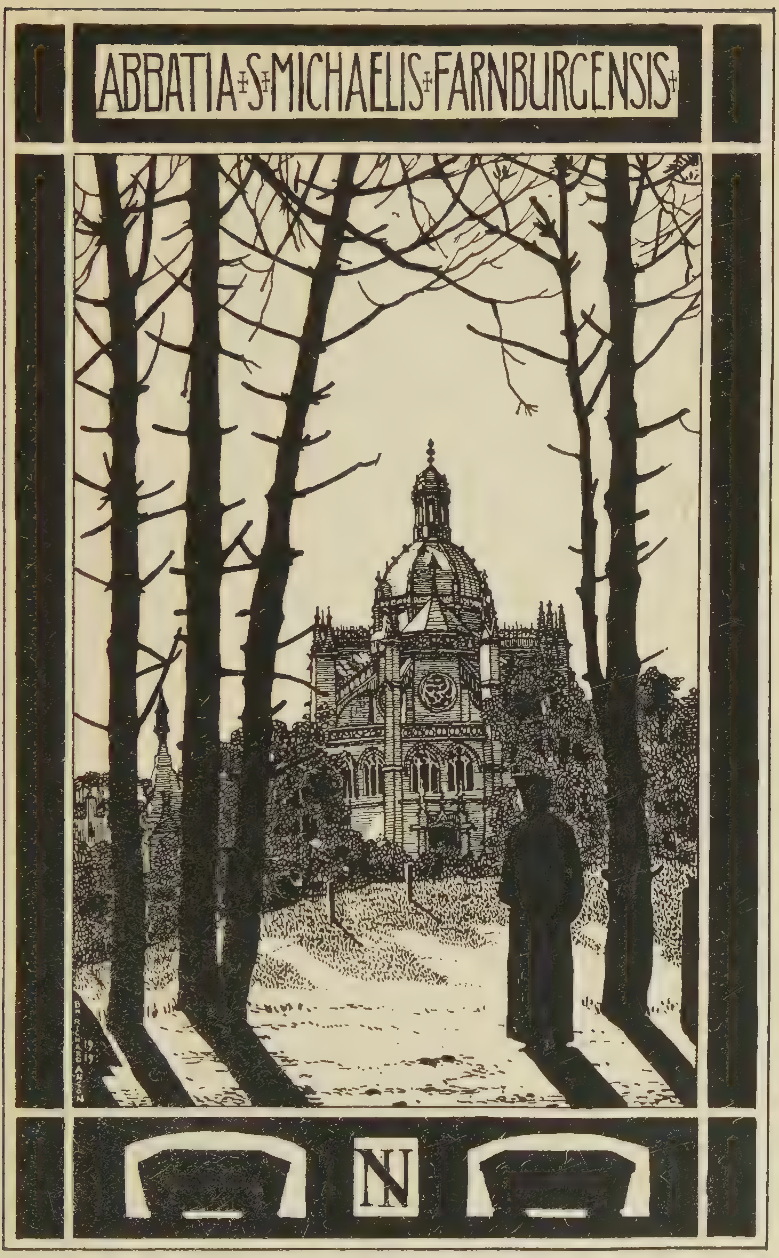
[1] The lady, in her zeal for teetotalism, seemed to have overlooked the fact that she had only a life-interest in the estates; and she got into trouble, if I recollect rightly, with the heir-at-law for seriously damaging the property.

[2] I never see these ponderous sepulchres without recalling the comment of the American visitor to the crypt of St. Paul's, who listened in silence while the guide expatiated on the weight of Nelson's tomb—of the marble, bronze, oak, and lead, inside which "rests the body of the immortal 'ero". "Well," said the American at last, "I guess you've got him. If he gets out of that before the Day of Judgment, cable me at my own expense!"

I remember one clerical don (a man of some prominence, who published books and even became an archdeacon), expressing in print his surprise that the "social amenities" of Oxford were so freely extended to the "Roman" intruders; but this kind of utterance found no echo in the university as a whole, which welcomed the establishment of new institutions where serious work was done (as their records in the schools abundantly testified) and good discipline was maintained. Some of my very best friends during my later years at Oxford were clergymen of what might, I suppose, be called the liberal or broad-evangelical school; and even of the "advanced" section it was only a few who seemed to be always uncomfortably on the defensive, and nervous about the possible non-recognition of their sacerdotal position and pretensions.

Oxford as a whole (and I include the city as well as the university population) was, as might have been expected, a great deal more under the influence of High Church principles than in my undergraduate days. Three-quarters at least of the churches seemed to be served by clergy of that school; and the influence of the one district where the Evangelicals were still dominant was of a limited and diminishing kind. A rather pathetic figure in the dwindling band of prominent Low Churchmen was the aged rector of St. Aldate's, Canon Christopher, who was much in evidence once a year at the "missionary breakfast" (provided, I believe, by some lady's generosity), where he took the chair, and at which, over the poached eggs and marmalade, Evangelical speakers, mostly clerical, held forth at great length to the matutinal banqueters. A paterfamilias of Mr. Christopher's way of thinking would sometimes commend to his good offices a son entering the



FARNBOROUGH ABBEY

university. The youth would duly call at St. Aldate's rectory-house, and before he could look round, so to speak, would find himself on his knees, with the good canon praying over him in the most personal and intimate manner. I remember the dismay of a public school boy who was unexpectedly subjected to this ordeal, which he felt the more inasmuch as a Catholic friend who had escorted him to the house declined to participate in the impromptu religious exercises. "There was Mr. G——," complained the aggrieved undergraduate, "looking out of the window and sniffing, while the old canon had me positively pinned down to an arm-chair and was praying at me for all he was worth."

I remember the good old canon figuring at rather an absurd scene in connection with the local anti-vivisection society of which he was, I think, like Dick Swiveller, a kind of "Perpetual Grand". Anyhow he seemed always to be in the chair, and of course always began the meeting with prayers (composed by himself). One member vigorously protested, on the ground that he himself was not a Churchman or even a Christian, adding that if prayers were to be said at all he did not see why one of the other clerical members "should not have a turn at them". The canon at once declared his willingness that prayers should be said by "any Christian minister," whereupon the objector suggested that a Benedictine father who attended the meetings pretty regularly should be occasionally called upon. "Sir," said the chairman, in much agitation, "when I said a 'Christian minister' I had no idea of including a Catholic priest, whose prayers would no doubt take the form of invocations of the Virgin Mary and the Saints." This candid statement provoked a great hubbub, and the question of prayers or no prayers became so acute that it was decided to refer it to the secretary of the parent society, who at that time, I think, called himself an esoteric Buddhist. At the next meeting a letter was read from this official, expressing regret at the *odium theologicum* which had been stirred up, and suggesting that future meetings should begin with five minutes of silence, during which members could direct their supplications to any quarter which they thought efficacious, before the commencement of business. This proposal was actually put to the vote, and carried by the casting vote of the chairman ; but I do not think that it was ever acted upon.

Looking back at the first academic year of our Oxford hall, one of the events which I recall is the inauguration, at a big meeting at the town hall, of the labour-college known as Ruskin Hall. The young American who was the chief speaker alienated most of his hearers by his intemperate denunciation of Oxford methods of education. As a local critic acutely said, to exalt work with the hands over work with the head, when you are bringing men away from manual labour to teach them to learn and think, is simply fatuous ; but to Catholics the most striking feature of the American's address was his cool assurance that he was saying what had never been said before. One would have liked to prescribe to him and his colleagues a course of Leo XIII's pastorals, especially those dealing with the labour question. The members conducted on the following Sunday a service at the Corn Exchange, when the founder announced the intention of Ruskin Hall to "help the Almighty to regenerate the world," and also "to co-operate with the Almighty behind evolution," whatever that might mean. A periodical organ of the new institution, called *Young Oxford*, continued to tilt more or less violently against existing university methods. Its contention that the product of Oxford was invariably and inevitably either a hydrocephalous bookworm or a brainless athlete was, on the face of it, absurd. An American Rhodes scholar told me that nothing in Oxford struck him more than the combination of intellectual and athletic distinction constantly in evidence there ; and nowhere, I suppose, is the *mens sana in corpore sano* more conspicuously exemplified than in great numbers of our undergraduates and junior dons.

It was in the autumn of this year, I think, that the German

Emperor paid a visit to Blenheim, but did not come on to Oxford, as he was expected to do. A good story used to be told of a congratulatory telegram which he once sent to Professor Max Muller, of all people—perhaps because he knew no one else—on the occasion of Oxford having won the boat-race. "My felicitations to you and your gallant crew on your victory," ran the imperial message. "Great Scot!" (or its Sanskrit equivalent), muttered the professor: "just as if I were a coach running along the bank with a tr-r-rumpet!" The point of the joke was that the professor of Sanskrit had never taken more exercise than Mr. Chamberlain, and disliked every form of athletics as much as the Corpus professor of Latin, who once told me that he could imagine no greater folly than looking on at a football-match, except playing football oneself. I heard, by the way, that the Kaiser was disappointed at finding the Duke of Marlborough less conversant than he expected with the details of his great ancestor's military exploits, and that he showed this rather markedly by reserving most of his conversation for his young American hostess.

One of my weekly interests was the excellent classical music provided at the O.U.M.C., of which I had been one of the very first members elected a quarter of a century before, and of which a fellow of Magdalen, who was also a grandson of Mendelssohn, was at this time president. I also attended pretty regularly (a thing I had never done as an undergraduate) the Union debates, and was a good deal interested. The Archibishop of Canterbury (Temple) came up once and gave an address. I was struck by the extraordinary vigour and vitality of the man, who was then not far off eighty; but it was an opportunity lost: a great audience of eager and responsive youths, but this great Christian prelate seemed to have no message for them except a frankly pagan one—"Arnold and water" my neighbour, a young fellow of Hertford, whispered to me as his Grace concluded his harangue. I remember a heated discussion as to whether Walter Walsh's notorious book, the *Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, should or should not be admitted to the Union Library. The argument that it contained gross attacks on eminent men was met by the librarian (Raymond Asquith) with the rejoinder that the works of Catullus contained invectives against eminent people such as Augustus Cæsar, but that that did not make them inadmissible to the library. Mr. Walsh, by the way, lectured in Oxford (to an extremely unsympathetic audience) on "Ritualistic Societies in Oxford". He denounced the "Romanizing conspirators" belonging to the E.C.U., the C.B.S., the S.S.C., and the G.A.S., and read out lists—unobtainable, he mysteriously hinted, for love or money—of their Oxford members, every list appearing to begin with the "Rev. Mr. Adams," a fact which for some reason greatly amused his hearers. I took to this meeting, at his own particular request, Père Didon, the well-known French Dominican, who was staying in Oxford as the guest of the Dean of Christ Church. Various distinguished people were asked to meet him; but some disappointment was caused by the distinguished visitor's entire ignorance of English (French is a tongue almost unknown in Oxford), and also by the eccentric fashion in which he and his clerical companion had "got themselves up" for their visit to England. The picturesque black and white habit of St. Dominic would have been in pleasing harmony with mediaeval hall and cloister; but the spectacle of French ecclesiastics appearing at the table of university magnates attired in cheap tourist suits of pepper-and-salt hue and dubious cut, with turn-down collars and coloured ties, was one calculated, if not to make angels to weep, at least to cause dons to smile. It seemed a pity that Père Didon had no friends to warn him against such a solecism.

I spent my first Easter vacation as chaplain to the Butes at Dumfries House, which I once saw damply described in some newspaper as "Lord Bute's old-fashioned seat in the Water of Lugar!" A new saloon, lit from the roof, had just been added to the fine old Adam house, to contain the magnificent Gobelin tapestries presented by Louis XIV to John, Earl of Stair, British ambassador in Paris, whose brother married the heiress of Dumfries House, and contrived to secure these priceless heirlooms to her family. I went on to see my mother in Edinburgh, and whilst there dined at Niddrie with my gallant cousin, General Andie Wauchope, destined to fall at the head of his Highland Brigade at Magersfontein only eight months later. Lord Wolseley was staying with him, and I remember two things he said to me after dinner—one, that you could subsist all day in the desert without inconvenience on a handful of dates; the other, that Catholic missionaries, "the only kind worth their salt," would never convert the Orientals in any numbers unless they sanctioned, or at least winked at, polygamy. But the distinguished soldier had, I take it, more practical knowledge of the first than of the second matter discussed.

I returned to London in time to dine at the banquet of the Royal Literary Fund, of which I was this year a steward. I sat between Mr. Justice Darling and Sir William Hunter, an Indian magnate with a place near Oxford, and heard excellent speeches from Mr. Choate, the witty American ambassador, and the master of Trinity, Dr. Butler, whose ultra-clerical delivery prevented him, *me judice,* from quite deserving his reputation as the best after-dinner speaker in England. My friend George Lane Fox took me this week to the annual Primrose League demonstration in the Albert Hall—10,000 enthusiasts filling the vast building, and Arthur Balfour "thinking aloud" about finance, in the hesitating fashion which made him rather an irritating orator. The Vice-Chancellor had let his London house this spring to the Glasgows, and it was appropriately decked with myriads of primroses (from Kelburn) for the pretty wedding of my pretty niece Dorothy Boyle, who was married from there just before I returned for the summer term to Oxford, where our house was now regularly constituted a Private Hall under my mastership. One of our first duties was to choose a candidate for the vacant university seat in Parliament; and opinion seemed pretty unanimous in favour of Sir William Anson, the Warden of Keble's suggestion, that the claim of Lord Hugh Cecil, as "a sound churchman,' should be considered, being promptly snuffed out.[1] Oxford was beginning to excite itself over "l'affaire Dreyfus," and Hilaire Belloc, of course an ardent anti-Dreyfusard, kept the ball rolling with his witty and incisive oratory. About this time, by the way, my old friend Noel of St. Barnabas' preached his farewell sermon, on the "Lambeth Opinion," which he jocularly termed "l'affaire Lambeth". He announced that in future he would conform to the ruling of the two primates, and would leave the use of incense to the angels, who were not, he supposed, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

The be-doctored visitors at this year's Commemoration, for which I stayed up, were a more distinguished lot than usual, including the Duke of York (afterwards King George V), Lords Kitchener and Elgin, Sir Hubert Parry and Cecil Rhodes; also the Jesuit librarian of the Vatican, Father Ehrle, who was very well received, the undergraduates in the gallery solicitously inquiring of him, "*Did* your mother call you early, sir?" Rhodes also, whom I saw for the first time, and thought, in appearance at least, a veritable *ἀναξ ἀνδρων*, was vociferously cheered, in spite (or in consequence of) a strong protest which had been organised by a party of Radical dons, headed by the Master of Balliol, against his receiving the honour.

I went to Scotland as soon as term was over, spending a few days on my way to the Highlands with my brother at Aberdeen, where he had a military appointment. One of his guests was a merry young soldier, only son of Lord Granville Gordon, who sang capital songs and was excellent company. Three days later the poor young fellow fell off a roof skylarking and was killed. This autumn was saddened for me by the deaths of several friends, and by the very serious illnesses of Lord Bute, who had a stroke from which he never altogether recovered, and of my nephew Kelburn, who all but died of typhoid fever, contracted in Malta. The first week of September brought a great loss to us all, in the death of our dear mother. All her seven sons were able to be present at her quiet funeral in the beautiful burying-ground in the park close to Milton, where my father had been laid to rest three years before. I returned to Oxford the very day that the Boers declared war against Britain ; and the news of the death in action of an old pupil of Fort Augustus —Hubert Wolseley, killed at Elandslaagte—reached me a fortnight later. I do not remember that Oxford was much affected by the war, except that recruiting became very brisk for the " bugshooters," as the university volunteer corps was derisively called. There was a great send-off also of the Oxfordshire regiment to the front, with the streets beflagged, and bands and patriotic speeches. I think to many people the seriousness of the campaign was first brought home by the " black week " in December, culminating in the disaster of Magersfontein. I was sitting with an old friend in Brook Street on one of those gloomy evenings, with the dank yellow fog forcing its way through the close-drawn curtains, when the raucous voices of the newsboys outside shouted through the darkness, " Another great British disaster ! "

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[1] It was more than a decade before the Warden got his man in. Lord Hugh Cecil was elected M.P. for the university in 1910.

I spent this Christmas at Beaufort, where there was much excitement over the permission just accorded to Lovat by the War Office to raise a corps of Highland scouts for South Africa. He was sure, he told me, of the sympathy and the help, in men and money, of most of his fellow-chiefs, and of raising without difficulty the number to which he was limited. So many young fellows were applying for commissions in the corps (we had calls from them almost daily !) that he was confident of getting together a good set of officers, rejecting altogether what he called the "gentlemen-loafers". Lovat came in with me to Fort Augustus to beat up recruits and to give a lecture on his recent travels in Abyssinia. Soon I went south, and got back to Oxford the day that John Ruskin, whose art lectures I had attended as an undergraduate, died at Coniston, whither he had retired after giving up his professorship in a temper in 1884. Oxford was at its very worst this term in the way of weather, but we were all cheered in February by good news from the seat of war—first the relief of Kimberley, then, on the anniversary of the disaster of Majuba Hill nineteen years before, of the victory of Paardeberg, and a few days later the relief of Ladysmith. Under the last item of news on the Union notice-board I read, with a slight shock, in big letters, "Universal Rejoicings—Worcester Corporation Drunk"; but there followed below, in smaller text, the words, "the healths of Generals Buller and White". It was on this occasion that a deputation of undergraduates requested of the most venerable of college heads that the college bells might be pealed in honour of the day. "Well, I do not know," was the grave reply: "I have no recollection of such a thing having been done after the battle of Waterloo!"

I had the pleasure a little later of being escorted round the rising pile of Westminster Cathedral by Cardinal Vaughan. We went all over the great building in which he was so deeply interested; and his Eminence, as sprightly as a two-year-old, walked over narrow planks and skipped up ladders to giddy heights whither I dare not follow him. I spent part of the following Easter vacation at Bournemouth, grown out of knowledge since I had passed a winter there in 1871. Here I came upon old Canon Bright of Christ Church, who had been kind to me as an undergraduate, but had written to me when I returned from Rome a Catholic in 1875, "Henceforth it will be best for us to be as though we had never met". But time had softened this ancient bitterness, and there was no trace of it now, just a quarter of a century later, and we were a good deal together. One day I accompanied him to

Christchurch, and was much impressed by the great Augustinian church. We studied with interest the unique turret, the apparent freak of some whimsical Norman with its stone network, oyster-shells in the spandrils of the arcades, and shell-like convolutions of the columns—the whole, one feels sure, a playful reminiscence of the sea hard by. I met here very unexpectedly two officers of the Lovat Scouts, who said that " pinkeye " had broken out among their ponies, and they and their men, many of whom " had no English," were kicking their heels at Southampton, unable to sail. However, they got away a week or two later, and the Duke of Norfolk went out about the same time with the Sussex yeomanry, giving up his little job as Postmaster-General for active service. I consequently just missed him at Arundel, where I spent Holy Week and Easter, enjoying much the solemn services of the time in the magnificent church. We went one day to Chichester, where I thought the cathedral rather out of repair, but admired the exterior view, with the detached campanile and old grey buildings grouped round it. An old Fort Augustus boy, Allan Leslie, carried me for a night to Slindon Hall, his home, a few miles distant, a real old Catholic house, once a manor of the Archbishops of Canterbury, with a concealed chapel, priest's hiding-hole, and other interesting features. Passing through London, I heard from Lady Lytton that there was much anxiety at Court about the health of the Queen, who had deeply felt our heavy losses in the war, and had greatly aged of late. I had heard, when in Hampshire, touching accounts of her visiting Netley Hospital, and shedding tears of sympathy as she sat by the beds of the wounded soldiers there.

In May I fulfilled an engagement to preach two sermons in aid of the parish schools of one of the fine Benedictine churches at Warrington, in which busy industrial town the Catholics form a large percentage of the population. I got back to Oxford just in time to see the inhabitants—town and gown alike—" let themselves go," in no very dignified fashion, by way of celebrating the relief of Mafeking. To say that the university, at least the undergraduate portion of it, and the city both made an egregious exhibition of themselves on "Mafeking Night" would be, I suppose, saying no more than was true of London and many other places on the same occasion. More worthy and more touching was the scene I witnessed at Eton two or three weeks later, when, during the Fourth of June festivities, Lord Roberts' telegram was read announcing the fall of Pretoria, and ending, "Floreat Etona!" With the brave old commander-in-chief, thirteen generals, and a thousand officers, all old Etonians, serving in South Africa, my old school had some right to feel proud that day, which was otherwise a very pleasant one, full to me of memories of thirty years before. It was in this same June, I think, that I saw for the first time, in company with a congenial friend, the Greek play at Bradfield, in the picturesque open-air theatre. The weather—an important factor—was perfect and the performance excellent; the play was the *Agamemnon*, and the youth who played Clytemnestra showed himself a genuine tragedian.

After the Oxford term I went to Yorkshire to act as superintending examiner for the Oxford Locals at Ampleforth College. The week ended with the prize-day, and an excellent representation of Sullivan's *Gondoliers*, which much amused the large company of spectators. At the after-luncheon speeches kind references were made by the prior and Bishop Hedley to the good start made by our little Oxford Hall, of which the first B.A. had just graduated. Ampleforth, by the way, had risen from a priory to an abbey since my last visit, as had also the other monasteries of the English congregation; but the first abbot had not yet been elected. My examination work finished, I had a delightful drive with two of the fathers through Duncombe Park to Rievaulx Abbey, and was charmed with the beautiful ruins, nestling (in an ideally Cistercian site) under a wooded hill in the deep vale of Rye. From Ampleforth I went on to Ushaw

College, near Durham, to visit my kind old friend the Bishop of Hexham. I found the station and streets of Durham crowded with uproarious (and not a few tipsy) miners, the day being that of the miners' annual "demon-stration," as the old bishop said it was very properly called. I was much struck by the beauty and the extent of the buildings at Ushaw, especially the noble college chapel. I witnessed a pontifical high mass from the rood-loft, whence the *coup d'œil* on the magnificent high altar, and the long rows of oak stalls, with nearly three hundred students in cassock and surplice, was wonderfully impressive. I returned to London early in August to attend the funeral of Lord Encombe, whose death had just fallen as a heavy blow on the family of Lovat. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Fulham after a solemn requiem at the Oratory Church.

CHAPTER XIX.

1900-1901.

A visit to Ober-Ammergau, in which I was to have accompanied them, had long been planned by Lord Bute for himself and his family in the autumn of 1900; but as his state of health made it impossible for him, or Lady Bute, to undertake the journey, they asked me to escort his four children there. We left England—a party of seven—towards the end of August, and travelled pretty straight to Munich, staying an hour or two at Cologne to see the cathedral. At Munich we did the usual round—I remember our three schoolboys being considerably bored with Pinakothek and Glyptothek—and agreed in preferring the beautiful old Frauenkirche to the pretentious pile of the Cologne Dom. We found a delightful house awaiting us at Ammergau, and were all interested in the quaint little town, thronged for the week-end by good peasants in holiday costume—embroidered braces and leggings, and plumed Tyrolese hats. There was a brand-new theatre since 1890—rather suggestive of a railway station, but very well arranged; and the play, with which our young people were much impressed, was wonderfully done, the new Christus, Anton Lang, being an improvement on old Joseph Mayr, who was now choragus. The huge audience behaved well, an occasional attempt at applause being the only jarring note. We drove to Oberau next day, stopping *en route* to look at the fine Abbey of Ettal, a brewery since Napoleonic days, but now happily restored to its proper use. We stayed a night at Strasburg (where I said mass at the beautiful cathedral), and another at Brussels, and got home after a most successful and enjoyable journey.

I got back to Fort Augustus in time to join in our annual retreat, and found the long-looked for railway almost finished, and many visitors—George Lane Fox, the editor of *Punch* (Burnand), etc., and one of my brothers deerstalking at Glendoe. Later I paid my last visit to Dunskey under the present regime, as the place was sold this year to my nephew-in-law Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P. Donaldson, who had married Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampden since my last visit, had as usual a houseful of visitors, including Winnington-Ingram, now Bishop of Stepney, who was, as always, thoroughly enjoying his Scottish holiday. After Dunskey I stayed a day or two with Lord Stair at Lochinch, visiting from there the scanty ruins of Glenluce Abbey, in a sheltered dale as Cistercian as the site of beautiful Rievaulx. After dinner I played Scotch tunes to old Lord Stair, and then crossed over by the night boat to Ireland, to visit Sir Henry Bellingham at his pretty place in county Louth. It was a new country to me, and I saw much of interest in the neighbourhood: the wonderful group of Christian relics—two churches and three crosses—at Monasterboice, and the picturesque ruins of Mellifont, the mother-house of the Cistercians in Ireland.[1] The fine churches and convents of Drogheda (in one of which I saw the head of Oliver Plunkett[2]) pleased me much, as did a drive we took to Barmeath Castle, Lord Bellew's fine old place (part of it dating from the eleventh century) on Dundalk Bay. Lady Bellew took us after luncheon, through the beautiful gardens, up a hill planted with noble beeches, on the top of which, in a grove of immemorial yews, stands a church of unknown antiquity, and whence there was a grand view over the bay, with the Mourne Mountains and Slieve Donard darkly purple in the distance. Returning to Scotland, I paid a visit to my younger sister at her pretty Wigtonshire home near Whithorn, and then went south to Llanforda, near

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[1] It was founded A.D. 1142, by Donogh O'Carroll (an Irish king!) and colonised by St. Bernard himself with monks from Clairvaux.

[2] Archbishop of Armagh, put to death on a trumped-up charge of high treason on 1 July, 1680. The cause of his canonisation is pending in Rome as I write these lines (1919).

Oswestry, on what was a kind of pilgrimage for me, for the bustling Welsh-Salopian town was full of memorials (including the fine old parish church) of my patron saint Oswald, king and martyr; and the handsome Catholic church, built by my host T. Longueville,[1] was on the actual site of the battle in which Oswald was slain by the pagan Penda I recall two more visits this autumn, one to the Neviles near Malvern, whence we went into Birmingham and heard Elgar conduct the first performance of his *Dream of Gerontius*: the other to Woodchester, to some friends living close to the Dominican Priory, whose picturesque spires and gables looked as if they had grown up naturally in that Gothic country,[2] and had not been (like so many modern monasteries) dumped down incongruously by a Victorian architect.

I was on the point of returning to Oxford for the autumn term, when I heard with sincere sorrow of Lord Bute's death at Dumfries House, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. I went straight up to Bute for the funeral, which was all the more impressive because of hired pomp and grandeur there was absolutely none. His coffin, made by his own carpenters, was borne by his own workmen to the wayside station whence it was conveyed to the sea, and across the Firth of Clyde to Kilchattan Bay, in Bute, where a great assemblage awaited its arrival, and followed it for nearly five miles on foot, the only carriage being that of the widow. Through the russet and gold of the October woods it passed, preceded by the cross and a long array of bishops and clergy, and followed by the young sons, and Norfolk, Herries, Loudoun, Glasgow, and many other notable people. Night was falling as our *cortège* reached the little chapel on the shore where the remains were to rest; and the pine torches carried by the assistants threw a sombre glare on the coffin, on which were laid a black and gold pall, and the dead peer's coronet and the chain and green velvet mantle of the Thistle. Vespers of the dead were sung: black-robed sisters watched by the bier all night; and next morning the dirge was chanted, the requiem mass celebrated, the five absolutions reserved for prelates and great nobles solemnly pronounced. The single bell tolled from the little turret as the mourners silently dispersed, leaving my friend to rest in peace within the ivy-covered walls washed by the waves which encircled his island home. A few days later Lady Bute and all her children left England for Jerusalem, in order to carry out her husband's last wish that his heart should be buried on the Mount of Olives.

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[1] Author of the *Prig* and many other books grave and gay. His eldest son had been our pupil at Fort Augustus. He had been an invalid for many years, but was one of the most charming of companions and conversationalists.

[2] There was a tradition that the Gothic style of building had never died out in the Vale of Stroud, and that even now a local builder, if one ordered a cowhouse or a pigstye, would construct it in the perpendicular style, with four-centred arches and a flying buttress or two!

I went back to Oxford sorrowfully enough, to hear there of the sudden death of another friend, Father Clarke, the distinguished head of the little Jesuit Hall, of which Father Pope was now appointed master. The *Oxford Magazine*, which noticed Father Clarke's death very sympathetically, printed also an article of mine on "Lord Bute as an Oxonian," which aroused a good deal of interest. Prior Smith of Ampleforth, always a kind friend to me and our Oxford house, received the solemn blessing as abbot this month (October), and Prior Ford was blessed as Abbot of Downside. I made this term the acquaintanceship (through my brother-in-law Sir Charles Dalrymple, his old friend), of G. C. Brodrick, the Warden of Merton, who often asked me to his Sunday luncheon-parties, the rendezvous of many interesting and some distinguished people. "Curius Dentatus," as he was playfully called, dominated his guests by his pervading, though never offensive, egoism. Speaking of the days when he wrote for *The Times* under Delane, "*The Times* newspaper possessed in those days," said the warden, "a literary distinction which it seems now to lack. I read the three leading articles in yesterday's issue, and it seemed to me that they might have been written—well, by anyone at this table"—

with a comprehensive glance round the luncheon-table. "One for us," whispered the eminent diarist Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, who chanced to be my neighbour. I met the warden once at a rain-sodden garden-party, and condoled with him on the weather. "I am now," he said mournfully, "labouring under an apprehension, not yet quite amounting to a certainty, that the damp on this grass has penetrated through my goloshes". Some friend urged him to marry: a wife would so greatly assist him, as head of a great college, in the work of entertaining and so on. "Why, certainly," was the rejoinder, "she would undoubtedly be of great service to me during term-time; but then what on earth should I do with her during the long vacation?" As a matter of fact he often had a niece keeping house for him; and some one once congratulated him on the excellent relations between this young lady and the members of the college. "Yes," said the warden, "I think I may say that my niece, without in the slightest degree infringing the canons of maidenly decorum, has established with the undergraduates of this college a spirit of *camaraderie* which is eminently satisfactory."

An event of domestic interest at Fort Augustus this autumn was the death of Dom Anselm Robertson, last conventual of the Scots Monastery at Ratisbon, and last surviving link between that venerable foundation of the eleventh century and our Highland abbey, the first novice of which he had invested with the Benedictine habit. In November, 1900, the whole Benedictine world was interested in the inauguration of the international abbey and college of St. Anselm on the Aventine, in Rome. The beautiful Romanesque buildings, designed by the abbot-primate (de Hemptinne) were opened with great ceremony, ten cardinals and eighty-five mitred abbots assisting at the function. Pope Leo XIII desired to see students here from every abbey in Christendom, and our monastery had generally one or two representatives at the college, which had the full status of a pontifical university. On the other hand, a few Romans used to find their way to Oxford from time to time. I came on one princeling,

ABBATIA·PRIMATIALIS·ET·COLLEGIUM·S·ANSELMI·DE·URBE·
1919
BR. RICHARD ANSON. O.S.B.

ST. ANSELM'S ABBEY, ROME

Don Enrico Ruspoli, about this time, lodging in an obscure boarding-house in the Iffley Road. He said he had come to Oxford to study law ["to do his right," as he expressed it, freely translating "faire son droit]," and had been recommended to his lodging by a barber who shaved him on his arrival, and said his brother was a waiter there. Later I knew at Merton the son of Prince Buoncompagni-Ludovisi, who had a dull time at first, having received instructions from home that he was to associate at the university only with scions of the English nobility! He soon, however, found it profitable, and indeed necessary, to be less exclusive in his choice of friends, and spent quite a pleasant year or two at Oxford. Foreigners of distinction used not infrequently to send their sons to Oxford "to study English," without entering them at any college or procuring for them any introductions; and I sometimes came upon, and did what I could to rescue, young Counts of ancient lineage and varying nationality, who were lodging in some remote purlieu of the city, and "studying English" by conversing with their landladies.

I spent this Christmas with Lord Ralph and Lady Anne Kerr at Woodburn, near Edinburgh, officiating at the Christmas services in their tiny oratory. There had been a great gale a few days before; and Newbattle Park was littered with great uprooted trees—a sad sight. We all walked one day in the neighbouring domain of Dalkeith; a gloomy winter's day, and the noble oaks of the old royal forest leafless, gaunt, and black. I amused my companions with the story of the enthusiastic young lady who, sauntering in such a forest, broke away from the grave professor with whom she was walking, and clasping her arms round an ancient trunk cried ecstatically, "O you grand old oak, if you could only speak and tell me all you have seen during the centuries you have stood here, I wonder what you would say!"—"He would say, I think," said the professor, "my dear young lady, I am not an oak, I'm a beech!"[1] New

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[1] This may be fiction; but it is, I believe, a fact that Dr. ("Ideal") Ward, though the largest landowner in the Isle of Wight, was so little of a country

Year's Day I passed at St. Andrews, and the Epiphany, returning south to find the newspapers full of the late Bishop of London (Mandell Creighton, just deceased) and speculating as to his successor.[1]

A death of more universal concern saddened us all in the first days of the January term. Queen Victoria passed away on 22 January; and three days later I saw from the Mayor's parlour King Edward VII proclaimed at Carfax, and joined in "God save the King" (how strange it sounded!) with rather a lump in the throat. With me on this reserved balcony was young Bute, who was now resident in Grissell's house in High Street (not, however, as a member of the university), and arranging, he told me, to study Scots history, conversational Arabic, and the banjo! The Catholic undergraduates were considerably increased in numbers; and a sign of commendable strenuousness was the fact that 20 per cent. of them were rowing this spring in their college "torpids"—a fact the more creditable, as none of our Catholic schools except Beaumont had any facilities for rowing. The death during this term of old Canon Bright, who had taught church history, from his own point of view, at Oxford for nearly fifty years, made me think with satisfaction of our recently renewed and friendly intercourse at Bournemouth. A curious *sequela* of his death was the revival at St. Barnabas' Church of what one High-Church paper called the "disedifying" custom of the officiating clergy wearing birettas. They had been discontinued there many years before, in deference, it was said, to Canon Bright, who objected to them, not on any theological grounds, but because his own head was too "knobby" to permit of his wearing a biretta with any decorum or comfort.

The Easter vacation of 1901 was memorable to me, being

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gentleman, that when a friend, walking with him in his park at Northwood, remarked on the fine foliage of a certain oak, he said in surprise, "Is that really an oak, my dear friend? What wonderful botanical knowledge you possess!"

[1] My friend Winnington-Ingram succeeded him in the see, as I had always expected.

occupied by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land (a privilege which I never thought would be mine) in company with Bute. He had an audience of the King in order to give up the insignia of the Thistle worn by his late father; and we started next evening by the P. & O. express for Brindisi. Spring was abnormally late in Italy, and we saw no signs of verdure during the long coast-journey from Bologna to Brindisi—only dusty olives rising from the yellow earth. Very dusty and arid-looking, too, were the Ionian Isles, through which we sped swiftly in the long and narrow *Isis*, getting a terrible tossing the second day out. Port Said, where we landed at dawn, an unattractive place at best, was unbearable with a sand-laden sirocco. We got our Turkish passports (wherein Bute's eyes were described as "honey-coloured," and most of my features were set down as "ordinary"), and soon boarded the Austrian Lloyd boat, where I copied forthwith a quaint set of "Rules for Passengers," in Greek and English:—

> "Passengers, having a right to be treated like persons of education, will no doubt conform themselves to the Rules of Good Society, by respecting their Fellow-travellers and paying a due Regard to the Fair Sex.[1]
>
> "Passengers who have a Birth on the Steamboat cannot remain on Board after the Voyage.
>
> "It is severely Prohibited to middle with the command of the Steamboat."

We landed at Jaffa without difficulty (not always the case) on St. Benedict's Day, and travelled to Jerusalem in a crowded train which bumped along the ill-laid railway at tortoise pace. The journey was a purgatory tempered by large Jaffa oranges, perhaps the finest in the world (except those of Bahia). Opposite me was an intelligent young American, who was doing Palestine with the Bible as a guide-book instead of Baedeker. At Jerusalem we found clean and comfortable little cells awaiting us in the Franciscan Casa Nuova, and went out before dark to make our first visit to the Holy Sepulchre.

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[1] I append, as a curiosity, the Greek original.

"*Οἱ κύριοι ἐπιβάται, αἵτινες ἔχουσι το δικαίωμα να εἶναι μεταχειρισμένοι καλῶς, ὡς ἄνθρωποι ἀνατεθράμμενοι, χρωστοῦσι καὶ προσαρμοσθῶσι μὲ τὸ φερσημόν τῶν κατὰ τοὺς κανόνας τῆς πολιτικῆς κοινωνίας, καὶ μὲ τὴν συστολὴν τὴν ὀφειλομένην πρὸς το φῦλον (γενος), καὶ εἰς τὸν βαθμον τῶν συμπλέοντων.*"

This is not a guide-book to the Holy Places, nor will I attempt any detailed record of the wonderful three weeks I spent in the Holy City; for when my companion rode forth into the wilderness *en route* for Nazareth, I resolved—I think wisely—to devote the whole of our short sojourn to seeing, and really familiarising myself with, Jerusalem alone. Our earliest walk, of course, was that wonderful one along the Via Dolorosa, across the Brook Kedron, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and up the Mount of Olives, pausing half-way at the Franciscan chapel of "Dominus Flevit," in the little garden of which my friend's heart had been reverently laid, an oleander tree and a little cairn marking the spot. I may here perhaps record the inscription written by Lady Bute, and rendered by me at her request into Latin, which is engraved on a white marble tablet within the chapel:—

> PAX ESTO AETERNA ANIMAE PIENTISSIMAE JOANNIS PATRICII MARCHIONIS III DE BUTE IN SCOTIA VII ID OCTOBR ANNO DOMINI MDCCCC MORTEM IN CHRISTO OBEUNTIS CUJUS COR IN TERRAM SANCTAM SUPREMA TESTAMENTI CAUTIONE DELATUM GUENDOLINA CONJUX IN HORTO HUIC DOMINUS FLEVIT AEDICULAE ANNEXO QUATUOR ADSISTENTIBUS FILIIS ID NOVEMBR EODEM ANNO PROPRIIS RELIGIOSE MANIBUS SEPELIVIT.

One whole day I gave to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and there, at the very Tomb, I had the happiness to say mass on Lady Day, the twenty-sixth anniversary of my reception into Holy Church. I celebrated too, in Passion Week, at the altar of the Seven Sorrows on Calvary, and often at the devotional Church of the Ladies of Sion. Bute returned before Palm Sunday, when we received our long fresh palms from the Latin Patriarch's hand. Next day we visited, with the usual guard, the great Temple enclosure with its two beautiful mosques in their cypress garden; and the same day we drove with our Bedouin escort to Jericho—down, ever down, nearly 4000 feet, through one arid valley after another. Passing the deep gorge of the Wadi-el-kelt, we saw far beneath us a Greek monastery hanging on the rocks like a swallow's nest, and a long train of Russian pilgrims defiling along the narrow road leading to the Jordan. Presently we caught our first glimpse of the dark blue expanse of the Dead Sea; and then the whole vast Jordan valley came suddenly into view, green and fertile, and backed by the grey masses of the mountains of Moab. We slept at Jericho (I said mass in the little Franciscan convent), and drove on to the Dead Sea—a sinister-looking sheet of leaden-grey, encircled by high bare hills, and the beach strewn thickly with dead branches and the skeletons of countless fish, brought down by Jordan and dying the moment they enter the great lake. The water tastes filthy and nauseous, and is slimy to the touch.[1] Far away to the west we could descry the Russian tower on the summit of Mount Olivet. A great contrast was the Ford of Jordan not far distant, its banks thickly fringed with trees, tarfas, willows, jujube-trees and crimson-flowered loranthus. Thousands of Russians were here, some praying, others bathing in the sacred stream, wrapped in linen which was religiously kept to serve as their winding-sheets. It was almost dark when our long ascent to Jerusalem was over; and the city looked more impressive than I had yet seen it, its infinite squalors hidden by kindly night, and a full moon touching towers and walls and minarets with silver. Under Mount Olivet one of our team began to shy and kick, and almost precipitated us, carriage and all, into the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but we escaped that premature fate.

We attended all the Holy Week functions at the Holy Sepulchre church, in company with an almost overpowering crowd of devotees of all nations. On Easter Sunday Bute served my mass at the quiet Church of Sion, and next day we journeyed to Bethlehem, an almost Christian town (5000 Catholics), with fine churches and many Catholic institutions, I said mass at the Holy Manger, surrounded by many hundreds of devout pilgrims; we afterwards visited Solomon's Pools, restored by Pontius Pilate, and for centuries the chief source of water for Jerusalem. Returning to the city, we called to take leave of the Latin Patriarch, the Father Guardian of the Holy Land, and the British Consul. Next day we left the Holy City, by road this time, passing the fine Norman basilica of Abu Ghôsh, lately made over to the French Benedictines, and driving through luxuriant groves of apricots, figs, and oranges to Jaffa, where we commandeered a British tramp steamer for Beyrout. Here we caught a Messageries boat, overflowing with Cook's tourists, a fearful and wonderful crowd who had been escorted through the Holy Land by a Jew (!), and seemed to have nearly all quarrelled with one another: also a fine old Capuchin, Procurator-General of his Order, an agreeable Conde from Argentina with his daughter, and the Turkish Mayor of Beyrout, with all his ladies and a large suite. We stopped for some hours at Smyrna, to let the tourists rush to Ephesus and back, while we sauntered through the town, and admired the great cypress-planted cemeteries and cherry-orchards in bloom. We noticed a train of laden dromedaries pacing slowly to the railway station—the old civilisation and the new! Traversing the Sea of Marmora, we were struck by the distant view of snow-capped Olympus; and the prospect of Constantinople, with its countless domes and minarets rising from the sea, was enchanting as we steamed at sunset up to our moorings at the junction of the Golden Horn and the Bosporus.

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[1] 7 per cent. is chloride of sodium (common salt): the "filthy" taste is that of chloride of magnesium; and the "sliminess" is due to chloride of calcium. More than 25 per cent. of solid matter is held in solution in the water.

We had but one day to devote to the wonders of Stamboul —the two glorious mosques, the tomb of Alexander the Great and so on; for next day the kind officials of our Embassy had arranged for us to witness the Selamlik from the Ambassadors' Gallery at the palace of Yildiz Kiosk. We were presented to the Austrian ambassador and the Papal delegate (in purple, wearing a resplendent diamond cross), and had a good view of the imposing ceremony, what impressed me most being the immense body of troops of all arms which lined the approaches to the palace and the mosque. "Allâkhuakbar-heyyâ 'ala-ssalâ," chanted the Mueddin sonorously from the minaret at the stroke of noon, calling the Commander of the Faithful to prayer. His Majesty, a spare bearded man, contrasting in appearance with his corpulent Pashas,[1] was driven down to the mosque in a victoria with gilded wheels drawn by beautiful bays, but drove himself back to the palace in a low phaeton and pair of milk-white Arabs, with footguards, flunkies, and fat Pashas running after the carriage like a pack of schoolboys—a curious spectacle. Bute and I left Constantinople the same afternoon, and travelled straight home in the Orient Express. As our train stopped three hours at Vienna on Sunday morning, we hopped out and heard mass sung (to beautiful unaccompanied music) in the Lazarist church near the station. Thirty-six hours later we arrived in London, and I found myself in Oxford two days after the beginning of the summer term.

The end of our interesting pilgrimage reminds me that some of us made another little pilgrimage about this time, from Oxford to Sandford, in quest of the tomb of an Oxford martyr, Father Napier, a native of the city and executed there in 1610. He was said to be buried in the old Templars' chapel at Sandford, now a barn; but the occupier (so one of his labourers told us) "didn't hold with people digging for no bodies about his place," so our search remained unproductive. When I was looking up Napier's record in the Bodleian, my friend the librarian showed me a Sanskrit MS. just added to the library; the title of it was Svacchandalalitabhairavamahātantra!

We had some lovely rides in these summer days—one to

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[1] Our kind Embassy friend said that a particularly stout Pasha (it was the Minister of War on this occasion) was always told off to accompany the Sultan in the imperial carriage, in order that he might intercept any possible bullets or bombs.

Dorchester, to see old Mr. Davey, the Catholic squire of Overey, who had with him his two venerable Benedictine brothers—a quaint trio. They trotted us round their garden and to the ancient abbey mill, set in a field ablaze with buttercups; and we drank tea on their lawn under full-blooming lilacs, white and purple.[1] Another June day I spent at Wroxton Abbey, Lord North's beautiful Jacobean house near Banbury; lovely oak panelling everywhere, and a joy to see the chapel (a genuine relic of Laudian high Anglicanism, with a pear-wood statue of the Madonna) devoted to Catholic worship.[2] From Wroxton we went over to Lord Saye-and-Sele's real Edwardine castle of Broughton, very well preserved, with its grey towers and battlements, mediæval chapel, and old moat aglow with white and golden water-lilies. An even older and more enchanting castle was Baddesley Clinton, the ancient home of the Ferrers; to which my brother Forbes took me when I visited him at Leamington. Its venerable quadrangle, and some of the stained glass, dated from Plantagenet days; and the quiet Catholic *châtelaine* who gave us tea in cups centuries old, and who spent her days painting in her studio or praying in her oratory, looked as if she too had stepped out of the Middle Ages. Whit Sunday I spent in London; it was the festival of the kind Oratorians, and there was the customary crowded church, Haydn's Imperial Mass, fiddles, trumpets, and shawms, orchids and lilies, hangings of crimson brocade, and an admirable discourse from a learned and eloquent Jesuit. One met the Catholic world at these festas of Saint Philip; and the reunion which followed them, with an after-luncheon stroll in the pretty shady garden behind the great church, was always one of the pleasantest gatherings of the London summer season.

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[1] This quaint, homely *ménage* was broken up by the death of the good old squire soon afterwards; and the pretty place, a Catholic home for many generations, was acquired by St. John's College, Oxford.

[2] Lord North, who succeeded his mother in the title in 1884, and his wife, who was related to Lord Eglinton (they used to hunt with the Eglinton hounds in my young days), were both converts to Catholicism of many years standing.

CHAPTER XX.

1901-1903.

Soon after the Oxford summer term ended I paid a visit to Arundel, where the house party included such agreeably diversified elements as an inspector of fisheries, the Secretary of the G.P.O., a low-church peer with his Quaker wife, several soldiers and young ladies, and Lord Hugh Cecil, who engaged me on the first evening after dinner in a discussion on the sacramental views of the Zwinglians. I think it was during this visit that I wrote a memorandum, at my host's request, on his right (which I questioned) to use the "Flodden augmentation" on his coat-armorial.[1] I watched with curiosity one day a game of "living whist" in the tilting yard of the castle, the players, the Duke and his sister, Lady Edmund Talbot and the mayor, "playing the hands" from elevated armchairs. I went to Gloucester from Arundel to stay with my kind old friend the little Master of Pembroke (an *ex officio* canon of Gloucester), in his cool shady house nestling under the tower of our glorious old abbey. He knew all there was to know about Gloucester, and showed me, among other things, the dismantled Dominican and Franciscan churches, used respectively as a tenement house and a spirit store. One day we visited Hayles Abbey, of which hardly a stone remains above ground, conducted by a learned antiquary of the chapter; and in the evenings precentors and other dignitaries came to dinner, and talked "cathedral shop" till I fancied myself in Barchester Close.

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[1] The demi-lion of Scotland, granted after Flodden Fight to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, "and his heirs," i.e. his heirs-general, who were ultimately Winifred, Lady Stourton and Anne, Lady Petre, great-granddaughters of the sixth Duke. The representatives of these ladies, *and they alone* (such was my contention) inherited the right to bear the Flodden augmentation, now sported not only by all Norfolk Howards, but by Carlisles, Suffolks, Howards de Walden and of Glossop, and many others.

I stayed with my brother in Ayrshire on my way north, and found great "restorations" carried out at the plain old parish church of my boyhood's days. I was glad to see the great fifteenth-century window in the transept filled with stained glass in my parents' memory[1]; and as for the new squat tower (a farmer's gift), the highly decorated ceiling, and the pinnacled pulpit like an episcopal throne in an Anglican cathedral—well, I suppose the "committee of taste" had done its best, and a local newspaper described the decorative work as "chastely Gothic," which I am sure was meant for praise. I reached Fort Augustus in August, and found the monastery grounds in great beauty—high hedges of fragrant sweet peas, tall sheaves of lilies, and "roses, roses all the way". Among our passing visitors this autumn was General Baden Powell, who stayed a night at the inn, as he thought, *incog.* But his identity being quickly discovered, the landlady refused to take a single bawbee for his entertainment, and the local stick-maker prepared to present the hero of Mafeking with the handsomest crook in his shop. Meanwhile, the gallant general had fled to our abbey for sanctuary, and had found among the monks a Charterhouse schoolfellow, who sheltered him for an hour or two from the admiring curiosity of the Fort Augustus public.

We kept the silver jubilee of the foundation of the abbey with appropriate festivities, and many guests, in mid-September, an unrehearsed feature of the celebrations being a violent earthquake, which shook most of us out of our beds at 1.32 a.m. (I noted the exact minute, and was complimented by a newspaper on my *aplomb*), on 17 September. Soon after this I went to Mountstuart for the anniversary services in memory of Lord Bute, whose coffin was re-interred in a magnificent sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of white Carrara marble. The requiem music was beautifully rendered by the Oban Cathedral choir.

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[1] The minister and I had agreed that SS. Edward and Elisabeth (for my father and mother) and the B.V.M. and St. Cuthbert, patrons of the old church, would be appropriate figures for the four lights. But the kirk session (I suppose it was the kirk session) objected, and substituted Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John!

We began the new term at Oxford with an increase in the numbers of our hall. Old days at May Place and Eton were recalled to me at this time by the apparition of my little kinsman Stafford at an Oxford preparatory school. I told his mother, the Duchess of Sutherland, who came down one day to see him, how much he reminded me, with his blue eyes and yellow hair growing low on his forehead, of his father, my old friend and schoolfellow; but she said she was sure he was naughtier and wilder than his father had ever been! It was this autumn that we (i.e. Convocation) decreed the abolition of the Sunday afternoon university sermon, which had long been a melancholy farce—a beggarly array of empty benches, and the only audience a few personal friends of the preacher, *plus* the university officials bound to attendance. It had not been so in former days, when famous divines of widely divergent views used to alternate in that historic pulpit. A discourse from Dr. Liddon in the morning and Dean Stanley in the afternoon, or from Dr. Pusey before luncheon and (say) Canon Kingsley after, was stimulating intellectual fare to those who were robust enough to digest it. "I have heard the university sermon, morning and afternoon, for seven-and-twenty years," a vice-chancellor's silver-stick-in-waiting is reported once to have said: "and thank heaven! I am still a Christian."

I remember no particularly noteworthy incidents at Oxford before the close of this year. One was asked (though not always expected) to attend meetings summoned for all sorts of objects, philanthropic or political, social or religious. The Duchess of Marlborough was in those days a good deal in evidence at such gatherings, and sometimes spoke, in the low, sweet, peculiarly un-American voice which was characteristic of her. One would often meet her carriage bowling along the Woodstock Road—a quaint turn-out as I remember it, a square hooded waggonette, with the bright-hued jacket of the postilion making a cheerful "blob" of colour against the low grey clouds and leafless hedges.

I passed Christmas 1901, like the previous one, with the kind Kerrs at Woodburn. On my way back to Oxford I spent an afternoon in the House of Lords, where the first object my eye encountered was the Duke of Devonshire fast asleep on one of the scarlet benches. Lord Salisbury presently slouched in, looking old and depressed; but he revived sufficiently to make a caustic and "nasty" remark about John Dillon. Old Lord Wemyss, who seemed to want to know all about the Navy and its "probable station in time of war," was informed severely by the First Lord (Selborne) that in such an event it would be stationed precisely where it was most wanted; whereupon the old earl sat down, with a loud grunt of dissatisfaction, on some other noble lord's top-hat, and I left the august precincts considerably entertained.

Early in the Lent term we heard of the death of Dr. Frederick George Lee, who had graduated from St. Edmund's Hall some fifty years previously, and had become a Catholic not long before his death. "Throughout sixty-five years," he wrote to an Oxford friend from his death-bed, "I have, I trust, by the grace of God and the favour of the angels, been always a Christian and a Tory. The unclean, atheistical, anti-Christian agitations of the past half-century have left me where I was. Oxford, which I loved of old, is now so full of tramways, baby-baskets, feeding-bottles, and vulgar villas that I never go near it. Greek philosophy and morals curse it. I prefer rather to remember it when Routh was a don, Newman its guide, and God its illumination."

We had a long and late winter this year; and long after the middle of February bicycles, brakes, motors, dog-carts, and trains were transporting hundreds of men daily to the

Duke of Marlborough's noble lake in Blenheim Park, for skating and hockey. The torpids came to a premature end, the river being blocked by floating ice-floes, and some of the boats much damaged, Meanwhile, a detachment of the university volunteers was accepted for active service, and departed for the seat of war amid much enthusiasm. The gallant and reverend major of the corps (afterwards a bishop in South Africa), sounded a slogan or war-cry, advocating a spell of active service as the best conceivable preparation for holy orders and the work of a clergyman. This pronouncement evoked some strong protests, including one from "Q" (Mr. Quiller-Couch), who asked whether the proper function of Christian ministers who marched with armies was not rather to mitigate the horrors of war than to assist in furthering them.

I spent Easter this year at Arundel, and went over from there to see my old pupil Raymund Weld, now "Dom Hugh," at St. Hugh's Charterhouse. I was glad to find him well and happy in the monastery, which now contained some eighty monks, including exiles from France. He gave me an excellent *maigre* luncheon, and showed me his simple but well-arranged cell, or rather house, in which the Carthusian spends so many hours of solitude and prayer. It was just after this, whilst travelling in the Scotch express, that I had the curious experience of witnessing an eclipse of the moon from my carriage window. Shortly before the summer term opened I visited St. Edmund's College, Ware, and saw an excellent performance of Plautus's *Aulularia* by the students. I wrote a notice of it for the *Daily Chronicle*, and oddly enough found myself, while so engaged, seated beside the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the college theatre. A day I spent at Eton about this time with the schoolboy son of my dearest school friend of old days, Eustace Vesey, is associated in my mind with seeing the famous Serpollet racing-car—then the wonder of the motor world—whizzing past the New Schools at seventy or eighty miles an hour. I looked for the last time on my old tutor's lofty and hideous house ("you will know it," he had said to me on my first day at Eton, "as the tallest house in Eton, just as I am the tallest master"), which was coming down to make way for the War Memorial speech-room and library. Just a month after this visit to Eton, peace was signed with the Boers; and we at Oxford rejoiced decorously, with beflagged streets and chiming church-bells, but no "mafficking" on this occasion. Winston Churchill came this term to speak at the Union, giving us an admirably eloquent defence of the Government Education Bill; and two days later Mr. Bryce held entranced a big audience in the Sheldonian with his Romanes lecture on the "Relations between the advanced and backward races of man".

As soon as term was over I hastened up to Mountstuart, to assist at Bute's majority celebrations, which came off very well. More than a hundred of his tenants came on horseback, and rode with our carriages into Rothesay, where Bute received the freedom of the burgh from the provost and made a neat little reply. There was a big luncheon afterwards, and next day a huge garden party at Mountstuart. A pretty and pious feature of the festivities was the solemn blessing, at which I officiated, of a great marble crucifix which had been erected in the woods near the house. We all went south together for the impending or expected Coronation—only to be confronted with the news of the King's dangerous illness. I saw Bute take his seat in the House of Lords next day, and heard Lord Salisbury give a most lugubrious report of the King's condition. I also saw Queen Alexandra, whose reception by the people was quite thrilling, review the Colonial troops, my place being near that of the Papal envoy, who looked magnificent in full episcopal purple, attended by two of the Pope's Noble Guard in their resplendent uniforms—"quite like Romulus and Remus," remarked a lady near me as she gazed admiringly at their helmets and accoutrements twinkling and glittering in the June sunshine. Before leaving London I spent a most amusing evening at the

House of Commons: it was a wild Irish night, with John Redmond on the war-path denouncing Lord de Freyne's supposed iniquities, and George Wyndham, cool, handsome, and debonnair, calmly knocking the bottom out of the Nationalist sophistries.

I had a sad visit to Arundel this summer, my stay there coinciding with the death of the Duke's only son, the invalid Earl of Arundel and Surrey. At the end of July my friend MacCall (the Duke's chaplain) and I had a musical treat which we both enjoyed, namely a visit to Baireuth, the shrine of Wagner. We heard *Parsifal*, and were much impressed, the only drawback being that the hero, the very ideal of youthful grace and purity, was enacted by a fat and middle-aged tenor from Vienna, who displayed emotion by wagging his whole person, and moved us to disrespectful giggles. We saw also the *Meistersinger* and *Flying Dutchman*, and enjoyed them greatly. We stayed a few days on our way home at Nuremberg, a fascinating town which seemed unchanged since I had visited it thirty years before, and got back to London in time for my *festa*, St. Oswald's Day, and the day of the crowning of King Edward, for which the Earl Marshal had given me an excellent seat close to the entrance of the abbey. I recall first the arrival of the peers in their gala carriages, then of the Lord Mayor in his bedizened Cinderella-coach and six; the procession of Indian chiefs and princes (I admired the fine old Bedi of Kullar in his snow-white turban); Lord "Bobs," riding in solitary grandeur and hugely cheered, and Lord Kitchener, for once all smiles; finally the King and Queen in their golden coach, he pale and haggard, she (bare-headed) sweet and sad-faced. They came out at the end in their crowns, the King's unbecomingly low on his forehead and a trifle crooked: the poor man looked ready to faint. I left London the same evening for Arundel: the pretty old town and castle-hill were picturesquely illuminated, but the great pile of the castle itself in darkness owing to the Duke's deep mourning.

I had a pleasant autumn vacation at Fort Augustus, where we had many interesting visitors, and I was occupied in assisting to launch a little magazine conducted (and chiefly written) by members of our community. Our recreations were occasionally enlivened by the strains of a *tuna*—a brass band whereof our little alumni were the executants. I fulfilled one or two week-end chaplaincies—one at the Lovats' lodge of Killin, miles from anywhere, the grey walls of the little castle reflected in the black waters of a loch 1500 feet above sea-level; another at Comrie, in beautiful Strathearn, a country new to me; and a third with some friends who had a lodge of the Duke of Richmond's on the very edge of the silver expanse of Loch Morlich, encircled by a panorama of blue and purple hills crowned by the imposing mass of Cairngorm. I stayed with my friend Longueville *en route* for the south, and also with a Catholic neighbour of his, Lord Southwell, at his delightful (and typically Cheshire) black-and-white gabled hall on the banks of Dee. At Oxford I found seventy Catholic undergraduates in residence, their good chaplain raised to the rank of a Monsignore,[1] and a party in Convocation doing their best to abolish compulsory Greek—a conspiracy which my vote helped to frustrate. A converted Brahmin called Upadhyay (popularly known as "Upidee") who dubbed himself a "Roman Catholic Hindoo monk," was a good deal in evidence at Oxford this term, giving lectures on the Vedantic philosophy, and walking our grey streets in his white Brahmin robes. He asked me if he might encamp (apparently more or less permanently) in our back-garden, providing for himself the vegetables which were his sole sustenance; but to this we hardly saw our way to agree. I believe he was a genuine personage, not a charlatan or an impostor, as a good many quasi-Oriental visitors to Oxford unfortunately too often are.

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[1] "What is a Monsignore?" people at St. Andrews used to ask my friend Angus, who had occasionally one of these dignitaries as his guest. "A Monsignore," he would reply, "is a man who looks like a bishop, and dresses like a bishop, but is not a bishop!"

Christmas time, which I spent this year at Beaufort, was partly taken up with preparations for the wedding of the third daughter of the house, who was married in a snowstorm, I (as the phrase is) "presiding at the organ," the notes whereof I remember were "cyphering" with cold and damp. I also preached at the re-opening of the private chapel, which Lady Lovat had adorned and redecorated as a thank-offering for the safe return of her three sons from active service. On my way back to Oxford I stayed at Newnham Paddox with the Denbighs, and carried off as a souvenir a delightful photograph of their three sons and seven daughters, all standing in a row like so many pretty animated ninepins.[1] I came in for another wedding in London, that of the eldest daughter of my old friend, George Lane Fox—a cheerful function at the Oratory, with the band of the Coldstream Guards (the bridegroom's regiment) performing in the transept, and a hundred guardsmen lining the broad aisle.

Almost my first duty in the opening term of 1903 was to attend the funeral of the aged Warden of New College, Dr. Sewell, who had lived in Oxford practically continuously, as scholar, fellow and warden, for three-quarters of a century, and was yet so little of a personality that it was said no one had ever found out whether he was high-church or low-church, Conservative or Liberal. For years he had seen little of the undergraduates of his famous college; but he always interviewed and greeted his freshmen at the beginning of each term. "Gentlemen," was the old man's little speech, one bright October morning, as the party of shy youngsters made him their parting bow; "gentlemen, I see the sun shining upon your heads: may it always shine upon them!" "I should like to consult you, Mr. Warden," Lord Ralph Kerr said to him when bringing his son up to the college, "as to the selection of a good tutor for my boy, who is, I believe a promising student." "My Lord," was the grave reply, "at New College *all* the tutors are good." One of his undergraduates was engaged in an inter-university boxing-match at Cambridge, and asked the Warden's formal permission to "go down". "Do I understand" asked the old head solemnly, "that you desire leave of absence in order to indulge in a pugilistic encounter with a gentleman of the sister university? It seems to me, I confess, a singular reason for absenting yourself from your academical studies." Who shall say what hazy memories of sanguinary prize-fights of the past were flitting across the old man's mind as he thus delivered himself. As I stood by the graveside of this old-world head, simple and dignified, kindly and courteous, he seemed to me to be the last of the *antiqua generatio* of Oxford dons—the Hawkinses, Marshams, Cradocks, and Rouths—of an epoch when university commissions and Rhodes scholars were still undreamed of, and when the high places in the synagogues of the university were still a close preserve for the dignified clergy of the Church of England.[1]

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[1] A year later I was one of a congratulatory deputation of the Catholic Union to Pope Pius X, who expressed his delight and satisfaction when Lady Denbigh showed him this picture of her "nobile e numerosa famiglia" and asked his blessing on them. His Holiness wrote, I think, beneath the group the words from the Gradual Psalm, "Filii tui sicut novellæ olivarum," etc.

I went to London in February, to see from the Royal Gallery the King and Queen open their first Parliament, he very stiff and solemn, the Queen an ethereal vision in ermine and diamonds, smiling very graciously on us all. Quaint figures in the procession were the homely little Lord Chancellor, waddling along behind his purse-bearer with a smug official carrying his train; and the Duke of Devonshire bearing the crown on a cushion slung round his neck, and looking sleepy and utterly bored. Norfolk was, as always, a picturesque mediæval-looking figure in his state robes; but the best-looking of them all was my old schoolfellow Sidney

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[1] "Always cultivate the spirit of the true Protestant religion, my dear friends," a rich and moribund Dean is reported to have said to those gathered round his bed; "for the true Protestant religion not only ensures eternal happiness in the next world, but not infrequently leads to positions of considerable emolument in this."

Br. Richard Anson, O.S.B.
· ABBATIA · S · MARIAE · IN · BUCKFAST ·

BUCKFAST ABBEY

Herbert (Lord Pembroke), walking, as Lord Steward, immediately behind the Queen's ladies. A few days later I travelled to Devonshire, to represent our abbey at the solemn blessing of the new Abbot of Buckfast—my first visit to that ancient Benedictine sanctuary, where the exiled monks were gradually rearing their new church and monastery on the site and after the fashion of the old. The religious functions were beautifully carried out; and I had as my neighbours at the inaugural luncheon Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, the *patronus loci*, and Lady Butler, *née* Elizabeth Thompson, the eminent artist, one of whose sons was later to join our Order. I had a pretty glimpse on my return journey of bright and breezy Torquay, its broad bay, tiny boats, white houses and girdling hills all dancing in the April sunshine.

We kept Easter at Arundel with the usual solemnity, though Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, however well rendered, was never my ideal of church music, at Easter or any other time. There was a large holiday party at the castle, and we played "ten questions" (the Duke's pet recreation) and acted dumb crambo in the long library, almost the only relic of the castle of Duchess Flora's day, and perhaps the most liveable and homely room in it. Her anniversary occurred during my visit, and I said mass for her in the historic FitzAlan chapel, surrounded by memorials of the illustrious dead [1]—a curiously impressive function.

The Duke of Norfolk came up to Oxford in the summer term as the guest of our chaplain, who asked half a dozen heads of houses to meet him at dinner, with a reception afterwards for the Catholic undergraduates, his little quad illuminated with fairy lamps, and *recherché* fiddling in the drawing-room. The guest of the evening, who would probably have preferred playing about with his nephews (he had two at Oxford at this time) to solemn converse with Deans and Provosts, was of course unaffectedly pleasant to every one, as he always was. He dined at Christ Church high table one evening, and on another with the Newman Society, wearing his Garter riband and star and gratifying the numerous company with an excellent speech. I must chronicle, by the way, another dinner-party, at which I met a real "link with the past," a certain General Bradford, then in his ninetieth year, who had served with my father in Canada, *temp.* King William IV, and, strange to relate, had been in his childhood at Vienna, where his father was chaplain to the British Ambassador, a playfellow of the little "King of Rome," the short-lived Duke of Reichstadt. The old General told me (surely this is worth recording in the twentieth century) that his earliest recollection was sitting on the knee of the Emperor Francis II, the father-in-law of the great Napoleon, at Schönbrunn, and listening to the first performance of an opera of Rossini—I think *Cenerentola*—conducted by the composer. The other child permitted by Metternich to associate with the ex-emperor's son was Dom Miguel of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, whose widow, years afterwards, became a Benedictine nun in the Isle of Wight, and died there comparatively recently. The General said that he and the other two boys were taught riding by the Imperial riding-master at Vienna, who bullied them all so much that none of them ever learned to ride properly. Another of his reminiscences was of the year 1840, when he was billeted with his regiment at Slough, and the landlord of his inn told him one morning that a "young German gentleman" with very little luggage had just arrived. Would Lieutenant Bradford, who knew German so well, make his acquaintance and report? The lieutenant would and did. The "young German gentleman" turned out to be Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was to arrive next day at Windsor Castle as the Queen of England's guest, and was to be proclaimed within the week her affianced husband.

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[1] There are five ancient tombs of the family (the oldest dating from 1410) in this chapel, which was used as the chancel of the adjoining parish church until it was adjudged to the Duke of Norfolk as his private property in 1880, after a celebrated lawsuit.

Three deaths impressed me in the course of this summer; those of Cardinal Vaughan on Midsummer-day, a severe loss to English Catholicism; of my kind old friend and kinsman Lord Colville of Culross, who died three weeks after celebrating his golden wedding-day; and finally of the great and good pontiff Leo XIII, who passed away just as the abbot and community of Ampleforth, where I was staying, were entering on the jubilant celebration of the centenary of their arrival in England from France, and of the establishment of their flourishing college. I travelled up from Ampleforth, at the close of these festivities, to the "farthest north," to act as chaplain for two Sundays at a remote shooting-lodge perched high above Loch Shin, among the Sutherland hills. Whilst in those parts I attended the foundation-laying at Golspie of the technical school in the establishment of which the Duchess of Sutherland had been the moving spirit. Mr. Carnegie brought to the ceremony, from Skibo Castle, all the principals of all the Scottish Universities; my old friend Balfour of Burleigh, at that time Secretary for Scotland, well and truly laid the stone; the Duchess made one of the graceful, enthusiastic, and eloquent speeches of which she was a mistress; and then most of us went up to luncheon at Dunrobin, where I sat next Mr. Haldane, the philosophical Minister of War, and found myself disagreeing profoundly with almost everything he said to me. The Duke's boys took me to see the interesting museum of local antiquities and natural history (chiefly collected by the parish minister) in a corner of the lovely gardens, before I returned to my quarters on Loch Shin.

I spent my fiftieth birthday this year, 1903, at St. Andrews, and my health as a jubilarian was pledged under Father Angus's hospitable roof, where I had passed so many happy autumn days, by my kind host and my dear old friend and godfather, J. O. Fairlie, who had helped me into the Catholic Church nearly thirty years before. At this point these recollections of half a century come to their natural close. Much of profound interest to me, and perhaps not uninteresting to the readers who have followed me so far, might be recorded of the fifteen years that followed; but that would be to bring down the printed chronicle to a date too near our own.

. . . .

Here then, on this seagirt Isle of Saints, surrounded by my brothers in religion the White Monks of Caldey, whose constant and unfailing kindness has given me a second home as dear to me as my own monastery among the Highland hills, I close, at least for the present, these discursive pages. I hope no reader has been shocked by the commingling in them of memories gay as well as grave. Neither, I trust, preponderates unduly; and, after all, such commingling is characteristic of the lives of most of us. As the shadows lengthen, and life draws towards its close, the note of gravity becomes inevitably more insistent; yet I hope I may preserve to the end the power to smile at an innocent jest, and even (please God) the wit to make one. For the rest, *jam advesperascit*—it grows towards evening. Many of those mentioned in the foregoing pages (some very dear to me) have already passed behind the veil. I have been young and now am growing old; and dreams and illusions and many other things have passed or are passing away. One thing remains —*soliditas cathedrae Petri.* As Willis says in *Loss and Gain*, "All is well, except as sin makes it ill". I have never had any doubts; I cheerfully say *Credo.* Underneath are and will be the Everlasting Arms. And I pray day by day, in words learned and loved almost in babyhood, dear to me as a Protestant child, dear to me as a Catholic, a monk, and a priest:—

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And in our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

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